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THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS.

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SOME people will tell you that if there were but a single loaf of bread in all India it would be divided equally between the Plowdens, the Trevors, the Beadons, and the Rivett-Carnacs. That is only one way of saying that certain families serve India generation after generation as dolphins follow in line across the open sea.

To take a small and obscure case. There has always been at least one representative of the Devonshire Chinns in or near Central India since the days of Lieutenant-Fireworker Humphrey Chinn, of the Bombay European Regiment, who assisted at the capture of Seringapatam in 1799. Alfred Ellis Chinn, his younger brother, commanded a regiment of Bombay grenadiers from 1804 to 1813, when he saw some mixed fighting; and in 1834, one John Chinn of the same family—we will call him John Chinn the First—came to light as a level-headed administrator in time of trouble at a place called Mundesur. He died young, but he left his mark on the new country, and the Honorable the Board of Directors of the Honorable the East India Company embodied his virtues in a stately resolution, and paid for the expenses of his tomb among the Satpura hills.

He was succeeded by his son, Lionel Chinn, who left the little old Devonshire home just in time to be severely wounded in the Mutiny. He spent his working life within a hundred and fifty miles of John Chinn's grave, and rose to the command of a regiment of little, wild hill-men, most of whom had known his father. His son, John, was born in the small thatched-roofed, mud-walled cantonment, which is to-day eighty miles from the nearest railway, in the heart of a scrubby, rocky, tigerish country. Colonel Lionel Chinn served thirty years before he retired. In the Canal his steamer passed the outward bound troopship, carrying his son eastward to take on the family routine.

The Chinns are luckier than most folk, because they know exactly what they must do. A clever Chinn passes for the Bombay Civil Service, and gets away to Central India, where everybody is glad to see him; a dull Chinn enters the Police Department or the Woods and Forest, and sooner or later he, too, appears in Central India, and that is what gave rise to the saying, "Central India is inhabited by Bhils, Mairs, and Chinns, all very much alike." The breed is small-boned, dark, and silent, and the stupidest of them are good shots. John Chinn the Second was rather clever, but as the eldest son he entered the army, according to Chinn tradition. His duty was to abide in his father's regiment for the term of his natural life, though the corps was one which most men would have paid heavily to avoid. They were irregulars, small, dark, and blackish, clothed in rifle green with black leather trimmings; and friends called them the "Wuddars," which means a race of low-caste people who dig up rats to eat; but the Wuddars did not resent it. They were the only Wuddars, and their points of pride were these:

Firstly, they had fewer English officers than any native regiment; secondly, their subalterns were not mounted on parade, as is the rule, but walked at the head of their men. A man who can hold his own with the Wuddars at their quick-step must be sound in wind and limb. Thirdly, they were the most *pukka shikarries* (out and out

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hunters) in all India. Fourthly—up to one hundredthly—they were the Wuddars —Chinn's Irregular Bhil Levies of the old days, but now, henceforward, and for ever, the Wuddars.

No Englishman entered their mess except for love or through family usage. The officers talked to their soldiers in a tongue not two hundred folk in India understood; and the men were their children, all drawn from the Bhils, who are, perhaps, the strangest of the many strange races in India. They were, and at heart are, wild men; furtive, shy, full of untold superstitions.

The races whom we call natives of the country found the Bhil in possession of the land when they first broke into that part of the world thousands of years ago. The books call them Pre-Aryan, Aboriginal, Dravidian, and so forth; and in other words that is what the Bhils call themselves.

When a Rajput chief, who can sing his pedigree backwards for twelve hundred years, is set on the throne, his investiture is not complete or lawful till he has been marked on the forehead with blood from the veins of a Bhil. The Rajputs say the ceremony has no meaning, but the Bhil knows that it is the last, last shadow of his old rights, as the long-ago owner of the soil.

Centuries of oppression and massacre made the Bhil a cruel and half-crazy thief and cattle-stealer, and when the English came he seemed to be almost as open to civilization as the tigers of his own jungles. But John Chinn the First, with two or three other men, went into his country, lived with him, learned his language, shot the deer that stole his poor crops, and won his confidence, so that some Bhils learned to plow and sow, while others were coaxed into the Company's service to police their friends.

When they understood that standing in line did not mean instant murder, they accepted soldiering as a cumbrous but amusing kind of sport, and were zealous to keep the wild Bhils under control. That was the thin edge of the wedge. John Chinn the First gave them written promises that, if they were good from a certain date, the Government would overlook previous offenses; and since John Chinn was never known to break his word—he promised once to hang a Bhil locally esteemed invulnerable, and hanged him in front of his tribe for seven proved murders —the Bhils settled down as much as they knew how. It was slow, unseen work, of the sort that is being done all over India to-day, and, though John Chinn's only reward came, as I have said, in the shape of a grave at Government expense, the people of the hills never forgot him.

Colonel Lionel Chinn knew and loved them too, and they were very fairly civilized, for Bhils, before his service ended. Many of them could hardly be distinguished from low-caste Hindu farmers; but in the south, where John Chinn was buried, the wildest of them still clung to the Satpura ranges, cherishing a legend that some day Jan Chinn, as they called him, would return to his own, and in the meantime mistrusting the white man and his ways. The least excitement would stampede them at random, plundering, and now and then killing; but if they were handled discreetly they grieved like children, and promised never to do it again.

The Bhils of the regiment were virtuous in many ways, but they needed humoring. They felt bored and homesick unless taken after tiger as beaters; and their cold-blooded daring—all Wuddars shoot tigers on foot: it is their caste-mark—made even the officers wonder. They would follow up a wounded tiger as unconcernedly as though it were a sparrow with a broken wing; and this through a country full of caves, and rifts, and pits, where a wild beast could hold a dozen men at his mercy. They had their own methods of smoking out a tigress with her cubs, and would shout and laugh while the furious beast charged home on the rifles. Now and then some little man was brought to barracks with his head smashed in or his ribs torn away; but his companions never learnt caution. They contented themselves with settling the tiger.

Young John Chinn was decanted at the veranda of the lonely mess-house, from the back seat of a two-wheeled cart; his gun-cases cascading all round him. The slender, little, hookey-nosed boy looked as forlorn as a strayed goat, when he slapped the white dust off his knees, and the cart jolted down the glaring road. But in his heart he was contented. After all this was the place where he had been born, and things were not much changed since he had been sent to England, a child, fifteen years ago.

There were one or two new buildings, but the air, and the smell, and the sunshine were the same; and the little green men who crossed the parade-ground looked very familiar. Three weeks ago John

Chinn would have said he did not remember a word of the Bhil tongue, but at the mess door he found his lips moving in sentences that he did not understand—bits of old nursery rhymes and tail-ends of such orders as his father used to give the men.

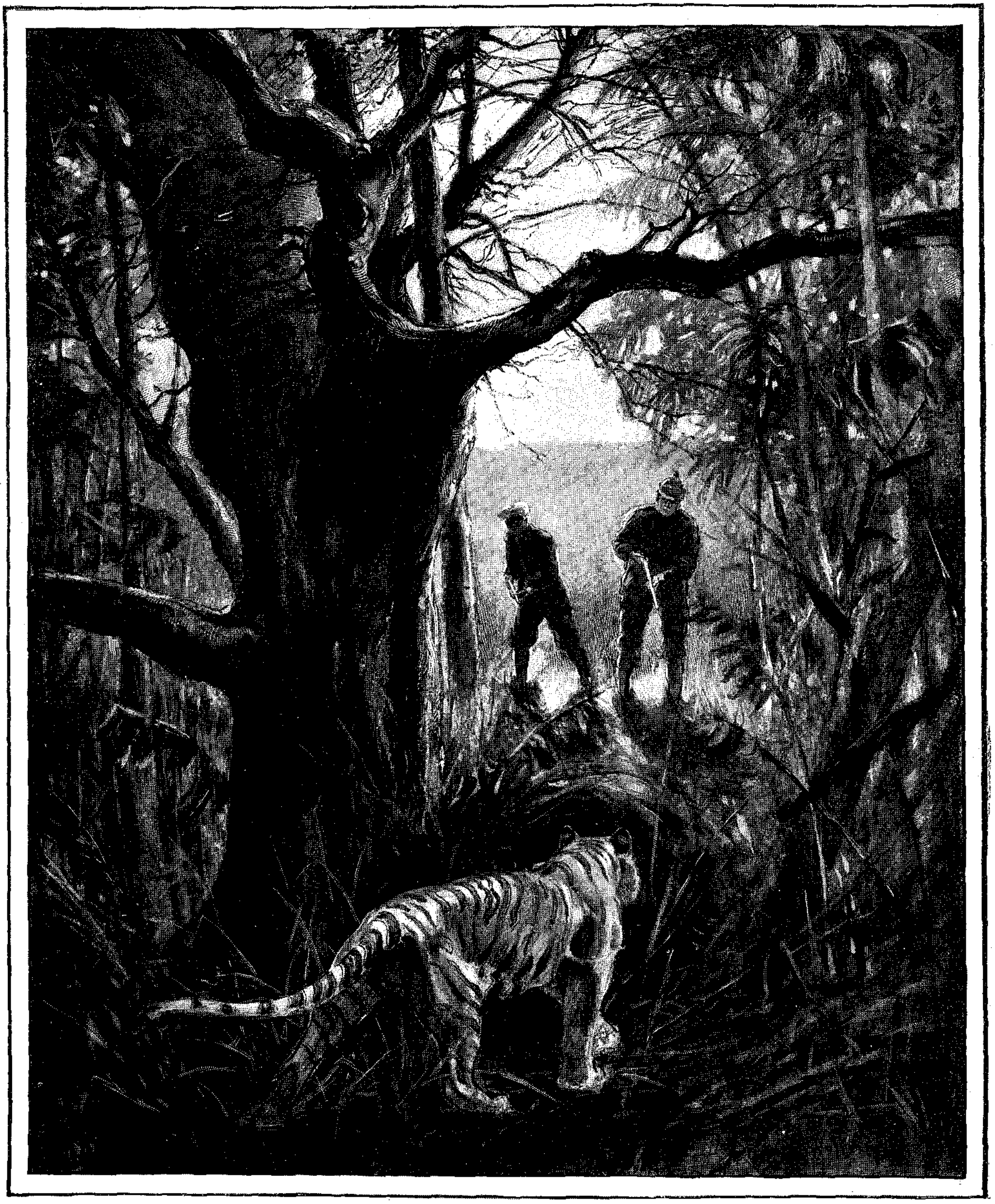
The Colonel watched him come up the steps and laughed.

"Look!" he said to the Major. "No need to ask the young un's breed. He's a *pukka* Chinn. Might be his father in the Fifties over again."

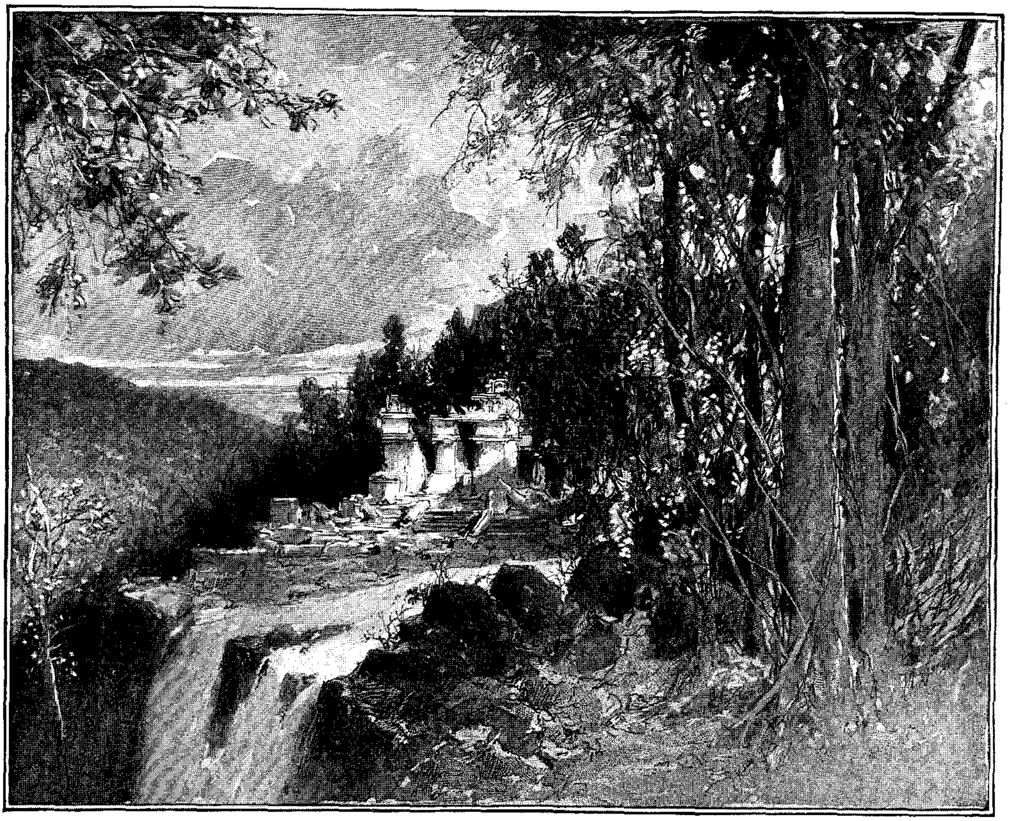
"Hope he'll shoot as close," said the Major. "He's brought enough ironmongery with him."

"Wouldn't be a Chinn if he didn't. Watch him blowin' his nose. Regular Chinn beak. Flourishes his handkerchief like his father. It's the second edition—line for line."

"Fairy tale, by Jove!" said the Major, peering through the slats of his jalousies. "If he's the lawful heir, he'll . . . Old Chinn could no more pass that chick without fiddling with it than . . . "



"*All Wuddars shoot tigers on foot.*"



The Tomb towards sunset.

"His son!" said the Colonel, jumping up.

"Well, I be blowed!" said the Major. The boy's eye had been caught by a split reed screen that hung on a slue between the veranda pillars, and, mechanically, he had tweaked the edge to set it level. Old Chinn had sworn three times a day at that screen for many years; he could never get it to his satisfaction; and his son entered the anteroom in the middle of a five-fold silence. They made him welcome for his father's sake, and, as they took stock of him, for his own. He was ridiculously like the portrait of the Colonel on the wall, and when he had washed a little of the dust from his throat he went to his quarters with the old man's short, noiseless jungle-step.

"So much for heredity," said the Major. "That comes of four generations among the Bhils."

"And the men know it," said a Wing officer. "They've been waiting for this youth with their tongues hanging out. I am persuaded that, unless he absolutely beats 'em over the head, they'll lie down by companies and worship him."

"Nothin' like havin' a father before you," said the Major. "I'm a parvenu with my chaps. I've only been twenty years in the regiment, and my revered parent was a simple squire. There's no getting at the bottom of a Bhil's mind. Now, *why* is the superior Mahommedan bearer that young Chinn brought with him fleeing across country with his bundle?" He stepped into the veranda and shouted after the man—a typical new-joined subaltern's servant who speaks English and cheats in proportion.

"What is it?" he called.

"Plenty bad man here. I going, sar," was the reply. "Have taken my Sahib's keys, and say will shoot."

"Doocid lucid—doocid convincin'. How those up-country thieves can leg it! Johnny's been badly frightened by some one." The Major strolled to his quarters to dress for mess.

Young Chinn, walking like a man in a dream, had fetched a compass round the entire cantonment before going to his own tiny cottage. The captain's quarters in which he had been born delayed him for a little; then he looked at the well on the parade-ground, where he had sat of evenings with his nurse, and at the ten-by-fourteen church where the officers went to service if a chaplain of any official creed happened to come along. It seemed very small as compared with the gigantic buildings he used to look up at, but it was the same place.

From time to time he passed a knot of silent soldiers, who saluted, and they might have been the very men who had carried him on their backs when he was in his first knickerbockers. A faint light burned in his room, and as he entered, hands clasped his feet, and a voice murmured from the floor.

"Who is it?" said young Chinn, not knowing he spoke in the Bhil tongue.

"I bore you in my arms, Sahib, when I was a strong man and you were a small one—crying, crying, crying! I am your servant, as I was your father's before you. We are all your servants."

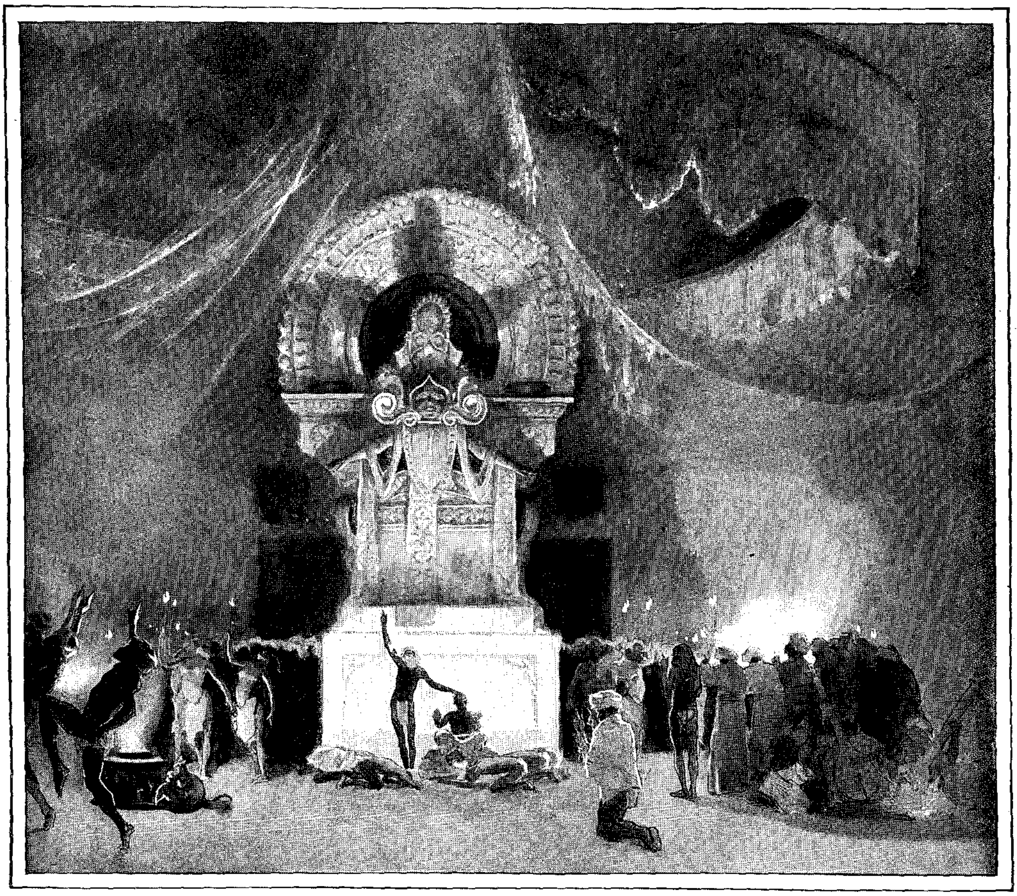
Young Chinn could not trust himself to reply, and the voice went on:

"I have taken your keys from that fat foreigner, and sent him away; and the studs are in the shirt for mess. Who should know, if I do not know? And so the baby has become a man, and forgets his nurse, but my nephew shall make a good servant, or I will beat him twice a day."

Then there rose up, with a rattle, as straight as a Bhil arrow, a little white-haired wizened ape of a man, with chain and medals and orders on his tunic, stammering, saluting, and trembling. Behind him, a young and wiry Bhil, in uniform, was taking the trees out of Chinn's mess-boots.

Chinn's eyes were full of tears. The old man held out his keys.

"Foreigners are bad people. He will never come back again. We are all servants of your father's son. Has the Sahib forgotten who took him to see the trapped tiger in the village across the river when his mother was so frightened and he was so brave?"



"*Marked on the forehead with blood from the veins of the Bhil.*"

The scene came back to him in great magic-lantern flashes. "Bukta," he cried, and all in a breath, "You promised nothing should hurt me. *Is* it Bukta?"

The man was at his feet a second time. "He has not forgotten. He remembers his own people as his father remembered. Now can I die. But first I will live and show the Sahib how to kill tigers. That *that* yonder is my nephew. If he is not a good servant, beat him and send him to me, and I will surely kill him, for now the Sahib is with his own people. Ai, Jan *baba*. Jan *baba!* My Jan *baba!* I will stay here and see that this ape does his work well. Take off his boots, fool. Sit down upon the bed, Sahib, and let me look. It *is* Jan Baba."

He pushed forward the hilt of his sword as a sign of service, which is an honor paid only to viceroys, governors, generals, or to little children whom one loves dearly. Chinn touched the hilt mechanically with three fingers, muttering he knew not what. It happened to be the old answer of his childhood, when Bukta in play called him the little General Sahib.

The Major's quarters were opposite Chinn's, and when he heard his servant gasp with surprise he looked across the room. Then the Major sat on the bed and whistled, for the spectacle of the senior native commissioned officer of the regiment, an "unmixed" Bhil, a Companion of the Order of British India, with thirty-five years' spotless service in the army, and a rank among his own people superior to that of many Bengal princelings, valeting the last-joined subaltern, was a little too much for his nerves.

The throaty bugles blew the Mess-call that has a long legend behind it. First a few piercing notes like the shrieks of beaters in a far-away cover, and next, large, full, and smooth, the refrain of the wild song: "And oh, and oh the green pulse of Mundore—Mundore!"

"All little children were in bed when the Sahib heard that call last," said Bukta, passing Chinn a clean handkerchief. The call brought back memories of his cot under the mosquito-netting, his mother's kiss, and the sound of footsteps growing fainter as he dropped asleep among his men. So he hooked his new mess-jacket, and went to dinner like a prince who has newly inherited his father's crown.

Old Bukta swaggered forth curling his whiskers. He knew his own value, and no money and no rank within the gift of the Government would have induced him to put studs in young officers' shirts, or to hand them clean ties. Yet, when he took off his uniform that night, and squatted among his fellows for a quiet smoke, he told them what he had done, and they said that he was entirely right. Thereat Bukta propounded a theory which to a white mind would have seemed raving insanity; but the whispering, level-headed little men of war considered it from every point of view, and thought that there might be a great deal in it.

At mess under the oil lamps the talk turned as usual to the unfailing subject of *shikar*—big game shooting of every kind and under all sorts of conditions. Young Chinn opened his eyes when he understood that each one of his companions had shot several tigers in the Wuddar style—on foot, that is—and made no more of the business than if the brute had been a dog.

"In nine cases out of ten," said the Major, "a tiger is almost as dangerous as a porcupine. But the tenth time you come home feet first."

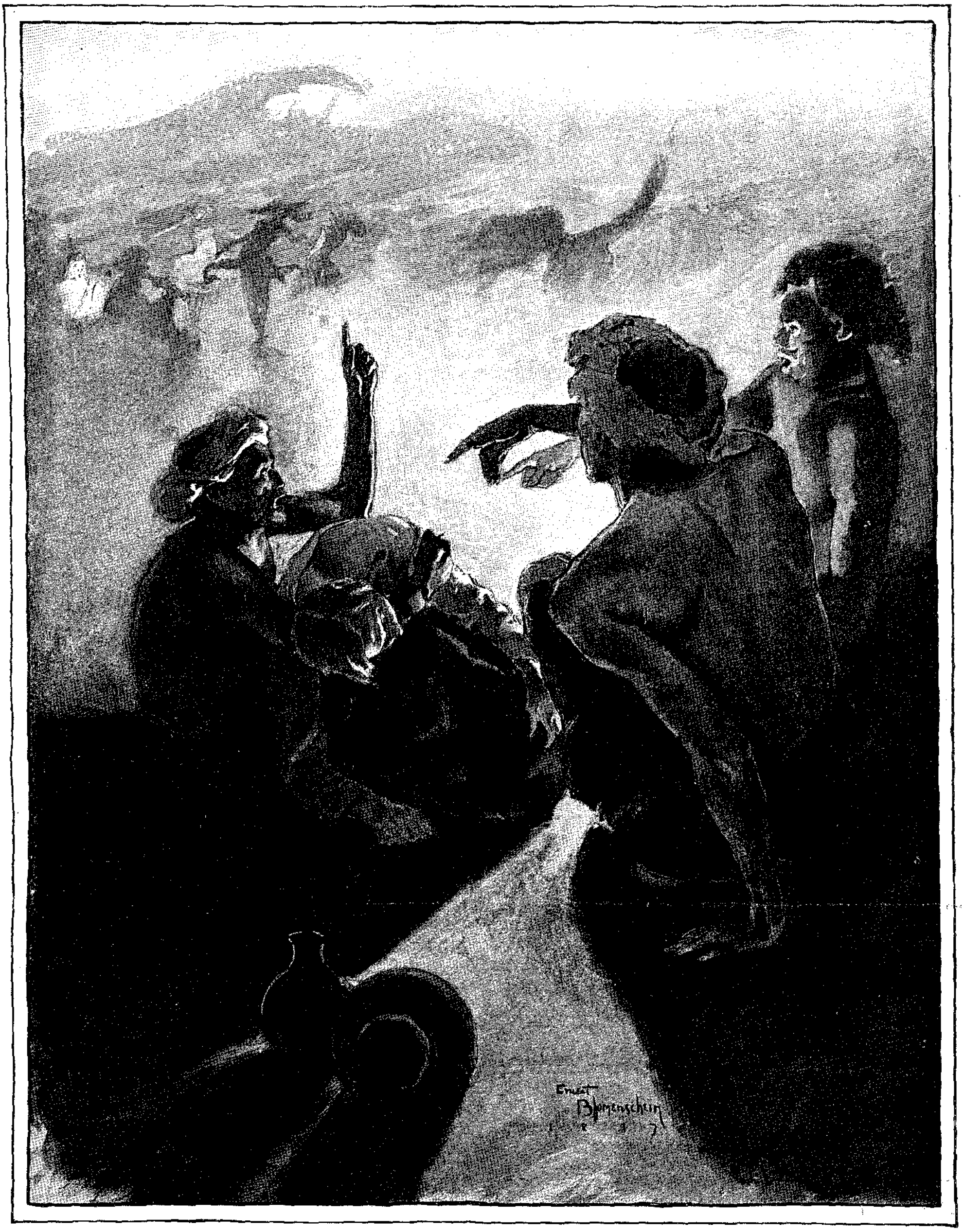
That set all talking, and long before midnight Chinn's brain was in a whirl with stories of tigers—man-eaters and cattle-killers each pursuing his own business as methodically as clerks in an office; new tigers that had lately come into such-and-such a district; and old, friendly beasts of great cunning, known by nicknames in the mess—such as "Puggy," who was lazy, with huge paws, and "Mrs. Malaprop," who turned up when you never expected her, and made female noises. Then they spoke of Bhil superstitions, a wide and picturesque field, till young Chinn hinted that they must be pulling his leg.

"'Deed we aren't," said a man on his left. "We know all about you. You're a Chinn and all that, and you've a sort of vested right here; but if you don't believe what *we're* telling you, what will you do when old Bukta begins *his* stories? He knows about ghost tigers, and tigers that go to a hell of their own; and tigers that walk on their hind feet; and your grandpapa's riding-tiger as well. Odd he hasn't spoken of that yet."

"You know you've an ancestor buried down Satpura way, don't you?" said the Major, as Chinn smiled irresolutely.

"Of course I do," said Chinn, who knew the chronicle of the Book of Chinns by heart.

"Well, I wasn't sure. Your revered ancestor, my boy, according to the Bhils, has a tiger of his own—a saddle-tiger that he rides round the country whenever he



“Upon his back . . . all men had seen the same angry Flying Cloud that the high Gods had set on the flesh of Jan Chinn the First.”

feels inclined. I don’t call it decent in an ex-collector’s ghost; but that is what the Southern Bhils believe. Even our men, who might be called moderately rash, don’t care to beat that country if they hear that Jan Chinn is running about on his tiger. It is supposed to be a clouded animal—not stripy, but blotchy, like a tortoise-shell tom-cat. No end of a brute, it is, and a sure sign of war or pestilence or—or something. There’s a nice family legend for you.”

“What’s the origin of it, d’you suppose?” said Chinn.

“Ask the Satpura Bhils. Old Jan Chinn was a mighty hunter before the Lord. Perhaps it was the tiger’s revenge, or perhaps he’s huntin’ ’em still. You must go to his tomb one of these days and inquire. Bukta will probably attend to that. He was asking me before you came whether by any ill-luck you had already bagged your tiger. If not, he is going to enter you under his own wing.

Of course, for *you* of all men, it's imperative. You'll have a first-class time with Bukta."

The Major was not wrong. Bukta kept an anxious eye on young Chinn at drill, and it was noticeable that the first time the new officer lifted up his voice in an order the whole line quivered. Even the Colonel was taken aback, for it might have been Colonel Lionel Chinn returned from Devonshire with a new lease of life. Bukta had continued to develop his peculiar theory, and it was almost accepted as a matter of faith in the lines, since every word and gesture on young Chinn's part so confirmed it.

The old man arranged early that his darling should wipe out the reproach of not having shot a tiger; but he was not content to take the first or any beast that happened to arrive. In his own villages he dispensed the high, low, and middle justice, and when his people—naked and fluttered—came to him with word of a beast marked down, he bade them send spies to the kills and the watering-places that he might be sure the quarry was such an one as suited the dignity of such a man.

Three or four times the reckless trackers returned, most truthfully saying that the beast was mangy, undersized; a tigress worn with nursing or a broken-toothed old male, and Bukta would curb young Chinn's impatience.

At last, a noble animal was marked down—a ten-foot cattle-killer with a huge roll of loose skin along the belly, glossy-hided, full-frilled about the neck, whiskered, frisky, and young. He had slain a man in sport, they said.

"Let him be fed," quoth Bukta, and the villagers dutifully drove out a cow to amuse him, that he might lie up near by.

Princes and potentates have taken ship to India, and spent great moneys for the mere glimpse of beasts one-half as fine as this of Bukta's.

"It is not good," said he to the Colonel, when he asked for shooting-leave, "that my Colonel's son who may be—that my Colonel's son should lose his maidenhead on any small jungle beast. That may come after. I have waited long for this which is a tiger. He has come in from the Mair country. In seven days we will return with the skin."

The mess gnashed their teeth enviously. Bukta, had he chosen, might have asked them all. But he went out alone with Chinn, two days in a shooting-cart and a day on foot till they came to a rocky, glary valley, with a pool of good water in it. It was a parching day, and the boy very naturally stripped and went in for a bathe, leaving Bukta by the clothes. A white skin shows far against brown jungle, and what Bukta beheld on Chinn's back and right shoulder dragged him forward step by step with staring eyeballs.

"I'd forgotten it isn't decent to strip before a man of his position," said Chinn, flouncing in the water. "How the little devil stares! What is it, Bukta?"

"The Mark!" was the whispered answer.

"It is nothing. It was born on me. You know how it is with my people!" Chinn was annoyed. The dull red birthmark on his shoulder, something like the conventionalized Tartar cloud, had slipped his memory or he would not have bathed. It appeared, so they said at home, in alternate generations, and was not pretty. He hurried ashore, dressed again, and went on till they met two or three Bhils, who promptly fell on their faces. "My people," grunted Bukta, not condescending to notice them. "And so your people, Sahib. When I was a young man we were fewer but not so weak. Now we are many, but poor stock. As may be remembered. How will you shoot him, Sahib? From a tree; from a shelter which my people shall build; by day or by night?"

"On foot and in the daytime," said Young Chinn.

"That was your custom, as I have heard," said Bukta to himself. "I will get news of him. Then you and I will go to him. I will carry one gun. You have yours. There is no need of more. What tiger shall stand against *thee*."

He was marked down by a little water-hole at the head of a ravine; full-gorged and half asleep in the May sunlight. He was walked up like a partridge, and he turned to do battle for his life. Bukta made no motion to raise his rifle, but kept his eyes on Chinn, who met the shattering roar of the charge with a single shot—it seemed to him hours as he sighted—which tore through the throat, smashing the backbone below the neck and between the shoulders. The brute couched, choked, and fell, and before Chinn knew well what had happened Bukta bade him stay still while he paced the distance between his feet and the ringing jaws.

"Fifteen," said Bukta. "Short paces. No need for a second shot, Sahib. He bleeds cleanly where he lies, and we need not spoil the skin. I said there would be no need of these, but they came in case."

Suddenly the sides of the ravine were crowned with the heads of Bukta's people—a force that could have blown the ribs out of the beast had Chinn's shot failed; but their guns were hidden, and they appeared as interested beaters; some five or six waiting the word to skin. Bukta watched the life fade from the eyes, lifted one hand, and turned on his heel.

"No need to show *we* care," said he. "Now, after this, we can kill what we choose. Put out your hand, Sahib."

Chinn obeyed. It was entirely steady, and Bukta nodded. "That also was your custom. My men skin quickly. They will carry the skin to cantonments. Will the Sahib come to my poor village for the night and, perhaps, forget I am his officer?"

"But those men—the beaters. They have worked hard, and perhaps—"

"Oh, if they skin clumsily, we will skin them. They are my people. In the lines I am one thing. Here I am another."

This was very true. When Bukta doffed uniform and reverted to the fragmentary dress of his own people, he left his civilization of drill in the next world. That night, after a little talk with his subjects, he devoted to an orgie; and a Bhil orgie is a thing not to be safely written about. Chinn, flushed with triumph, was in the thick of it, but the meaning of the mysteries was hidden. Wild folk came and pressed about his knees with offerings. He gave his flask to the elders of the village. They grew eloquent, and wreathed him about with flowers: gifts and loans, not all seemly, were thrust upon him, and infernal music rolled and maddened round red fires, while singers sang songs of the ancient times, and danced peculiar dances. The aboriginal liquors are very potent, and Chinn was compelled to taste them often, but, unless the stuff had been drugged, how came he to fall asleep suddenly, and to waken late the next day—half a march from the village?

"The Sahib was very tired. A little before dawn he went to sleep," Bukta explained. "My people carried him here, and now it is time we should go back to cantonments."

The voice, smooth and deferential, the step steady and silent, made it hard to believe that only a few hours before Bukta was yelling and capering with naked fellow-devils of the scrub.

"My people were very pleased to see the Sahib. They will never forget. When next the Sahib goes out recruiting, he will go to my people, and they will give him as many men as we need."

Chinn kept his own counsel except as to the shooting of the tiger, and Bukta embroidered that tale with a shameless tongue. The skin was certainly one of the finest ever hung up in the mess, and the first of many. If Bukta could not accompany his boy on shooting-trips, he took care to put him in good hands, and Chinn learned more of the mind and desire of the wild Bhil in his marches and campings; by talks at twilight or at wayside pools; than an uninstructed man could have come at in a lifetime.

Presently his men in the regiment grew bold to speak of their relatives—mostly in trouble—and to lay cases of tribal custom before him. They would say, squatting in his veranda at twilight, after the easy, confidential style of the Wuddars, that such-and-such a bachelor had run away with such-and-such a wife at a far-off village. Now, how many cows would Chinn Sahib consider a just fine? Or, again, if written order came from the Government that a Bhil was to repair to a walled city of the plains to give evidence in a law court, would it be wise to disregard that order? On the other hand, if it were obeyed, would the rash voyager return alive?

"But what have I to do with these things?" Chinn demanded of Bukta impatiently. "I am a soldier. I do not know the law."

"Hoo! Law is for fools and white men. Give them a large and loud order, and they will abide by it. *Thou* art their law."

"But wherefore?"

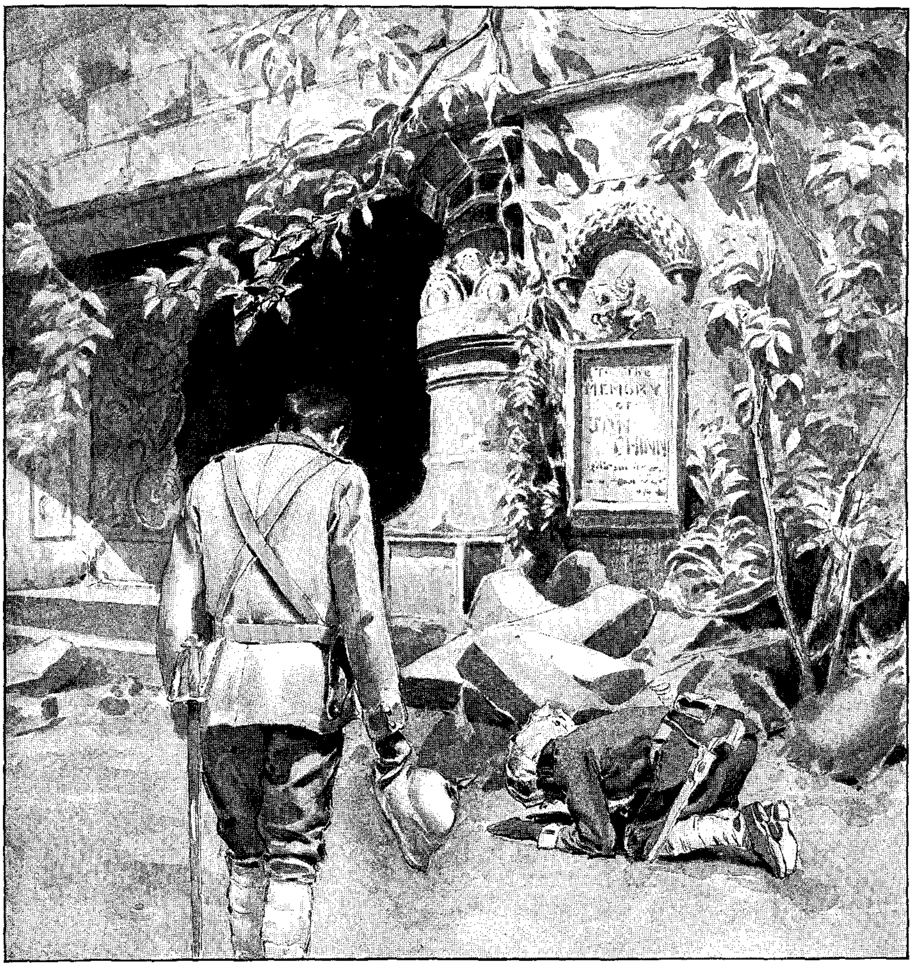
Every trace of expression left Bukta's countenance. The idea might have smitten him for the first time. "How can I say?" he replied. "Perhaps it is on account of the name. A Bhil does not love strange things. Give them orders, Sahib—two, three, four words at a time such as they can carry away in their heads. That is enough."

Chinn gave orders, then, valiantly; not realizing that a word spoken in haste before mess became the dread unappealable law of villages beyond the smoky hills—was in truth no less than the Law of Jan Chinn the First; and who, so the whispered legend ran, had come back to earth, to oversee the third generation, in the body and bones of his grandson.

There could be no sort of doubt in this matter. All the Bhils knew that Jan Chinn reincarnated had honored Bukta's village with his presence after slaying his first—in this life—tiger. That he had eaten and drunk with the people, as he was used; and—Bukta must have drugged Chinn's liquor very deeply—upon his back and right shoulder all men had seen the same angry red Flying Cloud that the high Gods had set on the flesh of Jan Chinn the First when first he came to the Bhil. As concerned the foolish white world which has no eyes, he was a slim and young officer in the Wuddars; but his own people knew he was Jan Chinn who had made the Bhil a man; and, believing, they hastened to carry his words, careful never to alter them on the way.

Because the savage and the child who plays lonely games have one horror of being laughed at or questioned, the little folk kept their convictions to themselves, and the Colonel, who thought he knew his regiment, never guessed that each one of the six hundred quick-footed, beady-eyed rank-and-file, to attention beside their rifles, believed serenely and unshakenly that the subaltern on the left flank of the line was a demi-god twice born; a tutelary deity of their land and people. The Earth-gods themselves had stamped the incarnation, and who would dare to doubt the handiwork of the Earth-gods?

Chinn, being practical above all things, saw that his family name served him well in the lines and in camp. His men gave no trouble—one does not commit regimental offenses with a god in the chair of justice—and he was sure of the best beaters in the district when he needed them. They believed that the protection of Jan



"Bukta salaamed reverently as they approached Chinn bared his head and began to pick out the blurred inscription."

Chinn the First cloaked them, and were bold in that belief beyond the utmost daring of excited Bhils.

Chinn's quarters began to look like an amateur natural history museum, in spite of the heads and horns and skulls he sent home to Devonshire. The people, very humanly, learned the weak side of their god. It is true he was unbribable, but bird skins, butterflies, beetles, and, above all, news of big game pleased him. In other respects, too, he lived up to the Chinn tradition. He was fever-proof. A night's sitting out over a tethered goat in a damp valley, that would have filled the Major with a month's malaria, had no effect on him. He was, as they said, "salted before he was born."

Now in the autumn of his second year's service an uneasy rumor crept out of the earth and ran about among the Bhils. Chinn heard nothing of it till a brother officer said across the mess table: "Your revered ancestor's on the rampage in the Satpura country. You'd better look him up."

"I don't want to be disrespectful, but I'm a little sick of my revered ancestor. Bukta talks of nothing else. What's the old boy supposed to be doing now?"

"Riding cross-country by moonlight on his processional tiger. That's the story. He's been seen by about two thousand Bhils, skipping along the tops of the Satpuras and scaring people to death. They believe it devoutly, and all the Satpura chaps are worshiping away at his shrine—tomb, I mean—like good 'uns. You really ought to go down there. Must be a queer thing to see your grandfather treated as a god."

"What makes you think there's any truth in the tale?" said Chinn.

"Because all our men deny it. They say they've never heard of Chinn's tiger. Now that's a manifest lie, because every Bhil *has*."

"There's only one thing you've overlooked," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "When a local god reappears on earth, it's always an excuse for trouble of some kind; and those Satpura Bhils are about as wild as your grandfather left them, young 'un. It means something."

"Meanin' the Satpura Bhils may go on the war-path?" said Chinn.

"Can't say—as yet. Shouldn't be surprised a little bit."

"I haven't been told a syllable."

"Proves it all the more. They are keeping something back."

"Bukta tells me everything, too, as a rule. Now, why didn't he tell me that?"

Chinn put the question directly to the old man that night, and the answer surprised him.

"Why should I tell what is well known? Yes, the Clouded Tiger is out in the Satpura country."

"What do the wild Bhils think that it means?"

"They do not know. They wait. Sahib, what *is* coming? Say only one little word, and we will be content."

"We? What have tales from the South, where the jungly Bhils live, to do with drilled men?"

"When Jan Chinn wakes is no time for any Bhil to be quiet."

"But he has not waked, Bukta."

"Sahib," the old man's eyes were full of tender reproof, "if he does not wish to be seen, why does he go abroad in the moonlight? We know he is awake, but we do not know what he desires. Is it a sign for all the Bhils, or one that concerns the Satpura folk alone? Say one little word, Sahib, that I may carry it to the lines, and send on to our villages. Why does Jan Chinn ride out? Who has done wrong? Is it pestilence? Is it murrain? Will our children die? Is it a sword? Remember, Sahib, we are thy people and thy servants, and in this life I bore thee in my arms—not knowing."

"Bukta has evidently looked on the cup this evening," Chinn thought; "but if I can do anything to soothe the old chap I must. It's like the Mutiny rumors on a small scale."

He dropped into a deep wicker chair, over which was thrown his first tiger-skin, and his weight on the cushion flapped the clawed paws over his shoulders. He laid hold of them mechanically as he spoke, drawing the painted hide cloak-fashion about him.

"Now will I tell the truth, Bukta," he said, leaning forward, the dried muzzle on his shoulder, to invent a specious lie.

"I see that it is the truth," was the answer in a shaking voice.

"Jan Chinn goes abroad among the Satpuras, riding on the Clouded Tiger, ye say? Be it so. Therefore the sign of the wonder is for the Satpura Bhils only, and does not touch the Bhils who plow in the north and east, the Bhils of the Khandesh, or any others, except the Satpura Bhils, who, as we know, are wild and foolish."

"It is, then, a sign for *them*. Good or bad?"

"Beyond doubt, good. For why should Jan Chinn make evil to those whom he has made men? The nights over yonder are hot; it is ill to lie in one bed over long without turning, and Jan Chinn would look again upon his people. So he rises, whistles his Clouded Tiger, and goes abroad a little to breathe the cool air. If the Satpura Bhils kept to their villages, and did not wander after dark, they would not see him. Indeed, Bukta, it is no more than that he would see the light again in his own country. Send this news south, and say that it is my word."

Bukta bowed to the floor. "Good Heavens!" thought Chinn, "and this blinking pagan is a first-class officer and as straight as a die! I may as well round it off neatly." He went on:

"*And* if the Satpura Bhils ask the meaning of the sign, tell them that Jan Chinn would see how they kept their old promises of good living. Perhaps they have plundered, perhaps they mean to disobey the orders of the Government; perhaps there is a dead man in the jungle, and so Jan Chinn has come to see."

"Is he then angry?"

"Bah! Am *I* ever angry with my Bhils? I say angry words, and threaten many things. *Thou* knowest, Bukta. I have seen thee smile behind the hand. I know, and thou knowest. The Bhils are my children. I have said it many times."

"Ay. We be thy children," said Bukta.

"And no otherwise is it with Jan Chinn, my father's father. He would see the land he loved and the people once again. It is a good ghost, Bukta. I say it. Go and tell them. And I do hope devoutly," he added, "that it will calm 'em down." Flinging back the tiger-skin, he rose with a long, unguarded yawn that showed his well-kept teeth. Bukta fled, to be received in the lines by a knot of panting inquirers.

"It is true," said Bukta. "He wrapped himself in the skin, and spoke from it. He would see his own country again. The sign is not for us; and, indeed, he is a young man. How should he lie idle of nights? He says his bed is too hot and the air is bad. He goes to and fro for the love of night-running. He has said it."

The gray-whiskered assembly shuddered.

"He says the Bhils are his children. Ye know he does not lie. He has said it to me."

"But what of the Satpura Bhils? What means the sign for them?"

"Nothing. It is only night-running, as I have said. He rides to see if they obey the Government, as he taught them in his first life."

"And what if they do not?"

"He did not say."

The light went out in Chinn's quarters.

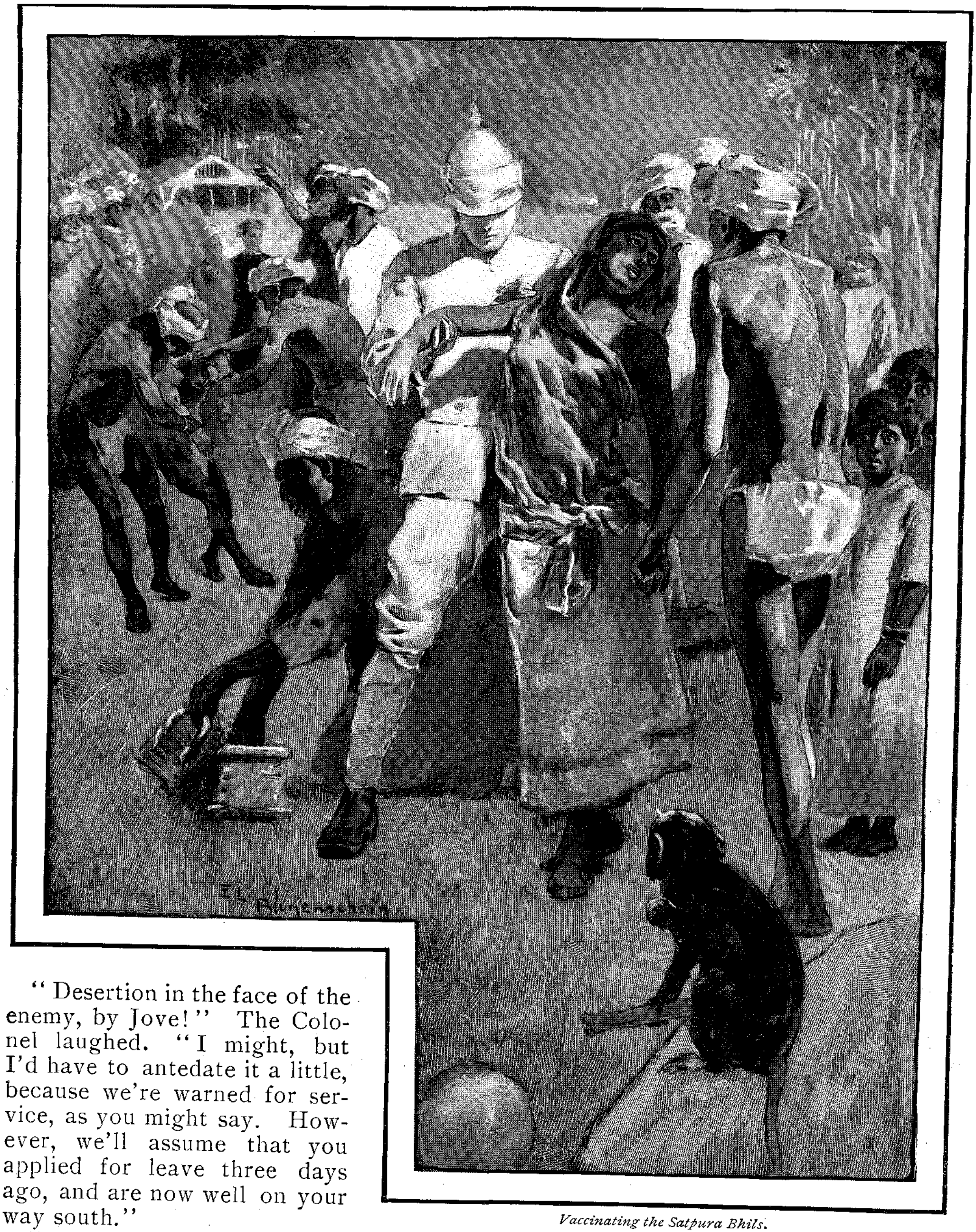
"Look," said Bukta. "Now he goes away. None the less it is a good ghost, as he has said. How shall we fear Jan Chinn who made the Bhil a man? His protection is on us; and ye know Jan Chinn never broke a protection spoken or written on paper. When he is older and has found him a wife he will lie in his bed till morning."

A commanding officer is generally aware of the regimental state of mind a little before the men; and this is why the Colonel said, a few days later, that some one had been putting the Fear of God into the Wuddars. As he was the only person officially entitled to do this, it distressed him to see such unanimous virtue. "It's too good to last," he said. "I only wish I could find out what the little chaps mean."

The explanation, as it seemed to him, came at the change of the moon, when he received orders to hold himself in readiness to "allay any possible excitement" among the Satpura Bhils, who were, to put it mildly, uneasy because a paternal Government had sent up against them a Mahratta State-educated vaccinator, with lancets, lymph, and an officially registered calf. In the language of State they had "manifested a strong objection to all prophylactic measures," had "forcibly detained the vaccinator," and "were on the point of neglecting or evading their tribal obligations."

"That means they are in a blue funk—same as they were at census time," said the Colonel; "and if we stampede them into the hills we'll never catch 'em, in the first place, and in the second they'll whoop off plundering till further orders. Wonder who the God-forsaken idiot is who is trying to vaccinate a Bhil. I *knew* trouble was coming. One good thing is they'll only use local corps, and we can knock up something we'll call a campaign and let them down easy. Fancy us potting our best beaters because they don't want to be vaccinated! They're only crazy with fear."

"Don't you think, sir," said Chinn the next day, "that, perhaps, you could give me a fortnight's shooting-leave?"



Vaccinating the Satpura Bhils.

"Desertion in the face of the enemy, by Jove!" The Colonel laughed. "I might, but I'd have to antedate it a little, because we're warned for service, as you might say. However, we'll assume that you applied for leave three days ago, and are now well on your way south."

"I'd like to take Bukta with me."

"Of course, yes. I think that will be the best plan. You've some kind of hereditary influence with the little chaps, and they may listen to you when a glimpse of our uniforms would drive them wild. You've never been in that part of the world before, have you? Take care they don't send you to your family vault in your youth and innocence. I believe you'll be all right if you can get 'em to listen to you."

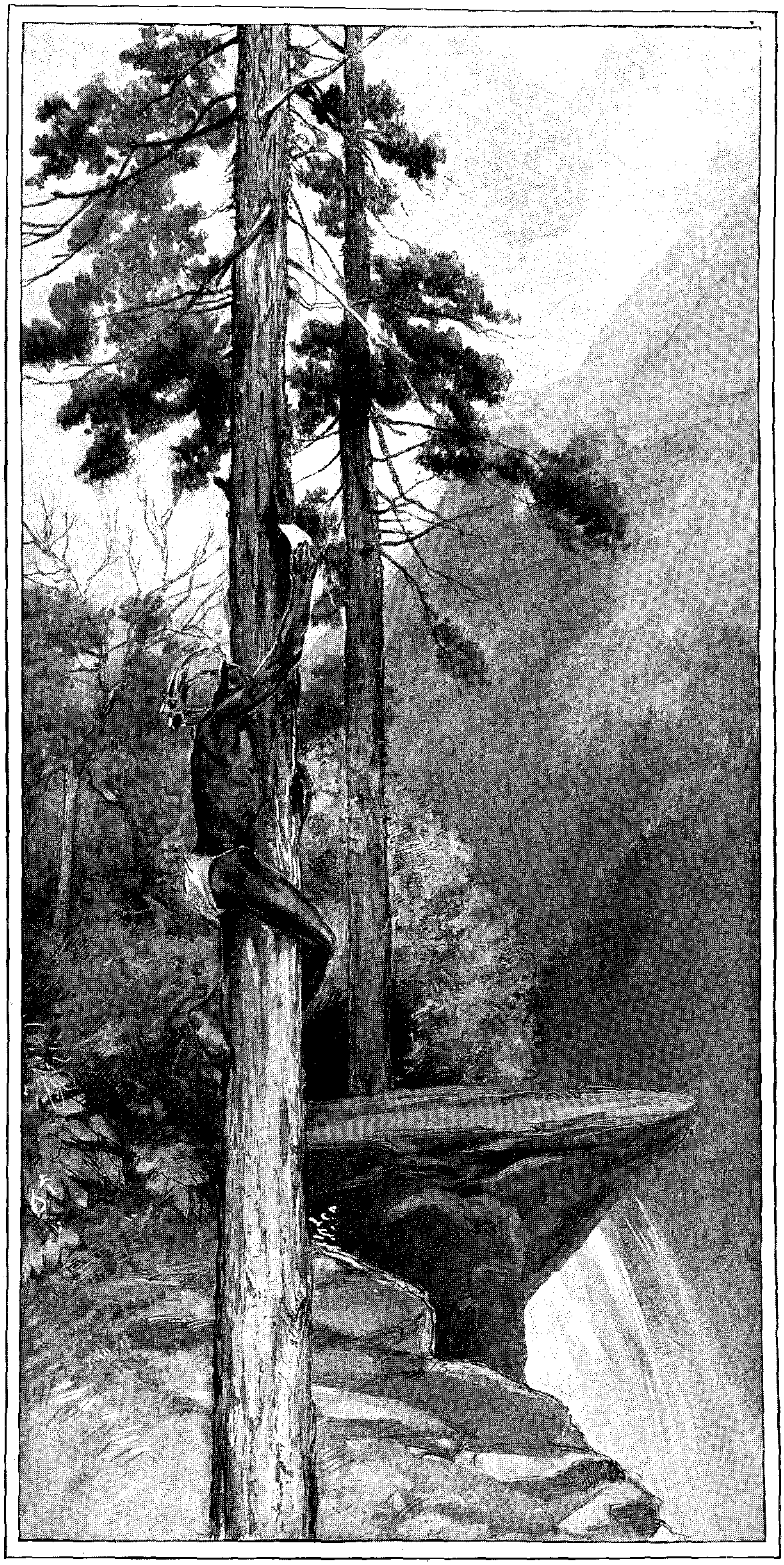
"I think so, sir; but if—if they should accidentally put an arrow through me—make asses of 'emselves—they might, you know—I hope you'll represent that they were only frightened. There isn't an ounce of real vice in 'em, and I should never forgive myself if anyone of—of my name got them into trouble."

The Colonel nodded, but said nothing.

Chinn and Bukta departed at once. Bukta did not say that, ever since the official vaccinator had been dragged into the hills by indignant Bhils, runner after runner had skulked up to the lines, entreating, with forehead in the dust, that Jan Chinn should come and explain this unknown horror that hung over his people.

The portent of the Clouded Tiger was now too clear. Let Jan Chinn comfort his own, for vain was the help of mortal man. Bukta toned down these beseechings to a simple request for Chinn's presence. Nothing would have pleased the old man better than a rough and tumble campaign against the Satpuras, whom he, as an "unmixed" Bhil, despised; but he had a duty to all his nation as Jan Chinn's interpreter; and he devoutly believed that forty plagues would fall on his village if he tampered with that obligation. Besides, Jan Chinn knew all things, and he rode the Clouded Tiger.

They covered thirty miles a day on foot and pony, raising the blue wall-like line of the Satpuras as



" One climbed into a tree and stuck the letter in a cleft forty feet from the ground."

swiftly as might be. Bukta was very silent.

They began the steep climb a little after noon, but it was near sunset ere they reached the stone platform clinging to the side of a rifted, jungle-covered hill, where Jan Chinn the First was laid, as he had desired, that he might overlook his people. All India is full of neglected graves that date from the beginning of the eighteenth century—tombs of forgotten colonels of corps long since disbanded; mates of East Indiamen who went on shooting expeditions and never came back; factors; agents; writers; and ensigns of the Honorable the East India Company by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands. English folk forget quickly, but natives have long memories, and if a man has done good in his life it is remembered after his death. The weathered marble four-square tomb of Jan Chinn was hung about with wild flowers and nuts, packets of wax and honey, bottles of native spirits and infamous cigars, with buffalo horns and plumes of dried grass. At one end was a rude clay image of a white man, in the old-fashioned top-hat, riding on a bloated tiger.

Bukta salaamed reverently as they approached. Chinn bared his head and began to pick out the blurred inscription. So far as he could read it ran thus—word for word, and letter for letter:

To the memory of JOHN CHINN, ESQ.
Late Collector of ....
....ithout Bloodshed or...error of Authority
Employ.only..eans of Conciliat...and confiden.
accomplished the...tire Subjection...
a Lawless and Predatory Peop...
....taching them to....ish Government
by a Conquest over....Minds
The most perma...and rational Mode of Domini..
...Governor General and Counc...engal
have ordered thi.......erected
...arted this Life Aug. 19, 1844. Ag...

On the other side of the grave were ancient verses, also very worn. As much as Chinn could decipher said:

....the savage band
Forsook their Haunts and b....is Command
....mended..rals check a...st for spoil
And.s.ing Hamlets prove his gene....toil
Humanit...survey......ights restore..
A Nation..ield..subdued without a Sword.

For some little time he leant on the tomb thinking of this dead man of his own blood, and of the house in Devonshire; then nodding to the plains: "Yes, it's a big work. All of it. Even my little share. He must have been a man worth knowing . . . Bukta, where are my people?"

"Not here, Sahib. No man comes here except in full sun. They wait above. Let us climb and see."

But Chinn, remembering the first law of Oriental diplomacy, in an even voice answered: "I have come this far only because the Satpura folk are foolish, and dared not visit our lines. Now bid them wait on me *here*. I am not a servant, but a master of Bhils."

"I go—I go," clucked the old man. Night was falling, and at any moment Jan Chinn might whistle up his dreaded steed from the darkening scrub.

Now for the first time in a long life Bukta disobeyed a lawful command and deserted his leader; for he did not come back, but pressed to the flat table-top of the hill and called softly. Men stirred all about him; little trembling men with bows and arrows who had watched the two since noon.

"Where is he?" whispered one.

"At his own place. He bids you come," said Bukta.

"Now?"

"Now."

"Rather let him loose the Clouded Tiger upon us. We do not go."

"Nor I, though I bore him in my arms when he was a child in this his life. Wait here till the day."

"But surely he will be angry."

"He will be very angry, for he has nothing to eat. But he has said to me many times that the Bhils are his children. By sunlight I believe this, but—by moonlight I am not so sure. What folly have ye Satpura pigs compassed that ye should need him at all?"

"One came to us in the name of the Government with little ghost-knives and a magic calf, meaning to turn us into cattle by the cutting off of our arms. We were greatly afraid, but we did not kill the man. He is here; bound; a black man, and we think he comes from the West. He said it was an order to cut us all with knives—especially the women and the children. We did not hear that it was an order, so we were afraid, and kept to our hills. Some of our men have taken ponies and bullocks from the plains, and others pots and cloths, and earrings."

"Are any slain?"

"By our men? Not yet. But the young men are blown to and fro by many rumors like flames upon a hill. I sent runners asking for Jan Chinn lest worse should come to us. It was this fear that he foretold by the sign of the Clouded Tiger."

"He says it is otherwise," said Bukta, and he repeated with amplifications all that Young Chinn had told him at the conference of the wicker chair.

"Think you," said the questioner at last, "that the Government will lay hands on us?"

"Not I," Bukta rejoined. "Jan Chinn will give an order, and ye will obey. The rest is between the Government and Jan Chinn. I myself know something of the ghost-knives and the scratching. It is a charm against the Smallpox, but how it is done I cannot tell. Nor need that concern you."

"If he stands by us and before the anger of the Government we will most strictly obey Jan Chinn, except—except we do not go down to that place to-night."

They could hear young Chinn below them shouting for Bukta, but they cowered and sat still, expecting the Clouded Tiger. The tomb had been holy ground for nearly half a century. If Jan Chinn chose to sleep there, who had better right? But they would not come within eyeshot of the place till broad day.

At first Chinn was exceedingly angry, till it occurred to him that Bukta most probably had a reason (which, indeed, he had), and his own dignity might suffer if he yelled without answer. He propped himself against the foot of the grave, lit a cheroot, and, alternately dozing and smoking, came through the warm night proud that he was a lawful, legitimate fever-proof Chinn.

He prepared his plan of action much as his grandfather would have done; and when Bukta appeared in the morning with a most liberal supply of food, said nothing of the scandalous desertion over night. Bukta would have been relieved by an outburst of human anger, but Chinn finished his victual leisurely and a cheroot, ere he made any sign.

"They are very much afraid," said Bukta, who was not too bold himself. "It remains only to give orders. They said they will obey if thou wilt only stand between them and the Government."

"That I know," said Chinn, strolling slowly to the table-land. A few of the elder men stood in an irregular semicircle in an open glade; but the ruck of people—women and children—were hidden in the thicket. They had no desire to face the first anger of Jan Chinn the First.

Seating himself on a fragment of split rock, he smoked his cheroot to the butt, hearing men breathe hard all about him. Then he cried, so suddenly that they jumped:

"Bring the man that was bound!"

A scuffle and a cry were followed by the appearance of a Hindu vaccinator, quaking with fear, bound hand and foot, as the Bhils of old were accustomed to bind their human sacrifices. He was pushed cautiously before the presence, but young Chinn did not look at him.

"I said—the man that *was* bound. Is it a jest to bring me one tied like a buffalo? Since when could the Bhils bind folk at their pleasure? Cut!"

Half a dozen hasty knives cut away the thongs, and the man crawled to Chinn, who pocketed his case of lancets and tubes of lymph. Then, sweeping the semicircle with one comprehensive forefinger, and in the voice of compliment, he said, clearly and distinctly: "Pigs!"

"Ai!" whispered Bukta. "Now he speaks. Woe to foolish people!"

"I have come on foot from my house" (the assembly shuddered) "to make clear a matter which any other than a Satpura Bhil would have seen with both eyes from a distance. Ye know the Smallpox, who pits and scars your children so that they look like wasp-combs. It is an order of the Government, that whoso is scratched on the arm with these little knives which I hold up is charmed against Her. All Sahibs are thus charmed, and very many Hindus. This is the mark of the charm. Look!"

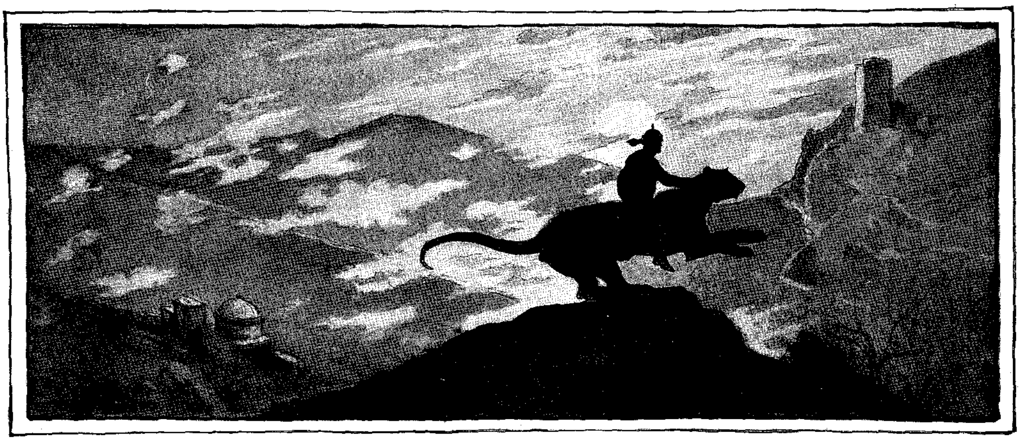
He rolled back his sleeve to the armpit and showed the dimples of the vaccination mark on the white skin. "Come all, and look."

A few daring spirits came up and nodded their heads wisely. There was certainly a mark, and they knew well what other dread marks were hidden by the shirt. Merciful was Jan Chinn that he had not then and there proclaimed his godhead.

"Now all these things the man whom ye bound told you."

"I did—a hundred times, but they answered with blows," groaned the operator, chafing his wrists and ankles.

"But, being pigs, ye did not believe; and so came I here to save you first from Smallpox, next from a great folly of fear, and lastly, it may be, from the rope and the jail. It is no gain to me: it is no pleasure to me: but for the sake of that one who is yonder, who made the Bhil a



"It is thy horse—as it has been these three generations."

man"—he pointed down the hill—"I, who am of his blood, the son of his son, come to turn your people: and I speak the truth, as did Jan Chinn."

The crowd murmured reverently, and men stole out of the thicket by twos and threes to join it. There was no anger in their god's face.

"These are my orders. (Heaven send they'll take 'em, but I seem to have impressed 'em so far!) I myself will stay among you while this man scratches your arms with the knives after the order of the Government. In three, or it may be five or seven days, your arms will swell and itch and burn. That is the power of Smallpox fighting in your base blood against the orders of the Government. I will therefore stay among you till I see that Smallpox is conquered, and I will not go away till the men and the women and the little children show me upon their arms such marks as I have even now showed you. I bring with me two very good guns and a man whose name is known among beasts and men. We will hunt together, I and he, and your young men and the others shall eat and lie still. This is my order."

There was a long pause while victory hung in the balance. A white-haired old sinner, standing on one uneasy leg, piped up:

"There are ponies and some few bullocks and other things for which we need a *kowl* [protection]. They were *not* taken in the way of trade."

The battle was won, and John Chinn drew a breath of relief. The young Bhils had been raiding, but if taken swiftly all could be put straight.

"I will write a *kowl* so soon as the ponies, the bullocks, and the other things are counted before me and sent back whence they came. But first we will put the Government mark on such as have not been visited by Smallpox." In an undertone to the vaccinator: "If you show you are afraid you'll never see Poona again, my friend."

"There is not sufficient ample supply of vaccine for all this population," said the man. "They have destroyed the offeecial calf."

"They won't know the difference. Scrape 'em all round, and give me a couple of lancets. I'll attend to the elders."

The aged diplomat who had demanded protection was the first victim. He fell to Chinn's hand and dared not cry out. As soon as he was freed he dragged up a companion and held him fast, and the crisis became, as it were, a child's sport; for the vaccinated chased the unvaccinated to treatment, vowing that all the tribe must suffer equally. The women shrieked, and the children ran howling, but Chinn laughed and waved the pink-tipped lancet.

"It is an honor," he cried. "Tell them, Bukta, how great an honor it is that I myself should mark them. Nay, I cannot mark every one—the Hindu must also do his work—but I will touch all marks that he makes, so there will be an equal virtue in them. Thus do the Rajputs stick pigs. Ho, brother with one eye! Catch that girl and bring her to me. She need not run away yet, for she is not married, and I do not seek her in marriage. She will not come? Then she shall be shamed by her little brother, a fat boy, a bold boy. He puts out his arm like a soldier. Look! *He* does not flinch at the blood. Some day he shall be in my regiment. And, now, mother of many, we will lightly touch thee, for Smallpox has been before us here. It is a true thing indeed that this charm breaks the power of Mata. There will be no more pitted faces among the Satpuras, and so ye can ask many cows for each maid to be wed."

And so on and so on—quick-poured showman's patter, sauced in the Bhil hunting proverbs and tales of their own brand of coarse humor—till the lancets were blunted and both operators worn out.

But, nature being the same the world over, the unvaccinated grew jealous of their marked comrades, and came near to blows about it. Then Chinn declared himself a Court of Justice, no longer a medical board, and made formal inquiry into the late robberies.

"We are the thieves of Mahadeo," said the Bhils simply. "It is our fate and we were frightened. When we are frightened we always steal."

Simply and directly as children, they gave in the tale of the plunder, all but two bullocks and some spirits that had gone amissing (these Chinn promised to make good out of his own pocket), and ten ringleaders were despatched to the lowlands, with a wonderful document written on the leaf of a note-book, and addressed to an Assistant District Superintendent of Police. There was warm calamity in that note, as Jan Chinn warned them, but anything was better than loss of liberty.

Armed with this protection the repentant raiders went downhill. They had no desire whatever to meet Mr. Dundas Fawne of the Police, aged twenty-two, and of a cheerful countenance, nor did they wish to revisit the scene of their robberies. Steering a middle course, they ran into the camp of the one Government chaplain allowed to the various Irregular Corps in a district of some fifteen thousand square miles, and stood before him in a cloud of dust. He was by way of being a priest, they knew; and, what was more to the point, a good sportsman, who paid his beaters generously.

When he read Chinn's note he laughed, which they deemed a lucky omen, till he called up policemen, who tethered the ponies and the bullocks by the piled house gear, and laid stern hands upon three of that smiling band of the thieves of Mahadeo. The chaplain himself addressed them magisterially with a riding-whip. That was painful, but Jan Chinn had prophesied it. They submitted, but would not give up the written protection, fearing the jail. On their way back they met Mr. D. Fawne, who had heard about the robberies, and was not pleased.

"Certainly," said the eldest of the gang, when the second interview was at an end, "certainly, Jan Chinn's protection has saved us our liberty, but it is as though there were many beatings in one small piece of paper. Put it away."

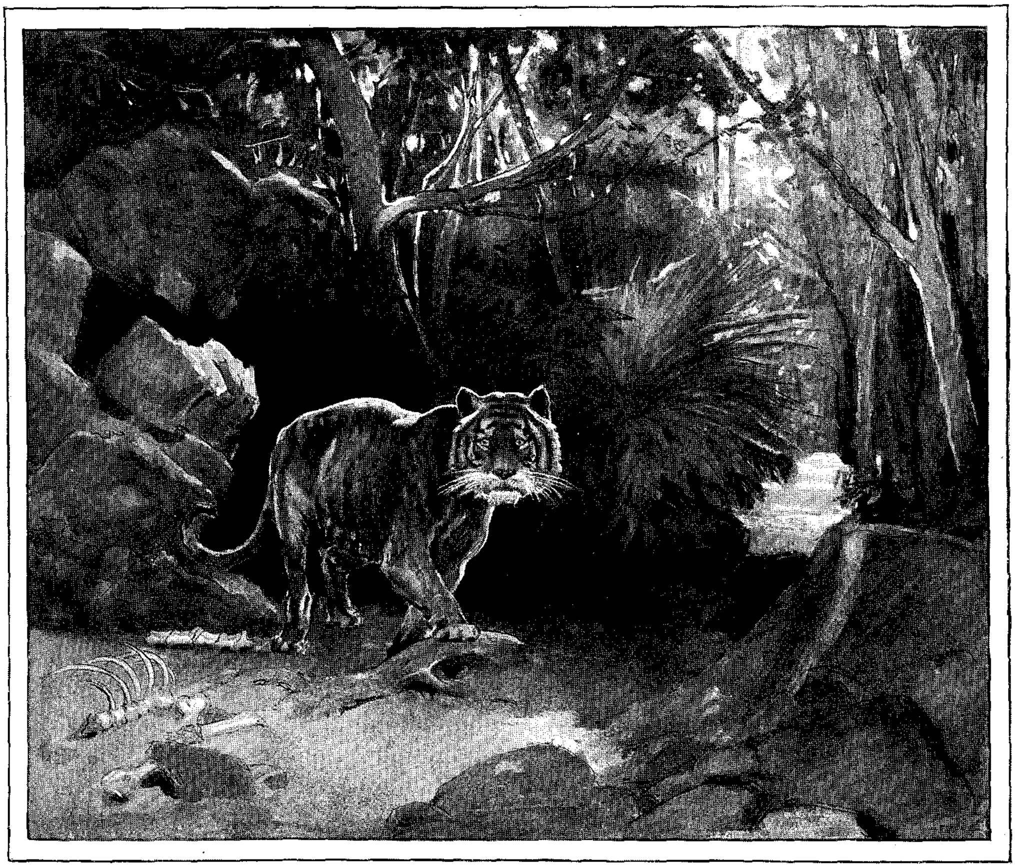
One climbed into a tree and stuck the letter into a cleft forty feet from the ground, where it could do no harm. Warmed, sore, but happy, the ten returned to Jan Chinn next day, where he sat among uneasy Bhils, all looking at their right arms, and all bound under terror of their god's disfavor not to scratch.

"It was a good *kowl*," said the leader. "First the chaplain, who laughed, took away our plunder, and beat three of us, as was promised. Next, we meet Fawne Sahib, who frowned, and asked for the plunder. We spoke the truth, and so he beat us all one after another, and called us chosen names. He then gave us these two bundles," they set down a bottle of whisky and a box of cheroots, "and we came away. The *kowl* is left in a tree, because its virtue is that so soon as we show it to a Sahib we are beaten."

"But for that *kowl*," said Jan Chinn sternly, "ye would all have been marching to jail with a policeman on either side. Ye come now to serve as beaters for me. These people are unhappy, and we will go hunting till they are well. To-night we will make a feast."

It is written in the chronicles of the Satpura Bhils, together with many other matters not fit for print, that through five days, after the day that he had put his mark upon them, Jan Chinn the First hunted for his people; and on the five nights of those days the tribe was gloriously and entirely drunk. Jan Chinn bought country spirits of an awful strength and slew wild pig and deer beyond counting, so that if any fell sick they might have two good reasons.

Between head and stomach aches they found no time to think of their arms, but followed Jan Chinn obediently through the jungles, and with each day's returning confidence men, women, and children stole away to their villages as the little army passed by. They carried news that it was good and right to be scratched with ghost-knives; that Jan Chinn was indeed reincarnated as a god of free food and drink, and that of all nations the Satpura Bhils stood first in his favor, if they would only refrain from scratching. Henceforward that kindly demi-god would be connected in their minds with great gorgings and the



"*Lazily, as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave.*"

vaccine and lancets of a paternal Government.

"And to-morrow I go back to my home," said Jan Chinn to his faithful few, whom neither spirits, over-eating, nor swollen glands could conquer. It is hard for children and savages to behave reverently at all times to the idols of their make-belief, and they had frolicked excessively with Jan Chinn. But the reference to his home cast a gloom on the people.

"And the Sahib will not come again?" said he who had been vaccinated first.

"That is to be seen," said Chinn warily.

"Nay, but come as a white man—come as a young man whom we know and love, for as thou alone knowest, we are a weak people. If we again saw thy—thy horse—" They were picking up their courage.

"I have no horse. I came on foot—with Bukta, yonder. What is this?"

"Thou knowest—the thing that thou hast chosen for a night-horse." The little men squirmed in fear and awe.

"Night-horses? Bukta, what is this last tale of children?"

Bukta had been a silent leader in Chinn's presence, since the night of his desertion, and was grateful for a chance-flung question.

"They know, Sahib," he whispered. "It is the Clouded Tiger. That that comes from the place where thou didst once sleep. It is thy horse—as it has been these three generations."

"My horse! That was a dream of the Bhils."

"It is no dream. Do dreams leave the tracks of broad pugs on earth? Why make two faces before thy people? They know of the night-ridings, and they—and they—"

"Are afraid and would have them cease."

Bukta nodded. "If thou hast no further need of him. He is *thy* horse."

"The thing leaves a trail, then?" said Chinn.

"We have seen it. It is like a village road under the tomb."

"Can ye find and follow it for me?"

"By daylight—if one comes with us, and above all stands near by."

"I will stand close, and we will see to it that Jan Chinn does not ride any more."

And the Bhils shouted the last words again and again.

From Chinn's point of view the stalk was nothing more than an ordinary one—down hill, through split and crannied rocks; unsafe perhaps if a man did not keep his wits by him, but no worse than twenty others he had undertaken. Yet his men—they refused absolutely to beat and would only trail—dripped sweat at every move. They showed the marks of enormous pugs that ran, always down hill, to a few hundred feet below Jan Chinn's tomb, and disappeared in a narrow-mouthed cave. It was an insolently open road, a domestic highway beaten without thought of concealment.

"The beggar might be paying rent and taxes," Chinn muttered ere he asked whether his friend's taste ran to cattle or man.

"Cattle," was the answer. "Two heifers a week. We drive them for him at the foot of the hill. It is his custom. If we did not, he might seek us."

"Blackmail and privacy," said Chinn. "I can't say I fancy going into the cave after him. What's to be done?"

The Bhils fell back as Chinn lodged himself behind a rock with his rifle ready. Tigers, he knew, were shy beasts, but one who had been long cattle-fed in this sumptuous style might prove overbold.

"He speaks!" some one whispered from the rear. "He knows too."

"Well, of *all* the infernal cheek!" said Chinn. There was an angry growl from the cave—a direct challenge.

"Come out, then," Chinn shouted. "Come out of that. Let's have a look at you."

The brute knew well enough that there was some connection between brown nude Bhils and his weekly allowance, but the white helmet in the sunlight annoyed him; and he did not approve of the voice that broke his rest. Lazily, as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave, and stood yawning and blinking at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon his flat right side, and Chinn wondered. Never had he seen a tiger marked after this fashion. Except for his head, which was staringly barred, he was dappled—not striped, but dappled like a child's rocking-horse in rich shades of smoky black on red gold. That portion of his belly and throat which should have been white was orange; and his tail and paws were black.

He looked leisurely for some ten seconds and then deliberately lowered his head, his chin dropped and drawn in, staring intently at the man. The effect of this was to throw forward the round arch of his skull, with two broad bands across it, while below the bands glared the unwinking eyes; so that, head on, as he stood, he looked something like a diabolically scowling pantomime mask. It was a piece of natural mesmerism that he had practiced many times on his quarry, and, though Chinn was by no means a terrified heifer, he stood for awhile held by the extraordinary oddity of the attack. The head—the body seemed to have been packed away behind it—the ferocious skull-like head crept nearer to the switching of an angry tail-tip in the grass. Left and right the Bhils had scattered to let John Chinn subdue his own horse.

"My word!" he thought. "He's trying to frighten me like a bogy," and fired between the saucer-like eyes, leaping aside upon the shot. He feared he had left it too long.

A big coughing mass, reeking of carrion, bounded past him up the hill, and he followed discreetly. The tiger made no attempt to turn into the jungle; he was hunting for sight and breath—nose up, mouth open—the tremendous fore-legs scattering the gravel in spurts.

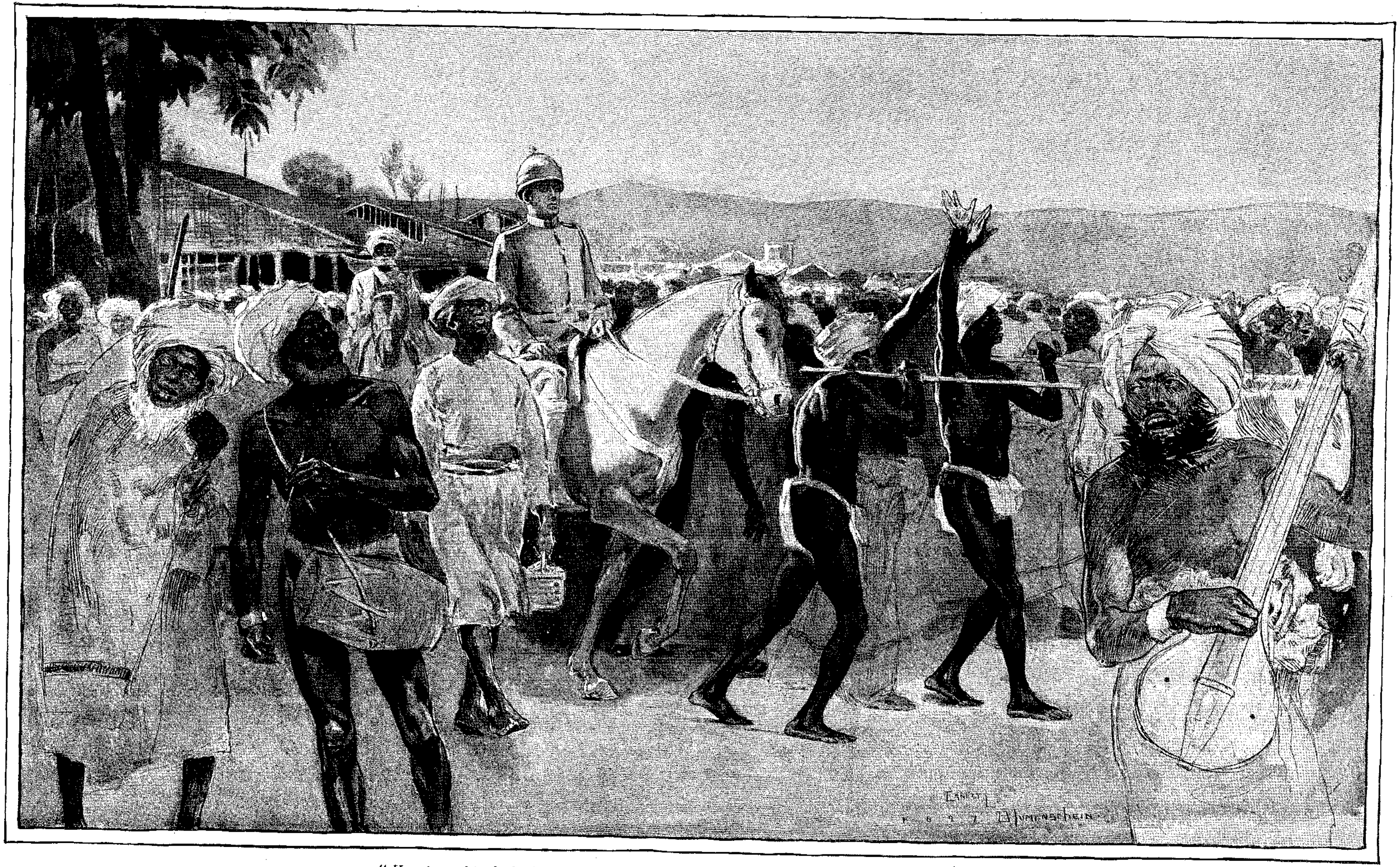
"Scuppered!" said John Chinn, watching the flight. "Now if he was a partridge he'd tower. Lungs must be full of blood."

The brute had jerked himself over a boulder and fallen out of sight the other side. John Chinn looked over with a ready barrel. But the red trail led straight as an arrow even to his grandfather's tomb, and there, among the smashed spirit-bottles and the fragments of the mud image, the life left with a flurry and a grunt.

"If my worthy ancestor could see that," said John Chinn, "he'd have been proud of me. Eyes, lower jaw, and lungs. A very nice shot." He whistled for Bukta as he drew the tape over the stiffening bulk.

"Ten—six—eight—by Jove! It's nearly eleven—call it eleven. Fore-arm, twenty-four—five—seven and a half. A short tail, too: three feet one. But *what* a skin! O Bukta! Bukta! The men with the knives swiftly."

"Is he beyond question dead?" said an awe-stricken voice behind a rock.


Ernest L. Blumenschein
1 8 9 7

"He returned to the lowlands to the triumphal chant of an escorting army three hundred strong."

"That was not the way I killed my first tiger," said Chinn. "I did not think that Bukta would run. I had no second gun."

"It—it is the Clouded Tiger," said Bukta, unheeding the taunt. "He is dead."

Whether all the Bhils, vaccinated and unvaccinated, of the Satpuras had lain by to see the kill, Chinn could not say; but the whole hill's flank rustled with little men, shouting, singing, and stamping. And yet, till he had made the first cut in the splendid skin, not a man would take a knife; and, when the shadows fell, they ran from the red-stained tomb, and no persuasion would bring them back till dawn. So Chinn spent a second night in the open, guarding the carcass from jackals, and thinking about his ancestor.

He returned to the lowlands to the triumphal chant of an escorting army three hundred strong, the Mahratta vaccinator close at his elbow, and the rudely dried skin, a trophy, before him. When that army suddenly and noiselessly disappeared, as quail in high corn, he argued he was near civilization, and a turn in the road brought him upon the camp of a wing of his own corps. He left the skin on a cart-tail for the world to see, and sought the Colonel.

"They're perfectly right," he explained earnestly. "There isn't an ounce of vice in 'em. They were only frightened. I've vaccinated the whole boiling, and they like it awfully. What are—what are we doing here, sir?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said the Colonel. "I don't know yet whether we're a piece of a brigade or a police force. However, I think we'll call ourselves a police force. How did you manage to get a Bhil vaccinated?"

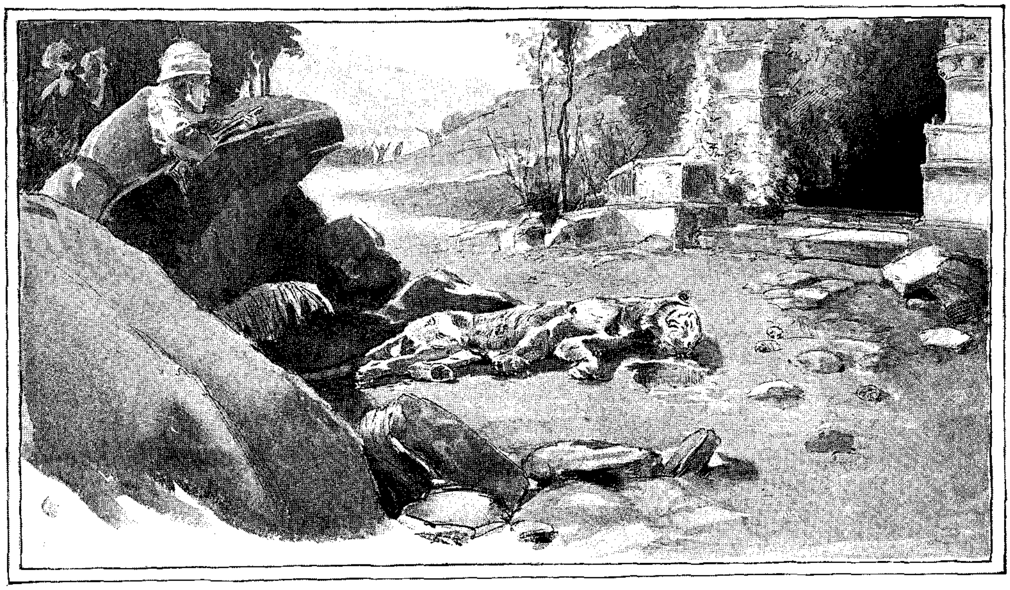
"Well, sir," said Chinn, "I've been thinking it over, and, as far as I can make out, I've got a sort of hereditary pull over 'em."

"So I know, or I wouldn't have sent you; but *what* exactly?"

"It's rather rummy. It seems, from what I can make out, that I'm my own grandfather reincarnated, and I've been disturbing the peace of the country by riding a pad-tiger of nights. If I hadn't done that I don't think they'd have objected to the vaccination; but the two together were more than they could stand. And so, sir, I've vaccinated 'em and shot my tiger-horse as a sort o' proof of good faith. You never saw such a skin in your life."

The Colonel tugged his mustache thoughtfully. "Now, how the deuce," said he, "am I to include that in my report?"

And, indeed, the official version of the Bhils' anti-vaccination stampede said nothing about Lieutenant John Chinn his godship. But Bukta knew, and the corps knew, and every Bhil in the Satpura hills knew. And now Bukta is zealous that John Chinn should swiftly be wedded and impart his powers to a son, for if the Chinn succession fails and the little Bhils are left to their own imaginings, there will be fresh trouble in the Satpuras.



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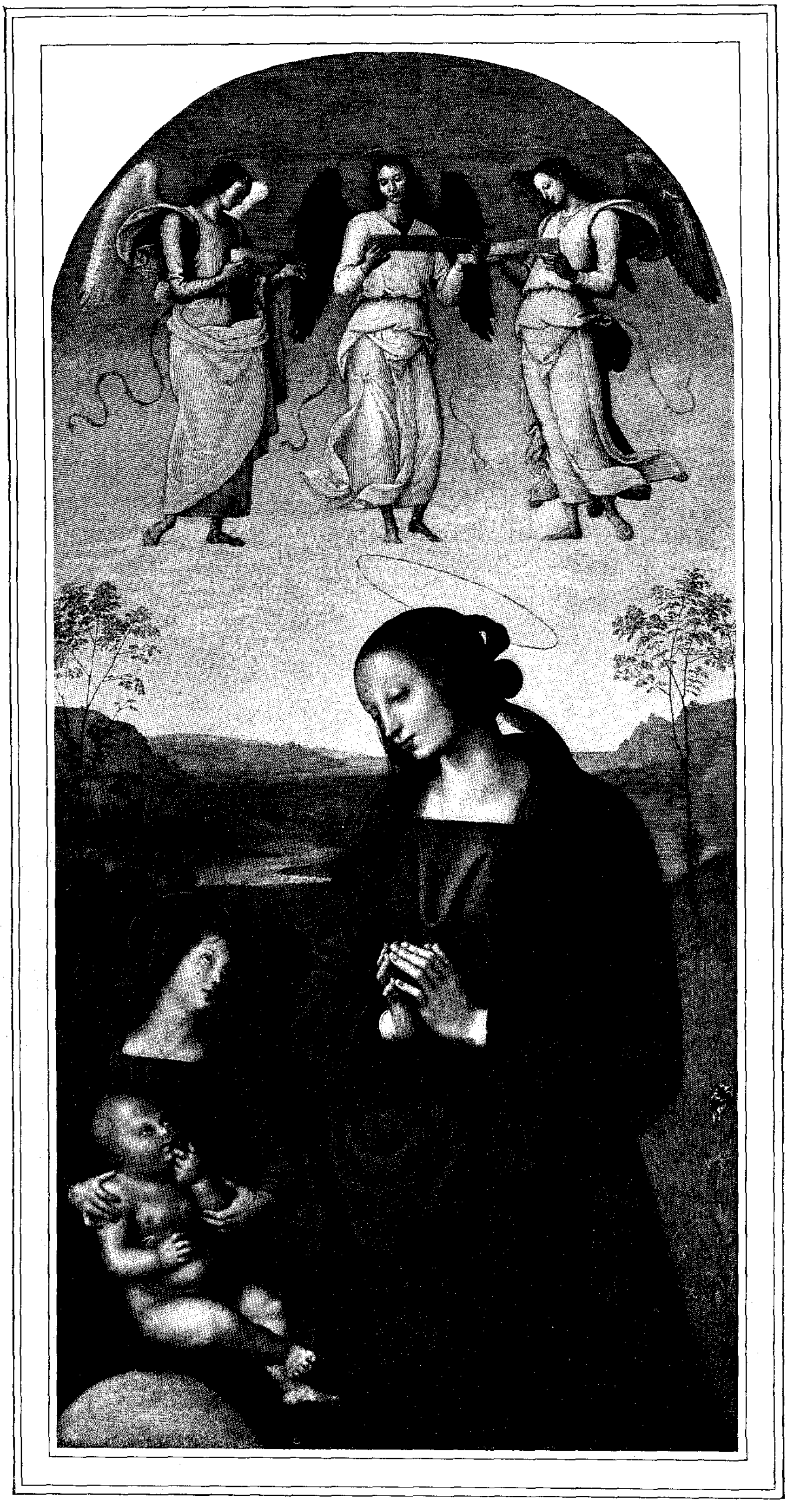
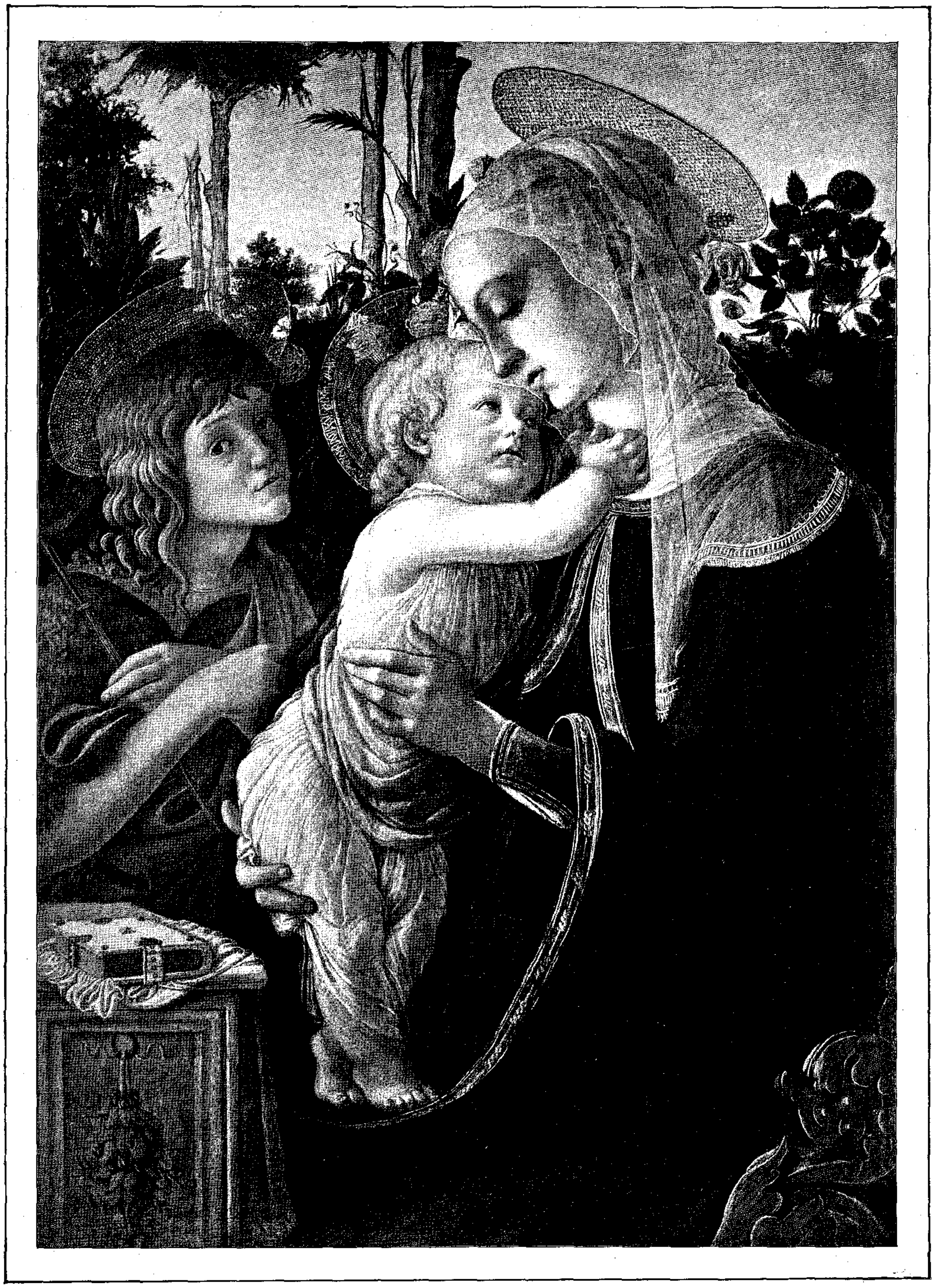
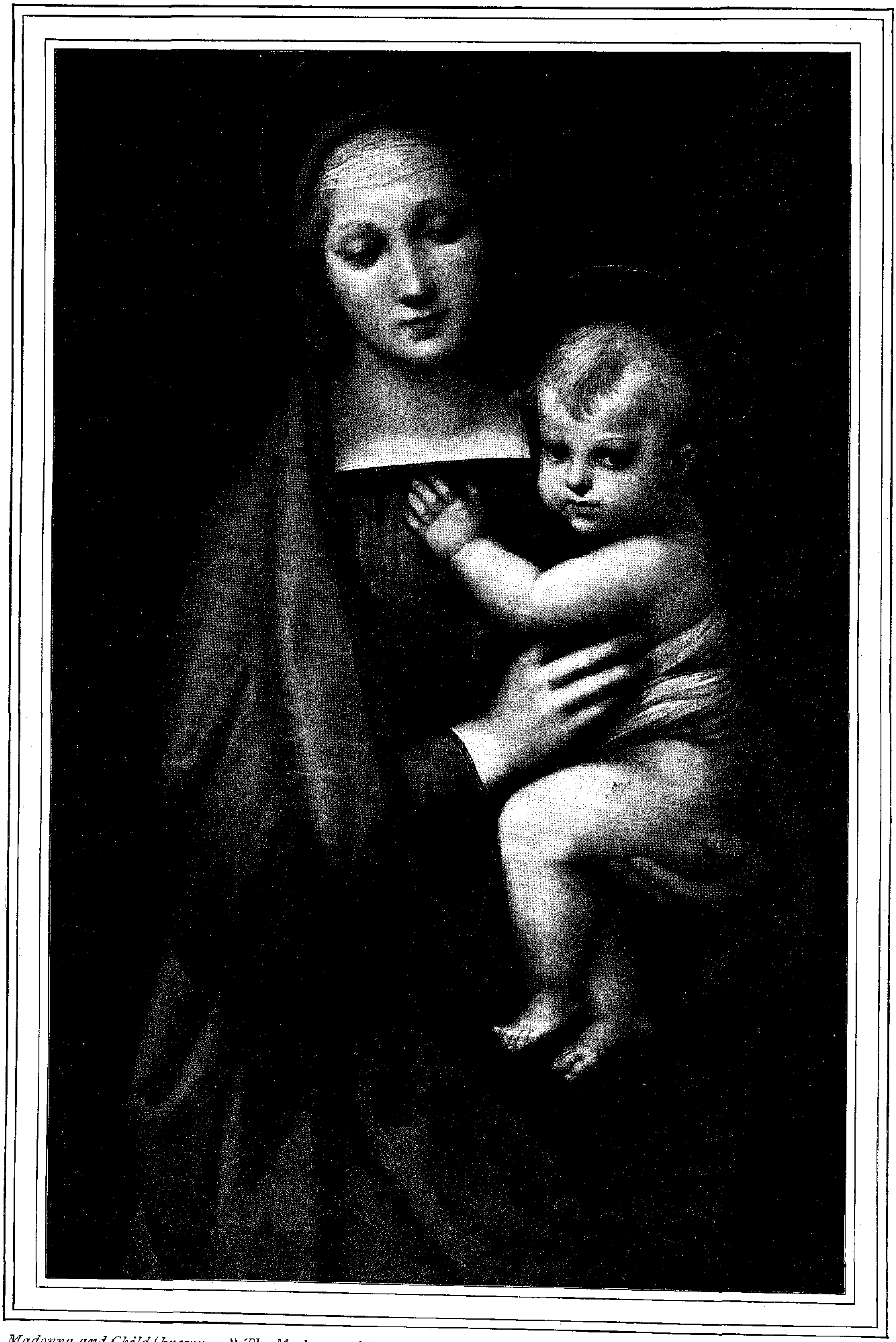


Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ. *Perugino.*



Madonna and Child, and St. John. Botticelli.



Madonna and Child (*known as* " *The Madonna of the Grand Duke* "). *Raphael.*

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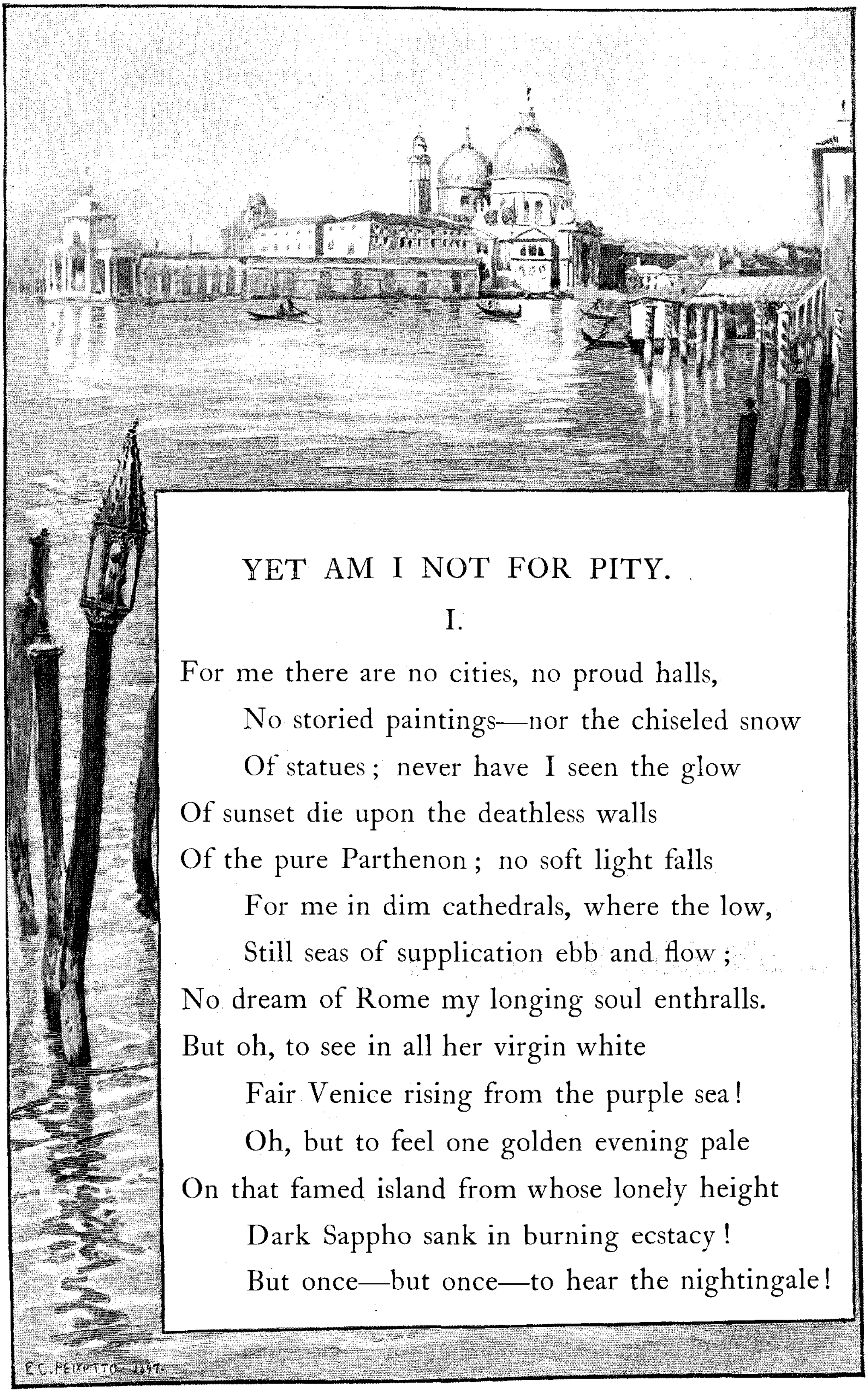
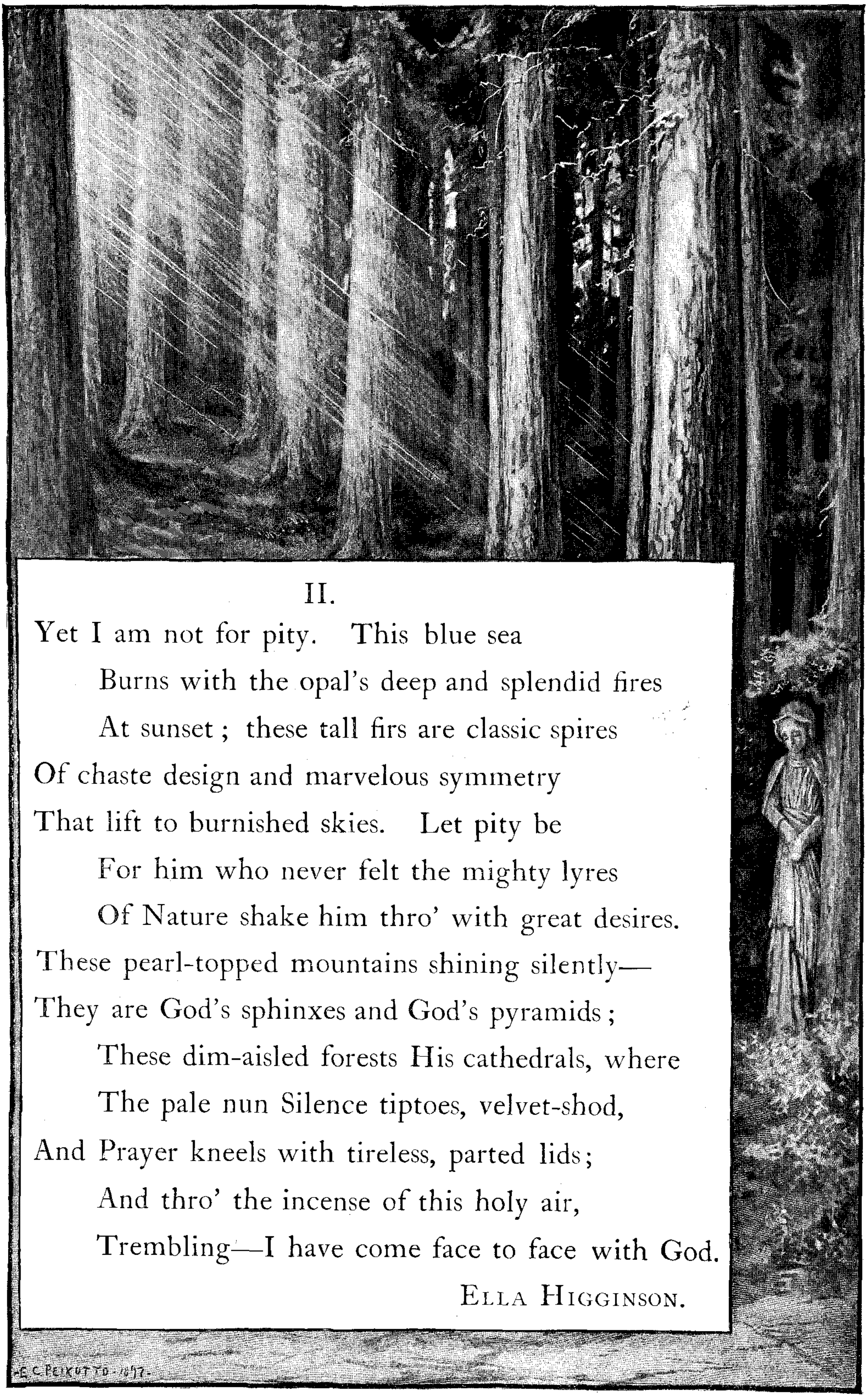


YET AM I NOT FOR PITY.

I.

For me there are no cities, no proud halls,
No storied paintings—nor the chiseled snow
Of statues; never have I seen the glow
Of sunset die upon the deathless walls
Of the pure Parthenon; no soft light falls
For me in dim cathedrals, where the low,
Still seas of supplication ebb and flow;
No dream of Rome my longing soul enthralls.
But oh, to see in all her virgin white
Fair Venice rising from the purple sea!
Oh, but to feel one golden evening pale
On that famed island from whose lonely height
Dark Sappho sank in burning ecstacy!
But once—but once—to hear the nightingale!



II.

Yet I am not for pity. This blue sea
Burns with the opal's deep and splendid fires
At sunset; these tall firs are classic spires
Of chaste design and marvelous symmetry
That lift to burnished skies. Let pity be
For him who never felt the mighty lyres
Of Nature shake him thro' with great desires.
These pearl-topped mountains shining silently—
They are God's sphinxes and God's pyramids;
These dim-aisled forests His cathedrals, where
The pale nun Silence tiptoes, velvet-shod,
And Prayer kneels with tireless, parted lids;
And thro' the incense of this holy air,
Trembling—I have come face to face with God.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION BY GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER.

PASSING the winter in Washington in 1848, I was a daily attendant upon either the Senate or the House. The object to which my eyes instinctively turned on entering the House was the form of the ex-President, John Quincy Adams. And so it was with all strangers. Their first question was, "Which is John Quincy Adams?" He lived in his own house on F Street, directly opposite the Ebbitt House. The house is now used for stores and offices. I frequently saw him walking along F Street on pleasant days, on his way to the Capitol, and I noticed that whoever met him, whether an acquaintance or not, lifted his hat to him as he passed.

The House met in the hall now used for statuary. The Whigs occupied the space on the right of the main aisle, as the Republicans do in the present hall; and the Democrats occupied the space on the left, as they do now. The desk of Mr. Adams was a little to the right of the center of the Whig side of the house. I entered the chamber a couple of hours after the session began on Monday, February 21, 1848, and stood back of the outside row of seats, looking directly at the ex-President. The subject before the House was a resolution granting medals to some officers in the Mexican War. The resolution had been read, the previous question was ordered, and on that vote Mr. Adams answered to his name in a clear, distinct voice. The Speaker arose, and was about to put the question, "Shall the bill pass?" when to his left there was a quick, sudden movement, a stifled exclamation, and the members nearest to Mr. Adams rushed toward him. I saw him rising, as I supposed to address the Speaker, and I think he uttered the words "Mr. Speaker;" then he staggered and fell back over the left arm of his chair. He would have fallen to the floor if the member sitting nearest to him had not caught and held him up. He had been seized with paralysis. He was immediately laid upon a sofa and carried into the area in front of the Speaker's desk.

Intense excitement at once pervaded the hall. The Speaker, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, suggested that some member move for an adjournment, which was done. Members sitting in the outside row of seats did not realize what had occurred till the words passed from mouth to mouth, "Mr. Adams is dying." Then an awful solemnity settled down over the whole assemblage. Members walked noiselessly from desk to desk, and gathered in little groups, talking of what had just befallen. It was frequently remarked that this was just the way the ex-President would have desired to die.

A member who was a physician now had him removed to the rotunda. He lay there for a short time, and then was borne just through the eastern door, that he might have fresh air. But it being too chilly there, he was removed to the Speaker's room, from which he never emerged till he was borne away in his casket.

The news that Mr. Adams had been stricken was communicated to the Senate through Senator Benton, who immediately moved an adjournment, observing that the Senate could not be in a condition to transact business while such a solemn scene was transpiring in the other wing of the Capitol. Mrs. Adams was notified, and with her nephew hastened to her husband's bedside. He had left her but a few hours previously, in apparent good health. He did not recognize her or anyone in attendance, and he continued unconscious, except for a moment, till the end came.

The next day, in the House, the Speaker announced the continued illness of the ex-President, and Mr. Burt of South Carolina moved an adjournment. The Senate also adjourned, and adjournments followed in both houses on the third day.

While sitting at her husband's bedside on Tuesday, Mrs. Adams was taken suddenly ill and fainted, and was carried to her residence. Once Mr. Adams partially recovered consciousness, and feebly uttered the words, now historic: "It is the end of earth; I am content." He expired on Wednesday evening, about an hour after sunset. He had been for nearly sixty years in the public service; had passed a large portion of his life in the glare of thrones and the splendors of courts; had tasted the sweets of power and position; and now, as the end approached, he was content to pass on.

As the members gathered in session the next day at the usual hour, they moved noiselessly to their seats; the hum of voices and the noisy greetings usually attendant upon such occasions had given way to an impressive stillness. The Speaker, in a subdued voice and with deep emotion, announced the death of Mr. Adams in these words:

> "A seat on this floor has been vacated, towards which our eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.
>
> "A voice has been forever hushed in this hall, to which all ears have been accustomed to listen with profound reverence.
>
> "A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.
>
> "A name has been stricken from the roll of living statesmen of our land, which has been associated for more than a half a century with the highest civil service and the loftiest civil renown."

All the public buildings were shrouded with crape, and most of the private edifices. The obsequies took place in the hall of the House. Both branches of Congress, the President and Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the foreign ministers, and the high officers of the army and navy were in attendance. The cold form of the dead statesman lying in the coffin in front of the Speaker's desk, the somber shading given to the hall by the emblems of mourning, the reverential visages of all in the assembly, the solemn notes of the funeral dirge by the Marine Band, united to make it a scene truly awe-inspiring. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church and Chaplain of the House, preached the funeral discourse, from the words: "And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope."

The body was borne, for the time, to the Congressional Cemetery; John C. Calhoun was one of the pallbearers. Afterwards it was removed to Quincy, Massachusetts, under the escort of a Congressional committee of which Abraham Lincoln was a member, and laid to rest in the burying-ground of Mr. Adams's ancestors, by the side of his father, John Adams. And thus they rest, father and son, both ex-Presidents of the United States, side by side, till the ushering in of the new morn.

The correspondence between Mr. Adams and his father, after the former's election as President by the House of Representatives, is interesting. There having been no choice in the Electoral College, it devolved upon the House to elect from the three candidates having the highest number of votes in the Electoral College. General Jackson had received ninety-nine votes, J. Q. Adams eighty-four, W. H. Crawford forty-one, and Henry Clay thirty-seven. Adams received the votes of thirteen States, Jackson of seven, and Crawford of four. There was indescribable excitement in the House, about the Capitol, and in the city, shortly preceding and during the taking of the vote. As soon as the vote was declared, Senator Rufus King of New York sent a brief note of congratulation to Mr. Adams at the State Department, informing him of the result. Mr. Adams immediately enclosed the same to his father, with the following letter:

> WASHINGTON, *February* 9, 1825.
>
> *My Dear Father:* The enclosed letter from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day, upon which I can only offer you my congratulations and ask your blessing and prayers.
>
> Your affectionate son,
> JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following was the answer:

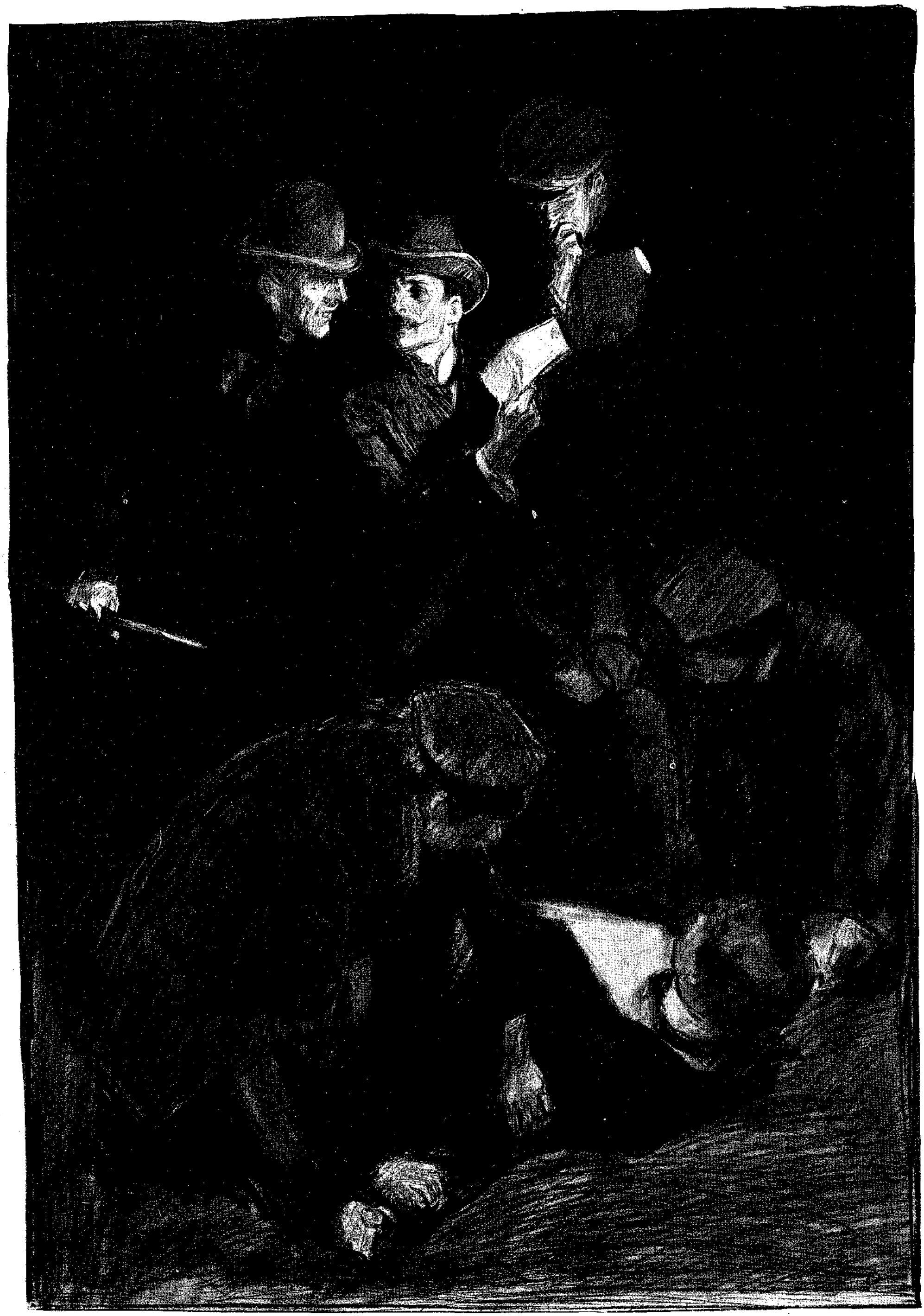
> *My Dear Son:* I have received your letter of the 9th inst. Never did I feel so much solemnity as on this occasion. The multitude of my thoughts and the intensity of my feelings are too much for a mind like mine in its ninetieth year. May the blessing of God Almighty continue to protect you to the end of your life, as it has heretofore protected you in so remarkable a manner from your cradle. I offer the same prayer for your lady and for your family, and am your affectionate father,
>
> JOHN ADAMS.
>
> QUINCY, MASS., *February* 17, 1825.

The following, written by Mr. Adams the night after his inauguration, shows with what dread and anxiety he assumed the responsibility of the Presidency:

> "After two successive sleepless nights, I entered upon this day with a supplication to heaven, first, for my country, secondly, for myself and for those connected with my good name and fortunes, that the last results of its events may be auspicious and blessed."

His last public service in the House of Representatives, his vindication of the right of petition and the freedom of debate, his unselfish devotion to the interests of humanity and the cause of the slave must ever entitle him to the gratitude of mankind.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



See page 137.

"MY CHANCE HAD COME."

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

INTRODUCTION.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," it may be worth while to explain, relates the adventures of a young Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyll, while impersonating his distant relative Rudolf Fifth, King of Ruritania. At the instigation of the king's half brother, the Duke of Strelsau, known as "Black Michael," the king was drugged on the eve of his coronation, and would have lost his crown to the duke but that, in the nick of time and by a series of strange chances, Rassendyll, who resembled him so closely that few could tell them apart, appeared and, in his name, assumed the crown for him. Meanwhile the king fell a prisoner to the duke, and some time passed before his friends could set him free and defeat the duke's plots. Through this time Rassendyll, under the guise of the king, continued to hold the throne and exercise all the royal functions, even to falling ardently in love with the Princess Flavia, and provoking her to love him as ardently in return. Public expectation and policy had designated this lady to become the new king's wife. The duke, "Black Michael," was finally killed in a quarrel with one of his accomplices, Rupert of Hentzau. The Princess Flavia had felt from the first a difference between the assumed and the real king; and before the end the truth was fully discovered to her. She dutifully married the real king, but her heart hardly went with her hand. In his adventures as king, Rudolf Rassendyll was guided and aided chiefly by Fritz von Tarlenheim, who tells the present story, and that bold, bluff Colonel Sapt, with whom readers gratefully make or renew acquaintance here.—Editor.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUEEN'S GOOD-BY.

A MAN who has lived in the world, marking how every act, although in itself perhaps light and insignificant, may become the source of consequences that spread far and wide, and flow for years or centuries, could scarcely feel secure in reckoning that with the death of the Duke of Strelsau and the restoration of King Rudolf to liberty and his throne, there would end, for good and all, the troubles born of Black Michael's daring conspiracy. The stakes had been high, the struggle keen; the edge of passion had been sharpened, and the seeds of enmity sown. Yet Michael, having struck for the crown, had paid for the blow with his life: should there not then be an end? Michael was dead, the Princess her cousin's wife, the story in safe keeping, and Mr. Rassendyll's face seen no more in Ruritania. Should there not then be an end? So said I to my friend the Constable of Zenda, as we talked by the bedside of Marshal Strakencz. The old man, already nearing the death that soon after robbed us of his aid and counsel, bowed his head in assent: in the aged and ailing the love of peace breeds hope of it. But Colonel Sapt tugged at his gray moustache, and twisted his black cigar in his mouth, saying, "You're very sanguine, friend Fritz. But is Rupert of Hentzau dead? I had not heard it."

Well said, and like old Sapt! Yet the man is little without the opportunity, and Rupert by himself could hardly have troubled our repose. Hampered by his own guilt, he dared not set his foot in the kingdom from which by rare good luck he had escaped, but wandered to and fro over Europe, making a living by his wits, and, as some said, adding to his resources by gallantries for which he did not refuse substantial recompense. But he kept himself constantly before our eyes, and never ceased to contrive how he might gain permission to return and enjoy the estates to which his uncle's death had entitled him. The chief agent through whom he had the effrontery to approach the king was his relative, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, a young man of high rank and great wealth who was devoted to Rupert. The count fulfilled his mission well: acknowledging Rupert's heavy offences, he put forward in his behalf the pleas of youth and of the predominant influence which Duke Michael had exercised over his adherent, and promised, in words so significant as to betray Rupert's

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own dictation, a future fidelity no less discreet than hearty. "Give me my price and I'll hold my tongue," seemed to come in Rupert's off-hand accents through his cousin's deferential lips. As may be supposed, however, the king and those who advised him in the matter, knowing too well the manner of man the Count of Hentzau was, were not inclined to give ear to his ambassador's prayer. We kept firm hold on Master Rupert's revenues, and as good watch as we could on his movements; for we were most firmly determined that he should never return to Ruritania. Perhaps we might have obtained his extradition and hanged him on the score of his crimes; but in these days every rogue who deserves no better than to be strung up to the nearest tree must have what they call a fair trial; and we feared that, if Rupert were handed over to our police and arraigned before the courts at Strelsau, the secret which we guarded so sedulously would become the gossip of all the city, aye, and of all Europe. So Rupert went unpunished except by banishment and the impounding of his rents.

Yet Sapt was in the right about him. Helpless as he seemed, he did not for an instant abandon the contest. He lived in the faith that his chance would come, and from day to day was ready for its coming. He schemed against us as we schemed to protect ourselves from him; if we watched him, he kept his eye on us. His ascendancy over Luzau-Rischenheim grew markedly greater after a visit which his cousin paid to him in Paris. From this time the young count began to supply him with resources. Thus armed, he gathered instruments round him and organized a system of espionage that carried to his ears all our actions and the whole position of affairs at court. He knew, far more accurately than anyone else outside the royal circle, the measures taken for the government of the kingdom and the considerations that dictated the royal policy. More than this, he possessed himself of every detail concerning the king's health, although the utmost reticence was observed on this subject. Had his discoveries stopped there, they would have been vexatious and disquieting, but perhaps of little serious harm. They went further. Set on the track by his acquaintance with what had passed during Mr. Rassendyll's tenure of the throne, he penetrated the secret which had been kept successfully from the king himself. In the knowledge of it he found the opportunity for which he had waited; in its bold use he discerned his chance. I cannot say whether he were influenced more strongly by his desire to reëstablish his position in the kingdom or by the grudge he bore against Mr. Rassendyll. He loved power and money; dearly he loved revenge also. No doubt both motives worked together, and he was rejoiced to find that the weapon put into his hand had a double edge; with one he hoped to cut his own path clear; with the other, to wound the man he hated through the woman whom that man loved. In fine, the Count of Hentzau, shrewdly discerning the feeling that existed between the queen and Rudolf Rassendyll, set his spies to work, and was rewarded by discovering the object of my yearly meetings with Mr. Rassendyll. At least he conjectured the nature of my errand; this was enough for him. Head and hand were soon busy in turning the knowledge to account; scruples of the heart never stood in Rupert's way.

The marriage which had set all Ruritania on fire with joy and formed in the people's eyes the visible triumph over Black Michael and his fellow-conspirators was now three years old. For three years the Princess Flavia had been queen. I am come by now to the age when a man should look out on life with an eye undimmed by the mists of passion. My love-making days are over; yet there is nothing for which I am more thankful to Almighty God than the gift of my wife's love. In storm it has been my anchor, and in clear skies my star. But we common folk are free to follow our hearts; am I an old fool for saying that he is a fool who follows anything else? Our liberty is not for princes. We need wait for no future world to balance the luck of men; even here there is an equipoise. From the highly placed a price is exacted for their state, their wealth, and their honors, as heavy as these are great; to the poor, what is to us mean and of no sweetness may appear decked in the robes of pleasure and delight. Well, if it were not so, who could sleep at nights? The burden laid on Queen Flavia I knew, and know, so well as a man can know it. I think it needs a woman to know it fully; for even now my wife's eyes fill with tears when we speak of it. Yet she bore it, and if she failed in anything, I wonder that it was in so little. For it was not only that she had never loved the king and had loved another with all her heart.

The king's health, shattered by the horror and rigors of his imprisonment in the castle of Zenda, soon broke utterly. He lived, indeed; nay, he shot and hunted, and kept in his hand some measure, at least, of government. But always from the day of his release he was a fretful invalid, different utterly from the gay and jovial prince whom Michael's villains had caught in the shooting-lodge. There was worse than this. As time went on, the first impulse of gratitude and admiration that he had felt towards Mr. Rassendyll died away. He came to brood more and more on what had passed while he was a prisoner; he was possessed not only by a haunting dread of Rupert of Hentzau, at whose hands he had suffered so greatly, but also by a morbid, half-mad jealousy of Mr. Rassendyll. Rudolf had played the hero while he lay helpless. Rudolf's were the exploits for which his own people cheered him in his own capital. Rudolf's were the laurels that crowned his impatient brow. He had enough nobility to resent his borrowed credit, without the fortitude to endure it manfully. And the hateful comparison struck him nearer home. Sapt would tell him bluntly that Rudolf did this or that, set this precedent or that, laid down this or the other policy, and that the king could do no better than follow in Rudolf's steps. Mr. Rassendyll's name seldom passed his wife's lips, but when she spoke of him it was as one speaks of a great man who is dead, belittling all the living by the shadow of his name. I do not believe that the king discerned that truth which his wife spent her days in hiding from him; yet he was uneasy if Rudolf's name were mentioned by Sapt or myself, and from the queen's mouth he could not bear it. I have seen him fall into fits of passion on the mere sound of it; for he lost control of himself on what seemed slight provocation.

Moved by this disquieting jealousy, he sought continually to exact from the queen proofs of love and care beyond what most husbands can boast of, or, in my humble judgment, make good their right to, always asking of her what in his heart he feared was not hers to give. Much she did in pity and in duty; but in some moments, being but human and herself a woman of high temper, she failed; then the slight rebuff or involuntary coldness was magnified by a sick man's fancy into great offence or studied insult, and nothing that she could do would atone for it. Thus they, who had never in truth come together, drifted yet further apart; he was alone in his sickness and suspicion, she in her sorrows and her memories. There was no child to bridge the gulf between them, and although she was his queen and his wife, she grew almost a stranger to him. So he seemed to will that it should be.

Thus, worse than widowed, she lived for three years; and once only in each year she sent three words to the man she loved, and received from him three words in answer. Then her strength failed her. A pitiful scene had occurred in which the king peevishly upbraided her in regard to some trivial matter—the occasion escapes my memory—speaking to her before others words that even alone she could not have listened to with dignity. I was there, and Sapt; the colonel's small eyes had gleamed in anger. "I should like to shut his mouth for him," I heard him mutter, for the king's waywardness had well nigh worn out even his devotion. The thing, of which I will say no more, happened a day or two before I was to set out to meet Mr. Rassendyll. I was to seek him this time at Wintenberg, for I had been recognized the year before at Dresden; and Wintenberg, being a smaller place and less in the way of chance visitors, was deemed safer. I remember well how she was when she called me into her own room, a few hours after she had left the king. She stood by the table; the box was on it, and I knew well that the red rose and the message were within. But there was more to-day. Without preface she broke into the subject of my errand.

"I must write to him," she said. "I can't bear it, I must write. My dear friend Fritz, you will carry it safely for me, won't you? And he must write to me. And you'll bring that safely, won't you? Ah, Fritz, I know I'm wrong, but I'm starved, starved, starved! And it's for the last time. For I know now that if I send anything, I must send more. So after this time I won't send at all. But I must say good-by to him; I must have his good-by to carry me through my life. This once, then, Fritz, do it for me."

The tears rolled down her cheeks, which to-day were flushed out of their paleness to a stormy red; her eyes defied me even while they pleaded. I bent my head and kissed her hand.

"With God's help I'll carry it safely and bring his safely, my queen," said I.

"And tell me how he looks. Look at him closely, Fritz. See if he is well and seems strong. Oh, and make him merry and happy! Bring that smile to his lips, Fritz, and the merry twinkle to his eyes. When you speak of me, see if he—if he looks as if he still loved me." But then she broke off, crying, "But don't tell him I said that. He'd be grieved if I doubted his love. I don't doubt it; I don't, indeed; but still tell me how he looks when you speak of me, won't you, Fritz? See, here's the letter."

Taking it from her bosom, she kissed it before she gave it to me. Then she added a thousand cautions, how I was to carry her letter, how I was to go and how return, and how I was to run no danger, because my wife Helga loved me as well as she would have loved her husband had Heaven been kinder. "At least, almost as I should, Fritz," she said, now between smiles and tears. She would not believe that any woman could love as she loved.

I left the queen and went to prepare for my journey. I used to take only one servant with me, and I had chosen a different man each year. None of them had known that I met Mr. Rassendyll, but supposed that I was engaged on the private business which I made my pretext for obtaining leave of absence from the king. This time I had determined to take with me a Swiss youth who had entered my service only a few weeks before. His name was Bauer; he seemed a stolid, somewhat stupid fellow, but as honest as the day and very obliging. He had come to me well recommended, and I had not hesitated to engage him. I chose him for my companion now, chiefly because he was a foreigner and therefore less likely to gossip with the other servants when we returned. I do not pretend to much cleverness, but I confess that it vexes me to remember how that stout, guileless-looking youth made a fool of me. For Rupert knew that I had met Mr. Rassendyll the year before at Dresden; Rupert was keeping a watchful eye on all that passed in Strelsau; Rupert had procured the fellow his fine testimonials and sent him to me, in the hope that he would chance on something of advantage to his employer. My resolve to take him to Wintenberg may have been hoped for, but could scarcely have been counted on; it was the added luck that waits so often on the plans of a clever schemer.

Going to take leave of the king, I found him huddled over the fire. The day was not cold, but the damp chill of his dungeon seemed to have penetrated to the very core of his bones. He was annoyed at my going, and questioned me peevishly about the business that occasioned my journey. I parried his curiosity as I best could, but did not succeed in appeasing his ill-humor. Half-ashamed of his recent outburst, half-anxious to justify it to himself, he cried fretfully:

"Business! Yes, any business is a good enough excuse for leaving me! By Heaven, I wonder if a king was ever served so badly as I am! Why did you trouble to get me out of Zenda? Nobody wants me, nobody cares whether I live or die."

To reason with such a mood was impossible. I could only assure him that I would hasten my return by all possible means.

"Yes, pray do," said he. "I want somebody to look after me. Who knows what that villain Rupert may attempt against me? And I can't defend myself, can I? I'm not Rudolf Rassendyll, am I?"

Thus, with a mixture of plaintiveness and malice, he scolded me. At last I stood silent, waiting till he should be pleased to dismiss me. At any rate I was thankful that he entertained no suspicion as to my errand. Had I spoken a word of Mr. Rassendyll he would not have let me go. He had fallen foul of me before on learning that I was in communication with Rudolf; so completely had jealousy destroyed gratitude in his breast. If he had known what I carried, I do not think that he could have hated his preserver more. Very likely some such feeling was natural enough; it was none the less painful to perceive.

On leaving the king's presence, I sought out the Constable of Zenda. He knew my errand; and, sitting down beside him, I told him of the letter I carried, and arranged how to apprise him of my fortune surely and quickly. He was not in a good humor that day: the king had ruffled him also, and Colonel Sapt had no great reserve of patience.

"If we haven't cut one another's throats before then, we shall all be at Zenda by the time you arrive at Wintenberg," he said. "The court moves there to-morrow, and I shall be there as long as the king is."

He paused, and then added: "Destroy the letter if there's any danger."

I nodded my head.

"And destroy yourself with it, if that's the only way," he went on with a surly smile. "Heaven knows why she must send such a silly message at all; but since she must, she'd better have sent me with it."

I knew that Sapt was in the way of jeering at all sentiment, and I took no notice of the terms that he applied to the queen's farewell. I contented myself with answering the last part of what he said.

"No, it's better you should be here," I urged. "For if I should lose the letter—though there's little chance of it—you could prevent it from coming to the king."

"I could try," he grinned. "But on my life, to run the chance for a letter's sake! A letter's a poor thing to risk the peace of a kingdom for!"

"Unhappily," said I, "it's the only thing that a messenger can well carry."

"Off with you, then," grumbled the colonel. "Tell Rassendyll from me that he did well. But tell him to do something more. Let 'em say good-by and have done with it. Good God, is he going to waste all his life thinking of a woman he never sees?" Sapt's air was full of indignation.

"What more is he to do?" I asked. "Isn't his work here done?"

"Ay, it's done. Perhaps it's done," he answered. "At least he has given us back our good king."

To lay on the king the full blame for what he was would have been rank injustice. Sapt was not guilty of it, but his disappointment was bitter that all our efforts had secured no better ruler for Ruritania. Sapt could serve, but he liked his master to be a man.

"Ay, I'm afraid the lad's work here is done," he said, as I shook him by the hand. Then a sudden light came in his eyes. "Perhaps not," he muttered. "Who knows?"

A man need not, I hope, be deemed uxorious for liking a quiet dinner alone with his wife before he starts on a long journey. Such, at least, was my fancy; and I was annoyed to find that Helga's cousin, Anton von Strofzin, had invited himself to share our meal and our farewell. He conversed with his usual airy emptiness on all the topics that were supplying Strelsau with gossip. There were rumors that the king was ill; that the queen was angry at being carried off to Zenda; that the archbishop meant to preach against low dresses; that the chancellor was to be dismissed; that his daughter was to be married; and so forth. I heard without listening. But the last bit of his budget caught my wandering attention.

"They were betting at the club," said Anton, "that Rupert of Hentzau would be recalled. Have you heard anything about it, Fritz?"

If I had known anything, it is needless to say that I should not have confided it to Anton. But the suggested step was so utterly at variance with the king's intentions that I made no difficulty about contradicting the report with an authoritative air. Anton heard me with a judicial wrinkle on his smooth brow.

"That's all very well," said he, "and I dare say you're bound to say so. All I know is that Rischenheim dropped a hint to Colonel Markel a day or two ago."

"Rischenheim believes what he hopes," said I.

"And where's he gone?" cried Anton, exultantly. "Why has he suddenly left Strelsau? I tell you he's gone to meet Rupert, and I'll bet you what you like he carries some proposal. Ah, you don't know everything, Fritz, my boy!"

It was indeed true that I did not know everything. I made haste to admit as much. "I didn't even know that the count was gone, much less why he's gone," said I.

"You see!" exclaimed Anton. And he added, patronizingly, "You should keep your ears open, my boy; then you might be worth what the king pays you."

"No less, I trust," said I, "for he pays me nothing." Indeed, at this time I held no office save the honorary position of chamberlain to Her Majesty. Any advice the king needed from me was asked and given unofficially.

Anton went off, persuaded that he had scored a point against me. I could not see where. It was possible that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim had gone to meet his cousin, equally possible that no such business claimed his care. At any rate, the matter was not for me. I had a more pressing affair in hand. Dismissing the whole thing from my mind, I bade the butler tell Bauer to go forward with my luggage and to let my carriage be at the door in good time. Helga had busied herself, since our guest's departure, in preparing small comforts for my journey; now she came to me to say good-by. Although she tried to hide all signs of it, I detected an uneasiness in her manner. She did not like these errands of mine, imagining dangers and risks of which I saw no likelihood. I would not give in to her mood, and, as I kissed her, I bade her expect me back in a few days' time.

Not even to her did I speak of the new and more dangerous burden that I carried, although I was aware that she enjoyed a full measure of the queen's confidence.

"My love to King Rudolf, the real King Rudolf," said she. "Though you carry what will make him think little of my love."

"I have no desire he should think too much of it, sweet," said I.

She caught me by the hands, and looked up in my face.

"What a friend you are, aren't you, Fritz?" said she. "You worship Mr. Rassendyll. I know you think I should worship him too, if he asked me. Well, I shouldn't. I am foolish enough to have my own idol." All my modesty did not let me doubt who her idol might be. Suddenly she drew near to me and whispered in my ear. I think that our own happiness brought to her a sudden keen sympathy with her mistress.

"Make him send her a loving message, Fritz," she whispered. "Something that will comfort her. Her idol can't be with her as mine is with me."

"Yes, he'll send something to comfort her," I answered. "And God keep you, my dear."

For he would surely send an answer to the letter that I carried, and that answer I was sworn to bring safely to her. So I set out in good heart, bearing in the pocket of my coat the little box and the queen's good-by. And, as Colonel Sapt said to me, both I would destroy, if need were—aye, and myself with them. A man did not serve Queen Flavia with divided mind.

CHAPTER II.

A STATION WITHOUT A CAB.

The arrangements for my meeting with Mr. Rassendyll had been carefully made by correspondence before he left England. He was to be at the Golden Lion Hotel at eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th of October. I reckoned to arrive in the town between eight and nine on the same evening, to proceed to another hotel, and, on pretence of taking a stroll, slip out and call on him at the appointed hour. I should then fulfil my commission, take his answer, and enjoy the rare pleasure of a long talk with him. Early the next morning he would have left Wintenberg, and I should be on my way back to Strelsau. I knew that he would not fail to keep his appointment, and I was perfectly confident of being able to carry out the programme punctually; I had, however, taken the precaution of obtaining a week's leave of absence, in case any unforeseen accident should delay my return. Conscious of having done all I could to guard against misunderstanding or mishap, I got into the train in a tolerably peaceful frame of mind. The box was in my inner pocket, the letter in a porte-monnaie. I could feel them both with my hand. I was not in uniform, but I took my revolver. Although I had no reason to anticipate any difficulties, I did not forget that what I carried must be protected at all hazards and all costs.

The weary night journey wore itself away. Bauer came to me in the morning, performed his small services, repacked my hand-bag, procured me some coffee, and left me. It was then about eight o'clock; we had arrived at a station of some importance and were not to stop again till midday. I saw Bauer enter the second-class compartment in which he was traveling, and settled down in my own coupé. I think it was at this moment that the thought of Rischenheim came again into my head, and I found myself wondering why he clung to the hopeless idea of compassing Rupert's return and what business had taken him from Strelsau. But I made little of the matter, and, drowsy from a broken night's rest, soon fell into a doze. I was alone in the carriage and could sleep without fear or danger. I was awakened by our noon-tide halt. Here I saw Bauer again. After taking a basin of soup, I went to the telegraph bureau to send a message to my wife; the receipt of it would not merely set her mind at ease, but would also ensure word of my safe progress reaching the queen. As I entered the bureau I met Bauer coming out of it. He seemed rather startled at our encounter, but told me readily enough that he had been telegraphing for rooms at Wintenberg, a very needless precaution, since there was no danger of the hotel being full. In fact I was annoyed, as I especially wished to avoid calling attention to my arrival. However, the mischief was done, and to rebuke my servant might have aggravated it by setting his wits at work to find out my motive for secrecy. So I said nothing, but passed by him with a nod. When the whole circumstances came to light, I had reason to suppose that besides his message to the inn-keeper, Bauer sent one of a character and to a quarter unsuspected by me.

We stopped once again before reaching Wintenberg. I put my head out of the window to look about me, and saw Bauer standing near the luggage van. He ran to me eagerly, asking whether I required anything. I told him "nothing"; but instead of going away, he began to talk to me. Growing weary of him, I returned to my seat and waited impatiently for the train to go on. There was a further delay of five minutes, and then we started.

"Thank goodness!" I exclaimed, leaning back comfortably in my seat and taking a cigar from my case.

But in a moment the cigar rolled unheeded on to the floor, as I sprang eagerly to my feet and darted to the window. For just as we were clearing the station, I saw being carried past the carriage, on the shoulders of a porter, a bag which looked very much like mine. Bauer had been in charge of my bag, and it had been put in the van under his directions. It seemed unlikely that it should be taken out now by any mistake. Yet the bag I saw was very like the bag I owned. But I was not sure, and could have done nothing had I been sure. We were not to stop again before Wintenberg, and, with my luggage or without it, I myself must be in the town that evening.

We arrived punctual to our appointed time. I sat in the carriage a moment or two, expecting Bauer to open the door and relieve me of my small baggage. He did not come, so I got out. It seemed that I had few fellow-passengers, and these were quickly disappearing on foot or in carriages and carts that waited outside the station. I stood looking for my servant and my luggage. The evening was mild; I was encumbered with my handbag and a heavy fur coat. There were no signs either of Bauer or of baggage. I stayed where I was for five or six minutes. The guard of the train had disappeared, but presently I observed the station-master; he seemed to be taking a last glance round the premises. Going up to him I asked whether he had seen my servant; he could give me no news of him. I had no luggage ticket, for mine had been in Bauer's hands; but I prevailed on him to allow me to look at the baggage which had arrived; my property was not among it. The station-master was inclined, I think, to be a little skeptical as to the existence both of bag and of servant. His only suggestion was that the man must have been left behind accidentally. I pointed out that in this case he would not have had the bag with him, but that it would have come on in the train. The station-master admitted the force of my argument; he shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands out; he was evidently at the end of his resources.

Now, for the first time and with sudden force, a doubt of Bauer's fidelity thrust itself into my mind. I remembered how little I knew of the fellow and how great my charge was. Three rapid movements of my hand assured me that letter, box, and revolver were in their respective places. If Bauer had gone hunting in the bag, he had drawn a blank. The station-master noticed nothing; he was staring at the dim gas lamp that hung from the roof. I turned to him.

"Well, tell him when he comes—" I began.

"He won't come to-night, now," interrupted the station-master, none too politely. "No other train arrives to-night."

"Tell him when he does come to follow me at once to the Wintenbergerhof. I'm going there immediately." For time was short, and I did not wish to keep Mr. Rassendyll waiting. Besides, in my newborn nervousness, I was anxious to accomplish my errand as soon as might be. What had become of Bauer? The thought returned, and now with it another, that seemed to connect itself in some subtle way with my present position: why and whither had the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim set out from Strelsau a day before I started on my journey to Wintenberg?

"If he comes I'll tell him," said the station-master, and as he spoke he looked round the yard.

There was not a cab to be seen! I knew that the station lay on the extreme outskirts of the town, for I had passed through Wintenberg on my wedding journey, nearly three years before. The trouble involved in walking, and the further waste of time, put the cap on my irritation.

"Why don't you have enough cabs?" I asked angrily.

"There are plenty generally, sir," he answered more civilly, with an apologetic air. "There would be to-night but for an accident."

Another accident! This expedition of mine seemed doomed to be the sport of chance.

"Just before your train arrived," he continued, "a local came in. As a rule, hardly anybody comes by it, but to-night a number of men—oh, twenty or five-and-twenty, I should think—got out. I collected their tickets myself, and they all came from the first station on the line. Well, that's not so strange, for there's a good beer-garden there. But, curiously enough, every one of them hired a separate cab and drove off, laughing and shouting to one another as they went. That's how it happens that there were only one or two cabs left when your train came in, and they were snapped up at once."

Taken alone, this occurrence was nothing; but I asked myself whether the conspiracy that had robbed me of my servant had deprived me of a vehicle also.

"What sort of men were they?" I asked.

"All sorts of men, sir," answered the station-master, "but most of them were shabby-looking fellows. I wondered where some of them had got the money for their ride."

The vague feeling of uneasiness which had already attacked me grew stronger. Although I fought against it, calling myself an old woman and a coward, I must confess to an impulse which almost made me beg the station-master's company on my walk; but, besides being ashamed to exhibit a timidity apparently groundless, I was reluctant to draw attention to myself in any way. I would not for the world have it supposed that I carried anything of value.

"Well, there's no help for it," said I, and, buttoning my heavy coat about me, I took my handbag and stick in one hand, and asked my way to the hotel. My misfortunes had broken down the station-master's indifference, and he directed me in a sympathetic tone.

"Straight along the road, sir," said he, "between the poplars, for hard on half a mile; then the houses begin, and your hotel is in the first square you come to, on the right."

I thanked him curtly (for I had not quite forgiven him his earlier incivility), and started on my walk, weighed down by my big coat and the handbag. When I left the lighted station-yard I realized that the evening had fallen very dark, and the shade of the tall lank trees intensified the gloom. I could hardly see my way, and went timidly, with frequent stumbles over the uneven stones of the road. The lamps were dim, few, and widely separated; so far as company was concerned, I might have been a thousand miles from an inhabited house. In spite of myself, the thought of danger persistently assailed my mind. I began to review every circumstance of my journey, twisting the trivial into some ominous shape, magnifying the significance of everything which might justly seem suspicious, studying in the light of my new apprehensions every expression of Bauer's face and every word that had fallen from his lips. I could not persuade myself into security. I carried the queen's letter, and—well, I would have given much to have old Sapt or Rudolf Rassendyll by my side.

Now, when a man suspects danger, let him not spend his time in asking whether there be really danger or in upbraiding himself for timidity, but let him face his cowardice, and act as though the danger were real. If I had followed that rule and kept my eyes about me, scanning the sides of the road and the ground in front of my feet, instead of losing myself in a maze of reflection, I might have had time to avoid the trap, or at least to get my hand to my revolver and make a fight for it; or, indeed, in the last resort, to destroy what I carried before harm came to it. But my mind was preoccupied, and the whole thing seemed to happen in a minute. At the very moment that I had declared to myself the vanity of my fears and determined to be resolute in banishing them, I heard voices—a low, strained whispering; I saw two or three figures in the shadow of the poplars by the wayside. An instant later, a dart was made at me. While I could fly I would not fight; with a sudden forward plunge I eluded the men who rushed at me, and started at a run towards the lights of the town and the shapes of the houses, now distant about a quarter of a mile. Perhaps I ran twenty yards, perhaps fifty; I do not know. I heard the steps behind me, quick as my own. Then I fell headlong on the road—tripped up! I understood. They had stretched a rope across my path; as I fell a man bounded up from either side, and I found the rope slack under my body. There I lay on my face; a man knelt on me, others held either hand; my face was pressed into the mud of the road, and I was like to have been stifled; my handbag had whizzed away from me. Then a voice said:

"Turn him over."

I knew the voice; it was a confirmation of the fears which I had lately been at such pains to banish. It justified the forecast of Anton von Strofzin, and explained the wager of the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim—for it was Rischenheim's voice.

They caught hold of me and began to turn me on my back. Here I saw a chance, and with a great heave of my body I flung them from me. For a short instant I was free; my impetuous attack seemed to have startled the enemy; I gathered myself up on my knees. But my advantage was not to last long. Another man, whom I had not seen, sprang suddenly on me like a bullet from a catapult. His fierce onset overthrew me; I was stretched on the ground again, on my back now, and my throat was clutched viciously in strong fingers. At the same moment my arms were again seized and pinned. The face of the man on my chest bent down towards mine, and through the darkness I discerned the features of Rupert of Hentzau. He was panting with his sudden exertion and the intense force with which he held me, but he was smiling also; and when he saw by my eyes that I knew him, he laughed softly in triumph.

Then came Rischenheim's voice again.

"Where's the bag he carried? It may be in the bag."

"You fool, he'll have it about him," said Rupert, scornfully. "Hold him fast while I search."

On either side my hands were still pinned fast. Rupert's left hand did not leave my throat, but his free right hand began to dart about me, feeling, probing, and rummaging. I lay quite helpless and in the bitterness of great consternation. Rupert found my revolver, drew it out with a gibe, and handed it to Rischenheim, who was now standing beside him. Then he felt the box, he drew it out, his eyes sparkled. He set his knee hard on my chest, so that I could scarcely breathe; then he ventured to loose my thoat, and tore the box open eagerly.

"Bring a light here," he cried. Another ruffian came with a dark-lantern, whose glow he turned on the box. Rupert opened it, and when he saw what was inside, he laughed again, and stowed it away in his pocket.

"Quick, quick!" urged Rischenheim. "We've got what we wanted, and somebody may come at any moment."

A brief hope comforted me. The loss of the box was a calamity, but I would pardon fortune if only the letter escaped capture. Rupert might have suspected that I carried some such token as the box, but he could not know of the letter. Would he listen to Rischenheim? No. The Count of Hentzau did things thoroughly.

"We may as well overhaul him a bit more," said he, and resumed his search. My hope vanished, for now he was bound to come upon the letter.

Another instant brought him to it. He snatched the pocket-book, and, motioning impatiently to the man to hold the lantern nearer, he began to examine the contents. I remember well the look of his face as the fierce white light threw it up against the darkness in its clear pallor and high-bred comeliness, with its curling lips and scornful eyes. He had the letter now, and a gleam of joy danced in his eyes as he tore it open. A hasty glance showed him what his prize was; then, coolly and deliberately he settled himself to read, regarding neither Rischenheim's nervous hurry nor my desperate, angry glance that glared up at him. He read leisurely, as though he had been in an arm-chair in his own house; the lips smiled and curled as he read the last words that the queen had written to her lover. He had indeed come on more than he thought.

Rischenheim laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Quick, Rupert, quick," he urged again, in a voice full of agitation.

"Let me alone, man. I haven't read anything so amusing for a long while," answered Rupert. Then he burst into a laugh, crying, "Look, look!" and pointing to the foot of the last page of the letter. I was mad with anger; my fury gave me new strength. In his enjoyment of what he read Rupert had grown careless; his knee pressed more lightly on me, and as he showed Rischenheim the passage in the letter that caused him so much amusement he turned his head away for an instant. My chance had come. With a sudden movement I displaced him, and with a desperate wrench I freed my right hand. Darting it out, I snatched at the letter. Rupert, alarmed for his treasure, sprang back and off me. I also sprang up on my feet, hurling away the fellow who had gripped my other hand. For a moment I stood facing Rupert; then I darted on him. He was too quick for me; he dodged behind the man with the lantern and hurled the fellow forward against me. The lantern fell on the ground.

"Give me your stick!" I heard Rupert say. "Where is it? That's right!"

Then came Rischenheim's voice again, imploring and timid:

"Rupert, you promised not to kill him."

The only answer was a short, fierce laugh. I hurled away the man who had been thrust into my arms and sprang forward. I saw Rupert of Hentzau; his hand was raised above his head and held a stout club. I do not know what followed; there came—all in a confused blur of instant sequence—an oath from Rupert, a rush from me, a scuffle, as though some one sought to hold him back; then he was on me; I felt a great thud on my forehead, and I felt nothing more. Again I was on my back, with a terrible pain in my head, and a dull, dreamy consciousness of a knot of men standing over me, talking eagerly to one another.

I could not hear what they were saying; I had no great desire to hear. I fancied, somehow, that they were talking about me; they looked at me and moved their hands towards me now and again. I heard Rupert's laugh, and saw his club poised over me; then Rischenheim caught him by the wrist. I know now that Rischenheim was reminding his cousin that he had promised not to kill me, that Rupert's oath did not weigh a straw in the scales, but that he was held back only by a doubt whether I alive or my dead body would be more inconvenient to dispose of. Yet then I did not understand, but lay there listless. And presently the talking forms seemed to cease their talking; they grew blurred and dim, running into one another, and all mingling together to form one great shapeless creature that seemed to murmur and gibber over me, some such monster as a man sees in his dreams. I hated to see it, and closed my eye; its murmurings and gibberings haunted my ears for awhile, making me restless and unhappy; then they died away. Their going made me happy; I sighed in contentment; and everything became as though it were not.

Yet I had one more vision, breaking suddenly across my unconsciousness. A bold, rich voice rang out, "By God, I will!" "No, no," cried another. Then, "What's that?" There was a rush of feet, the cries of men who met in anger or excitement, the crack of a shot and of another quickly following, oaths, and scuffling. Then came the sound of feet flying. I could not make it out; I grew weary with the puzzle of it. Would they not be quiet? Quiet was what I wanted. At last they grew quiet; I closed my eyes again. The pain was less now; they were quiet; I could sleep.

When a man looks back on the past, reviewing in his mind the chances Fortune has given and the calls she has made, he always torments himself by thinking that he could have done other and better than in fact he did. Even now I lie awake at night sometimes, making clever plans by which I could have thwarted Rupert's schemes. In these musings I am very acute; Anton von Strofzin's idle talk furnishes me with many a clue, and I draw inferences sure and swift as a detective in the story books. Bauer is my tool, I am not his. I lay Rischenheim by the heels, send Rupert howling off with a ball in his arm, and carry my precious burden in triumph to Mr. Rassendyll. By the time I have played the whole game I am indeed proud of myself. Yet in truth—in daylight truth—I fear that, unless heaven sent me a fresh set of brains, I should be caught in much the same way again. Though not by that fellow Bauer, I swear! Well, there it was. They had made a fool of me. I lay on the road with a bloody head, and Rupert of Hentzau had the queen's letter.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN TO ZENDA.

By Heaven's care, or—since a man may be over apt to arrogate to himself a great share of such attention—by good luck, I had not to trust for my life to the slender thread of an oath sworn by Rupert of Hentzau. The visions of my dazed brain were transmutations of reality; the scuffle, the rush, the retreat were not all dream.

There is an honest fellow now living in Wintenberg comfortably and at his ease by reason that his wagon chanced to come lumbering along with three or four stout lads in it at the moment when Rupert was meditating a second and murderous blow. Seeing the group of us, the good carrier and his lads leapt down and rushed on my assailants. One of the thieves, they said, was for fighting it out—I could guess who that was—and called on the rest to stand; but they, more prudent, laid hands on him, and, in spite of his oaths, hustled him off along the road towards the station. Open country lay there and the promise of safety. My new friends set off in pursuit; but a couple of revolver shots, heard by me, but not understood, awoke their caution. Good Samaritans, but not men of war, they returned to where I lay senseless on the ground, congratulating themselves and me that an enemy so well armed should run and not stand his ground. They forced a drink of rough wine down my throat, and in a minute or two I opened my eyes. They were for carrying me to a hospital; I would have none of it. As soon as things grew clear to me again and I knew where I was, I did nothing but repeat in urgent tones, "The Golden Lion, The Golden Lion! Twenty crowns to carry me to the Golden Lion."

Perceiving that I knew my own business and where I wished to go, one picked up my handbag and the rest hoisted me into their wagon and set out for the hotel where Rudolf Rassendyll was. The one thought my broken head held was to get to him as soon as might be and tell him how I had been fool enough to let myself be robbed of the queen's letter.

He was there. He stood on the threshold of the inn, waiting for me, as it seemed, although it was not yet the hour of my appointment. As they drew me up to the door, I saw his tall, straight figure and his red hair by the light of the hall lamps. By Heaven, I felt as a lost child must on sight of his mother! I stretched out my hand to him, over the side of the wagon, murmuring, "I've lost it."

He started at the words, and sprang forward to me. Then he turned quickly to the carrier.

"This gentleman is my friend," he said. "Give him to me. I'll speak to you later." He waited while I was lifted down from the wagon into the arms that he held ready for me, and himself carried me across the threshold. I was quite clear in the head by now and understood all that passed. There were one or two people in the hall, but Mr. Rassendyll took no heed of them. He bore me quickly upstairs and into his sitting-room. There he set me down in an arm-chair, and stood opposite to me. He was smiling, but anxiety was awake in his eyes.

"I've lost it," I said again, looking up at him pitifully enough.

"That's all right," said he, nodding. "Will you wait, or can you tell me?"

"Yes, but give me some brandy," said I.

Rudolf gave me a little brandy mixed in a great deal of water, and then I made shift to tell him. Though faint, I was not confused, and I gave my story in brief, hurried, yet sufficient words. He made no sign till I mentioned the letter. Then his face changed.

"A letter, too?" he exclaimed, in a strange mixture of increased apprehension and unlooked-for joy.

"Yes, a letter, too; she wrote a letter, and I carried that as well as the box. I've lost them both, Rudolf. God help me, I've lost them both! Rupert has the letter too!" I think I must have been weak and unmanned from the blow I had received, for my composure broke down here. Rudolf stepped up to me and wrung me by the hand. I mastered myself again and looked in his face as he stood in thought, his hand caressing the strong curve of his clean-shaven chin. Now that I was with him again it seemed as though I had never lost him; as though we were still together in Strelsau or at Tarlenheim, planning how to hoodwink Black Michael, send Rupert of Hentzau to his own place, and bring the king back to his throne. For Mr. Rassendyll, as he stood before me now, was changed in nothing since our last meeting, nor indeed since he reigned in Strelsau, save that a few flecks of gray spotted his hair.

My battered head ached most consumedly. Mr. Rassendyll rang the bell twice, and a short, thick-set man of middle age appeared; he wore a suit of tweed, and had the air of smartness and respectability which marks English servants.

"James," said Rudolf, "this gentleman has hurt his head. Look after it."

James went out. In a few minutes he was back, with water, basin, towels, and bandages. Bending over me, he began to wash and tend my wound very deftly. Rudolf was walking up and down.

"Done the head, James?" he asked, after a few moments.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant, gathering together his appliances.

"Telegraph forms, then."

James went out, and was back with the forms in an instant.

"Be ready when I ring," said Rudolf. And he added, turning to me, "Any easier, Fritz?"

"I can listen to you now," I said.

"I see their game," said he. "One or other of them, Rupert or this Rischenheim, will try to get to the king with the letter."

I sprang to my feet.

"They mustn't," I cried, and I reeled back into my chair, with a feeling as if a red-hot poker were being run through my head.

"Much you can do to stop 'em, old fellow," smiled Rudolf, pausing to press my hand as he went by. "They won't trust the post, you know. One will go. Now which?" He stood facing me with a thoughtful frown on his face.

I did not know, but I thought that Rischenheim would go. It was a great risk for Rupert to trust himself in the kingdom, and he knew that the king would not easily be persuaded to receive him, however startling might be the business he professed as his errand. On the other hand, nothing was known against Rischenheim, while his rank would secure, and indeed entitle, him to an early audience. Therefore I concluded that Rischenheim would go with the letter, or, if Rupert would not let that out of his possession, with the news of the letter.

"Or a copy," suggested Rassendyll. "Well, Rischenheim or Rupert will be on his way by to-morrow morning, or is on his way to-night."

Again I tried to rise, for I was on fire to prevent the fatal consequences of my stupidity. Rudolf thrust me back in my chair, saying, "No, no." Then he sat down at the table and took up the telegraph forms.

"You and Sapt arranged a cipher, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes. You write the message, and I'll put it into the cipher."

"This is what I've written: 'Document lost. Let nobody see him if possible. Wire who asks.' I don't like to make it plainer: most ciphers can be read, you know."

"Not ours," said I.

"Well, but will that do?" asked Rudolf, with an unconvinced smile.

"Yes, I think he'll understand it." And I wrote it again in the cipher; it was as much as I could do to hold the pen.

The bell was rung again, and James appeared in an instant.

"Send this," said Rudolf.

"The offices will be shut, sir."

"James, James!"

"Very good, sir; but it may take an hour to get one open."

"I'll give you half an hour. Have you money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now," added Rudolf, turning to me, "you'd better go to bed."

I do not recollect what I answered, for my faintness came upon me again, and I remember only that Rudolf himself helped me into his own bed. I slept, but I do not think he so much as lay down on the sofa; chancing to awake once or twice, I heard him pacing about. But towards morning I slept heavily, and I did not know what he was doing then. At eight o'clock James entered and roused me. He said that a doctor was to be at the hotel in half an hour, but that Mr. Rassendyll would like to see me for a few minutes if I felt equal to business. I begged James to summon his master at once. Whether I were equal or unequal, the business had to be done.

Rudolf came, calm and serene. Danger and the need for exertion acted on him like a draught of good wine on a seasoned drinker. He was not only himself, but more than himself: his excellences enhanced, the indolence that marred him in quiet hours sloughed off. But to-day there was something more; I can only describe it as a kind of radiance. I have seen it on the faces of young sparks when the lady they love comes through the ballroom door, and I have seen it glow more softly in a girl's eyes when some fellow who seemed to me nothing out of the ordinary asked her for a dance. That strange gleam was on Rudolf's face as he stood by my bedside. I dare say it used to be on mine when I went courting.

"Fritz, old friend," said he, "there's an answer from Sapt. I'll lay the telegraph offices were stirred at Zenda as well as James stirred them here in Wintenberg! And what do you think? Rischenheim asked for an audience before he left Strelsau."

I raised myself on my elbow in the bed.

"You understand?" he went on. "He left on Monday. To-day's Wednesday. The king has granted him an audience at four on Friday. Well, then——"

"They counted on success," I cried, "and Rischenheim takes the letter!"

"A copy, if I know Rupert of Hentzau. Yes, it was well laid. I like the men taking all the cabs! How much ahead had they, now?"

I did not know that, though I had no more doubt than he that Rupert's hand was in the business.

"Well," he continued, "I am going to wire to Sapt to put Rischenheim off for twelve hours if he can; failing that, to get the king away from Zenda."

"But Rischenheim must have his audience sooner or later," I objected.

"Sooner or later—there's the world's

difference between them!" cried Rudolf Rassendyll. He sat down on the bed by me, and went on in quick, decisive words: "You can't move for a day or two. Send my message to Sapt. Tell him to keep you informed of what happens. As soon as you can travel, go to Strelsau, and let Sapt know directly you arrive. We shall want your help."

"And what are you going to do?" I cried, staring at him.

He looked at me for a moment, and his face was crossed by conflicting feelings. I saw resolve there, obstinacy, and the scorn of danger; fun, too, and merriment; and, lastly, the same radiance I spoke of. He had been smoking a cigarette; now he threw the end of it into the grate and rose from the bed where he had been sitting.

"I'm going to Zenda," said he.

"To Zenda!" I cried, amazed.

"Yes," said Rudolf. "I'm going again to Zenda, Fritz, old fellow. By heaven, I knew it would come, and now it has come!"

"But to do what?"

"I shall overtake Rischenheim or be hot on his heels. If he gets there first, Sapt will keep him waiting till I come; and if I come, he shall never see the king. Yes, if I come in time—" He broke into a sudden laugh. "What!" he cried, "have I lost my likeness? Can't I still play the king? Yes, if I come in time, Rischenheim shall have his audience of the king of Zenda, and the king will be very gracious to him, and the king will take his copy of the letter from him! Oh, Rischenheim shall have an audience of King Rudolf in the castle of Zenda, never fear!"

He stood, looking to see how I received his plan; but amazed at the boldness of it, I could only lie back and gasp.

Rudolf's excitement left him as suddenly as it had come; he was again the cool, shrewd, nonchalant Englishman, as, lighting another cigarette, he proceeded:

"You see, there are two of them, Rupert and Rischenheim. Now you can't move for a day or two, that's certain. But there must be two of us there in Ruritania. Rischenheim is to try first; but if he fails, Rupert will risk everything and break through to the king's presence. Give him five minutes with the king, and the mischief's done! Very well, then; Sapt must keep Rupert at bay while I tackle Rischenheim. As soon as you can move, go to Strelsau, and let Sapt know where you are."

"But if you're seen, if you're found out?"

"Better I than the queen's letter," said he. Then he laid his hand on my arm and said, quite quietly, "If the letter gets to the king, I and I only can do what must be done."

I did not know what he meant; perhaps it was that he would carry off the queen sooner than leave her alone after her letter was known; but there was another possible meaning that I, a loyal subject, dared not inquire into. Yet I made no answer, for I was above all and first of all the queen's servant. Still I cannot believe that he meant harm to the king.

"Come, Fritz," he cried, "don't look so glum. This is not so great an affair as the other, and we brought that through safe." I suppose I still looked doubtful, for he added, with a sort of impatience, "Well, I'm going, anyhow. Heavens, man, am I to sit here while that letter is carried to the king?"

I understood his feeling, and knew that he held life a light thing compared with the recovery of Queen Flavia's letter. I ceased to urge him. When I assented to his wishes, every shadow vanished from his face, and we began to discuss the details of the plan with business-like brevity.

"I shall leave James with you," said Rudolf. "He'll be very useful, and you can rely on him absolutely. Any message that you dare trust to no other conveyance, give to him; he'll carry it. He can shoot, too." He rose as he spoke. "I'll look in before I start," he added, "and hear what the doctor says about you."

I lay there, thinking, as men sick and weary in body will, of the dangers and the desperate nature of the risk, rather than of the hope which its boldness would have inspired in a healthy, active brain. I distrusted the rapid inference that Rudolf had drawn from Sapt's telegram, telling myself that it was based on too slender a foundation. Well, there I was wrong, and I am glad now to pay that tribute to his discernment. The first steps of Rupert's scheme were laid as Rudolf had conjectured: Rischenheim had started, even while I lay there, for Zenda, carrying on his person a copy of the queen's farewell letter and armed for his enterprise by his right of audience with the king. So far we were right, then; for the rest we were in darkness, not knowing or being able even to guess where Rupert would choose to await the result of the first cast, or what precautions he had taken against the failure of his envoy. But although in total obscurity as to his future plans, I traced his past actions, and subsequent knowledge has shown that I was right. Bauer was his tool; a couple of florins a piece had hired the fellows who, conceiving that they were playing a part in some practical joke, had taken all the cabs at the station. Rupert had reckoned that I should linger looking for my servant and luggage, and thus miss my last chance of a vehicle. If, however, I had obtained one, the attack would still have been made, although, of course, under much greater difficulties. Finally—and of this at the time I knew nothing—had I evaded them and got safe to port with my cargo, the plot would have been changed. Rupert's attention would then have been diverted from me to Rudolf; counting on love overcoming prudence, he reckoned that Mr. Rassendyll would not at once destroy what the queen sent, and had arranged to track his steps from Wintenberg till an opportunity offered of robbing him of his treasure. The scheme, as I know it, was full of audacious cunning, and required large resources—the former Rupert himself supplied; for the second he was indebted to his cousin and slave, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim.

My meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the doctor. He hummed and ha'd over me, but to my surprise asked me no questions as to the cause of my misfortune, and did not, as I had feared, suggest that his efforts should be seconded by those of the police. On the contrary, he appeared, from an unobtrusive hint or two, to be anxious that I should know that his discretion could be trusted.

"You must not think of moving for a couple of days," he said; "but then I think we can get you away without danger and quite quietly."

I thanked him; he promised to look in again; I murmured something about his fee.

"Oh, thank you, that is all settled," he said. "Your friend Herr Schmidt has seen to it, and, my dear sir, most liberally."

He was hardly gone when 'my friend Herr Schmidt'—*alias* Rudolf Rassendyll—was back. He laughed a little when I told him how discreet the doctor had been.

"You see," he explained, "he thinks you've been very indiscreet. I was obliged, my dear Fritz, to take some liberties with your character. However, it's odds against the matter coming to your wife's ears."

"But couldn't we have laid the others by the heels?"

"With the letter on Rupert? My dear fellow, you're very ill."

I laughed at myself, and forgave Rudolf his trick, though I think that he might have made my fictitious *inamorata* something more than a baker's wife. It would have cost no more to make her a countess, and the doctor would have looked with more respect on me. However, Rudolf had said that the baker broke my head with his rolling-pin, and thus the story rests in the doctor's mind to this day.

"Well, I'm off," said Rudolf.

"But where?"

"Why, to that same little station where two good friends parted from me once before. Fritz, where's Rupert gone?"

"I wish we knew."

"I lay he won't be far off."

"Are you armed?"

"The six-shooter. Well, yes, since you press me, a knife, too; but only if he uses one. You'll let Sapt know when you come?"

"Yes; and I come the moment I can stand?"

"As if you need tell *me* that, old fellow!"

"Where do you go from the station?"

"To Zenda, through the forest," he answered. "I shall reach the station about nine to-morrow night, Thursday. Unless Rischenheim has got the audience sooner than was arranged, I shall be in time."

"How will you get hold of Sapt?"

"We must leave something to the minute."

"God bless you, Rudolf."

"The king shan't have the letter, Fritz."

There was a moment's silence as we shook hands. Then that soft yet bright look came in his eyes again. He looked down at me, and caught me regarding him with a smile that I know was not unkind.

"I never thought I should see her again," he said. "I think I shall now, Fritz. To have a turn with that boy and to see her again—it's worth something."

"How will you see her?"

Rudolf laughed, and I laughed too. He caught my hand again. I think that he was anxious to infect me with his gaiety and confidence. But I could not answer to the appeal of his eyes. There was a motive in him that found no place in me—a great longing, the prospect or hope of whose sudden fulfilment dwarfed danger and banished despair. He saw that I detected its presence in him and perceived how it filled his mind.

"But the letter comes before all," said he. "I expected to die without seeing her; I will die without seeing her, if I must, to save the letter."

"I know you will," said I.

He pressed my hand again. As he turned away, James came with his noiseless, quick step into the room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," said he.

"Look after the count, James," said Rudolf. "Don't leave him till he sends you away."

"Very well, sir."

I raised myself in bed.

"Here's luck," I cried, catching up the lemonade James had brought me, and taking a gulp of it.

"Please God," said Rudolf, with a shrug.

And he was gone to his work and his reward—to save the queen's letter and to see the queen's face. Thus he went a second time to Zenda.

(*To be continued.*)

The Archbishop's Christmas Gift ....

by Robert Barr.

ARRAS, blacksmith and armorer, stood at the door of his hut in the valley of the Alf, a league or so from the Moselle, on a summer evening. He was the most powerful man in all the Alf-thal, and few could lift the iron sledge-hammer which he wielded as if it were a toy. Arras had twelve sons, scarcely less stalwart than himself, some of whom helped him in his occupation of blacksmith and armorer, while the others tilled the ground near by, earning from the rich soil of the valley what sustenance the whole family needed.

The blacksmith heard, coming up the valley of the Alf, the hoof-beats of a horse; and his quick, experienced ear told him, distant though the animal yet was, that one of its shoes was loose. As the hurrying rider came within call, the blacksmith shouted to him in stentorian tones: "Friend, pause a moment, until I fasten again the shoe on your horse's foot."

"I cannot stop," was the brief answer.

"Then your animal will go lame," rejoined the blacksmith.

"Better lose the horse than an empire," replied the rider, hurrying on.

"Now what does that mean?" said the blacksmith to himself, as he watched the disappearing rider, while the click, click of the loosened shoe became fainter and fainter in the distance.

If the blacksmith could have followed the rider into Castle Bertrich, a short distance farther up the valley, he would speedily have learned the meaning of the hasty phrase the horseman had flung behind him as he rode past.

Ascending the winding road which led to the gates of the castle as hurriedly as the jaded condition of his beast would permit, the horseman paused, unloosed the horn from his belt, and blew a blast that echoed from the wooded hills all around. Presently an officer appeared above the gateway, accompanied by two or three armed men, and demanded who the stranger was and why he asked admission. The horseman, amazed at the officer's ignorance of heraldry, which caused him to inquire as to his quality, answered with some haughtiness:

"I, messenger of the Archbishop of Treves, demand instant audience with Count Bertrich."

The officer, without reply, disappeared from the castle walls, and presently the great leaves of the gate were thrown open, whereupon the horseman rode his tired animal into the courtyard and flung himself off. "My horse's shoe is loose," he said to the captain. "I ask you to have your armorer immediately attend to it."

"In truth," replied the officer, shrugging his shoulders, "there is more drinking than fighting in Castle Bertrich; consequently, we do not possess an armorer. If you want blacksmithing done you must betake yourself to armorer Arras in the valley, who will put either horse or armor right for you."

With this the messenger was forced to be content, and begging the attendant who took charge of his horse to remember that it had traveled far, and had still, when rested, a long journey before it, he followed the captain into the great rittersaal of the castle, where, on entering, after having been announced, he found the Count of Bertrich sitting at the head of a long table, a gigantic wine-flagon in hand, which he was industriously emptying.

Extending down each side of the table were numerous nobles, knights, and warriors, who, to judge by the hasty glance bestowed upon them by the archbishop's messenger, seemed to be following energetically the example set them by their lord at the head.

Count Bertrich's hair was unkempt, his face a purplish red, his eyes bloodshot, and his corselet, open at the throat, showed the great bull-neck of the man, on whose gigantic frame constant dissipation seemed to have only temporary effect.

"Well!" roared the nobleman, in a voice that made the rafters ring. "What would you with Count Bertrich?"

"I bear an urgent despatch to you from my lord the Archbishop of Treves," replied the messenger.

"Then down on your knees and present it," cried the count, beating the table with his flagon.

"I am envoy of his lordship of Treves," said the messenger sternly.

"You told us that before," cried the count; "and now you stand in the hall of Bertrich. Kneel, therefore, to its master."

"I represent the archbishop," reiterated the messenger, "and I kneel to none but God and the Emperor."

Count Bertrich rose somewhat uncertainly to his feet, his whole frame trembling with anger, volleying forth oaths upon threats. The tall nobleman at his right hand also rose, as did many of the others who sat at the table. The tall nobleman, placing hand on the arm of his furious host, said warningly:

"My lord count, the man is right. It is against the feudal law that he should kneel or that you should demand it. The Archbishop of Treves is your overlord, as well as ours, and it is not fitting that his messenger should bend the knee before us."

"That is truth; the feudal law," muttered others down each side of the table.

The enraged count glared upon them one after another, partially subdued by their breaking away from him.

The envoy stood calm and collected, awaiting the outcome of the tumult. The count, cursing the absent archbishop and his present guests with equal impartiality, sat slowly down again, and, flinging his empty flagon at an attendant, demanded that it should be refilled. The others now resumed their seats, and the count cried out, but with less of truculence in his tone:

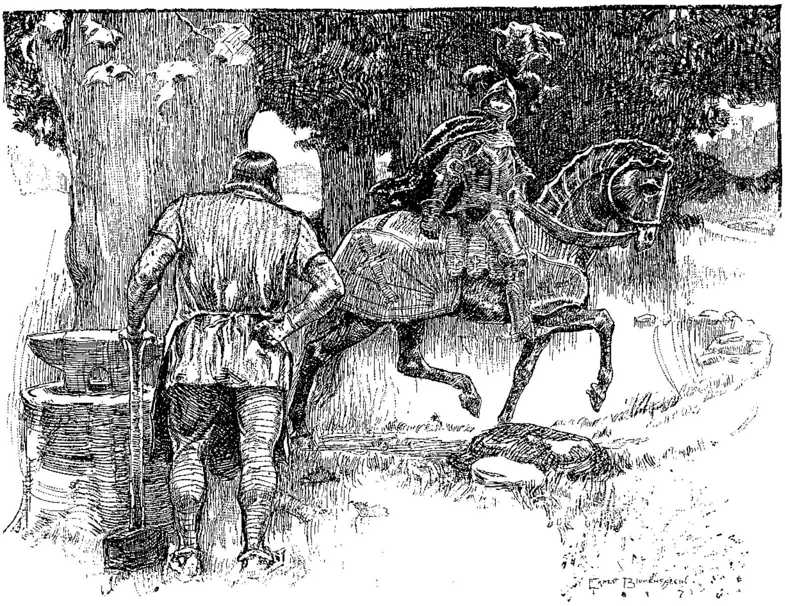
"What message sent the archbishop to Castle Bertrich?"

"His lordship the Archbishop of Treves requires me to inform Count Bertrich and the assembled nobles that the Hungarians have forced passage across the Rhine and are now about to make their way through the defiles of the Eifel into this valley, intending then to march upon Treves, lay that ancient city in ruin, and carry havoc over the surrounding country. His lordship commands you, Count Bertrich, to rally your men about you and hold the infidels in check in the defiles of the Eifel until the archbishop, at the head of his army, comes to your relief from Treves."

There was deep silence in the large hall after this startling announcement; then the count replied:

"Tell the Archbishop of Treves that, if the lords of the Rhine cannot keep back the Hungarians, it is hardly likely that we, less powerful, near the Moselle can do it."

"His lordship urges instant compliance



"BETTER LOSE THE HORSE THAN AN EMPIRE."

with his request, and I am to say that you refuse at your peril. A few hundred men can hold the Hungarians in check while they are passing through the narrow ravines of the Eifel, while as many thousands might not be as successful against them should they once reach the open valleys of the Alf and the Moselle. His lordship would also have you further know that this campaign is as much in your own interest as in his; for the Hungarians, in their devastating march, spare neither the high nor the low."

"Tell his lordship," hiccoughed the count, "that I sit safely in my castle of Bertrich, and I defy all the Hungarians that ever were let loose to disturb me therein. If the archbishop keep Treves as tightly as I shall hold Castle Bertrich, there is little to fear from the invaders."

"Am I to return to Treves, then, with your refusal?" asked the envoy.

"You may return to Treves as best pleases you, so that you rid us of your presence here, where you mar good company."

The envoy, without further speech, bowed to Count Bertrich, and also to the assembled nobles, then passed silently out of the hall, returning to the courtyard of the castle, where he demanded that his horse be brought to him.

"The animal has had but scant time for feeding and rest," said the captain.

"'Twill be sufficient to carry us to the blacksmith's hut," answered the envoy, as he put foot in stirrup.

The blacksmith, still standing at the door of his smithy, heard again, coming from the castle, the click of the broken shoe; but this time the rider drew up before him, and said:

"The offer of help which you tendered me on a previous occasion I shall now be glad to accept. Do your work well, smith, and know that in the performing of it you are obliging the Archbishop of Treves."

The armorer raised his cap at the mention of the august name, and invoked a blessing upon the head of that renowned and warlike prelate.

"You said something," spoke up the smith, "of loss of empire, as you rode by. I trust there is no disquieting news from Treves."

"Disquieting enough," replied the messenger. "The Hungarians have crossed the Rhine, and are now making their way towards the defiles of the Eifel. There a hundred men could hold the infidels in check; but you breed a scurvy set of nobles in the Alf-thal, for Count Bertrich disdains the command of his overlord to rise at the head of his men and stay the progress of the invader until the archbishop can come to his assistance."

"Now out upon the drunken count for a base coward!" cried the armorer, in anger. "May his castle be sacked and himself hanged on the highest turret for refusing aid to his overlord in time of need. I and my twelve sons know every defile, ravine, pass, rock, and cave in the Eifel. Would the archbishop, think you, accept the aid of such underlings as we, whose only commendation is that our hearts are as stout as our sinews?"

"What better warranty could the archbishop ask than that?" replied the envoy. "If you can hold back the Hungarians for four or five days, then I doubt not that whatever you ask of the archbishop will be speedily granted."

"We shall ask nothing," cried the blacksmith, "but his blessing, and be deeply honored in receiving it."

Whereupon the blacksmith, seizing his hammer, went to the door of his hut, where there hung outside what seemed to be part of a suit of armor, which served, at the same time, as a sign of his profession and as a tocsin. He smote the hanging iron with his sledge until the clangorous reverberation echoed through all the valley, and presently there came hurrying to him eight of his stalwart sons, who had been occupied in tilling the fields.

COUNT BERTRICH.

"Scatter ye," cried the blacksmith, "over all the land where my name is known. Rouse the people, and tell them the Hungarians are upon us. Urge all to collect here at the smithy before midnight, with whatever of arms or weapons they may be possessed. Those who have no arms let them bring poles for pike-handles, and your brothers and myself will busily make pike-heads of iron until they come. Tell them they are called to action by a lord from the Archbishop of Treves himself, and that I shall lead them. Tell them they fight for their homes, their wives, and their children. And now away!"

The eight young men at once dispersed in several directions. The smith himself shod the envoy's horse, and begged him to inform the archbishop that they would defend the passes of the Eifel while a man of them remained alive.

Long before midnight the peasants came straggling to the smithy from all quarters, and by daylight the blacksmith had led them over the volcanic hills to the lip of the tremendous pass through which the Hungarians must come. The sides of this chasm were precipitous and hundreds of feet in height. Even the peasants themselves, knowing the rocks as they did, could not have climbed from the bottom of the pass below to the height they now occupied. They had, therefore, little fear that the numerous Hungarians could scale the walls and decimate their scanty band.

When the Hungarian army appeared, the blacksmith and his men rolled great stones and rocks down upon them, practically annihilating the advance-guard and throwing the whole army into confusion. The week's struggle that followed forms one of the most exciting episodes in German history. Again and again the Hungarians attempted the pass, but nothing could withstand the avalanche of stones and rocks with which they were overwhelmed. Nevertheless the devoted little band did not have things all their own way. They were so few, and they had to keep such close watch night and day, that before the week was out many turned longing eyes in the direction from which the archbishop's army was expected to come. It was not until the seventh day that help arrived; and then the archbishop's forces speedily put to flight the now demoralized Hungarians, and chased them once more across the Rhine.

"There is nothing now left for us to do," said the tired blacksmith to his little following; "so I will get back to my forge, and you to your farms." And this, without more ado, they did; the cheering and inspiring ring of iron on anvil awakening the echoes of the Alf-thal once again.

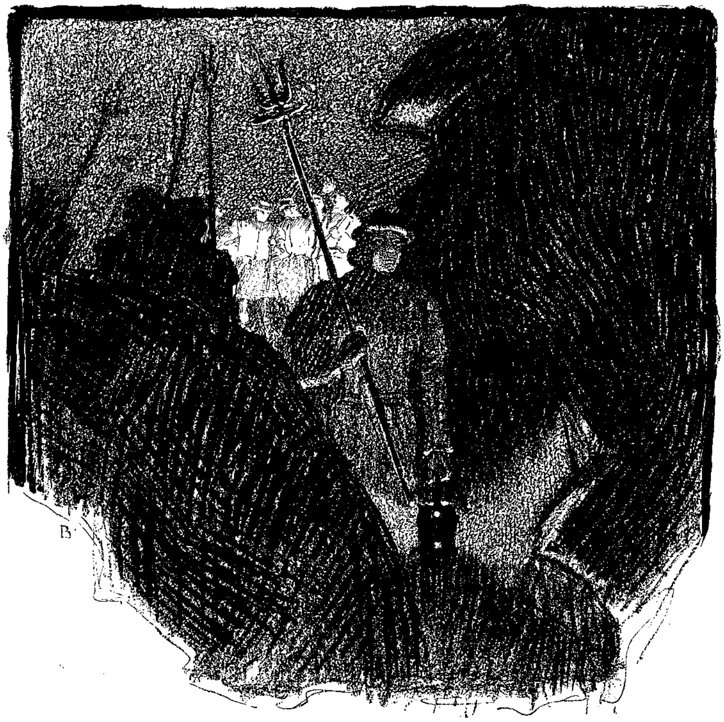
The blacksmith and his twelve sons were at their noon-day meal when an imposing cavalcade rode up to the smithy, at the head of which procession was the archbishop, and the blacksmith and his dozen sons were covered with confusion to think they had such a distinguished visitor, without the means of receiving him in accordance with his station. But the archbishop said:

"Blacksmith Arras, you and your sons would not wait for me to thank you, so I am now come to you, that in the presence of all these followers of mine I may pay fitting tribute to your loyalty and your great bravery."

Then indeed did the modest blacksmith consider he had received more than ample compensation for what he had done, which, after all, as he told his neighbors, was merely his duty; so why should a man be thanked for it?

"Blacksmith," said the archbishop, as he mounted his horse to return to Treves, "thanks cost little and are easily bestowed. I hope, however, to have a Christmas present for you which will show the whole country round how much I esteem true valor."

At the mouth of the Alf-thal, somewhat back from the small village of Alf and overlooking the Moselle, stands a conical hill that completely commands the valley. The Archbishop of Treves, having had such a lesson regarding the dangers of an incursion through the volcanic region of the Eifel, put some hundreds of men at work on this conical hill, and erected on the top a strong castle, which was the wonder of the country. The year was nearing its end when this great stronghold was completed, and it began to be known throughout the land that the archbishop intended to hold high Christmas revel there, and had invited to the castle all the nobles in the country, while the chief guest was no other than the emperor himself. Then the neighbors of the blacksmith learned that a Christmas gift was about to be bestowed upon that stalwart man. He and his twelve sons received notification to attend at the castle and enjoy the whole week's festivity. He was commanded to come in his leathern apron, and to bring his huge sledge-hammer with him, which, the archbishop himself said, had now become as honorable a weapon as a two-handed sword itself.


"THE BLACKSMITH HAD LED THEM OVER THE VOLCANIC HILLS."

Never before had such an honor been bestowed upon a common man; and, although the peasants were jubilant that one of their caste should thus be singled out to receive the favor of the famous archbishop, and meet not only great nobles but the emperor himself, still it was gossiped that the barons grumbled at this distinction being placed upon a serf like blacksmith Arras, and none were so loud in their complaints as the Count Bertrich, who had remained drinking in the castle while the blacksmith fought for the land. Nevertheless all the nobility accepted the invitation of the powerful Archbishop of Treves, and assembled in the great room of the new castle, each equipped in all the gorgeousness of full armor.

It had been rumored among the nobles that the emperor would not permit the archbishop to sully the caste of knighthood by asking the barons to recognize or hold converse with one in humble station of life. Indeed, had it been otherwise, Count Bertrich, with the barons to back him, was resolved to speak out boldly to the emperor, upholding the privileges of his class, and protesting against insult to it in the presence of the blacksmith and his twelve sons.

When all assembled in the great hall they found at the center of the long side-wall a magnificent throne erected, with a dais in front of it; and on this throne sat the emperor in state, while at his right hand stood the lordly Archbishop and Elector of Treves. But, what was more disquieting, they beheld also the blacksmith standing before the dais, some distance in front of the emperor, clad in his leathern apron, with his big, brawny hands folded over the top of the handle of his huge sledge-hammer. Behind him were ranged his twelve sons. There were deep frowns on the brows of the nobles when they saw this; and, after kneeling and protesting their loyalty to the emperor, they stood aloof and apart, leaving a clear space between themselves and the plebeian blacksmith, on whom they cast lowering looks.

When the salutations to the emperor had been given, the archbishop took a step forward on the dais, and spoke in a clear voice that could be heard to the farthest corner of the room.

"My lords," he said, "I have invited you hither that you may have the privilege of doing honor to a brave man. I ask you to salute the blacksmith Arras, who, when his country was in danger, crushed the invaders as effectually as ever his right arm, wielding sledge, crushed hot iron."

A red flush of confusion overspread the face of the blacksmith; but loud murmurs broke out among the nobility, and none stepped forward to salute him. One indeed stepped forward, but it was to appeal to the emperor.

"Your Majesty," said Count Bertrich, "this is an unwarranted breach of our privileges. It is not meet that we, holding noble names, should be asked to consort with an untitled blacksmith. I appeal to your Majesty against the archbishop under the feudal law."

All eyes turned upon the emperor, who, after a pause, spoke and said:

"Count Bertrich is right, and I sustain his appeal."

An expression of triumph came into the red, bibulous face of Count Bertrich, and the nobles shouted joyously:

"The emperor, the emperor!"

The archbishop, however, seemed in no way nonplussed by his defeat; but said, addressing the armorer:

"Advance, blacksmith, and do homage to your emperor and mine."

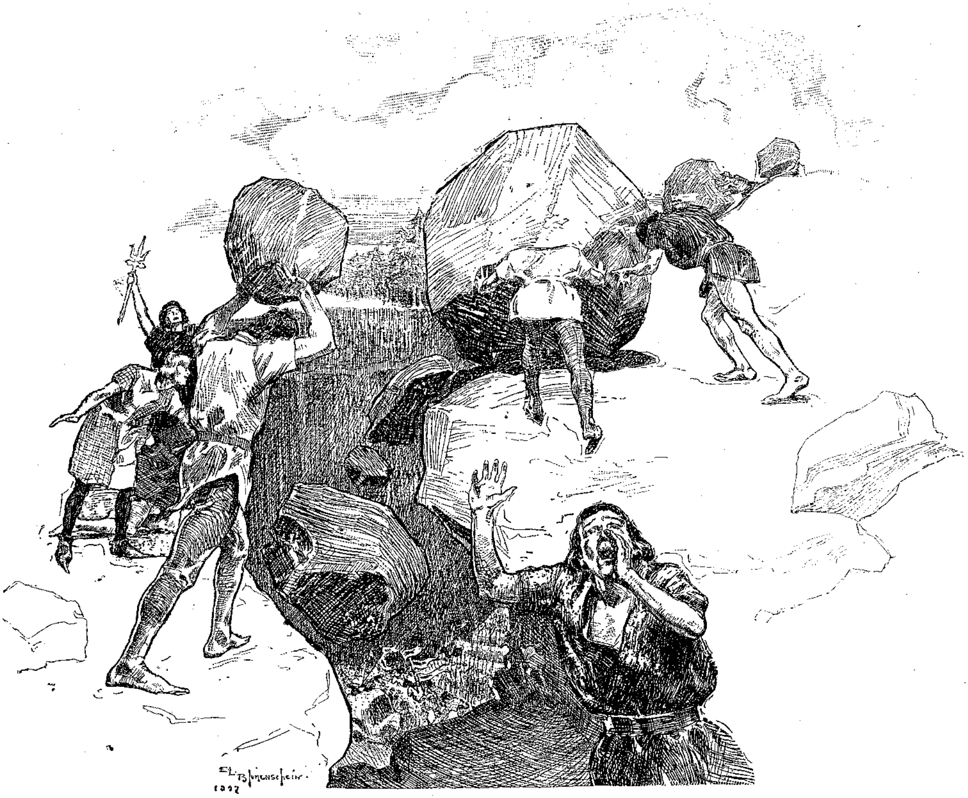
When the blacksmith knelt before the throne, the emperor, taking his jeweled sword from his side, smote him lightly on his broad shoulders, saying:

"Arise, Count Arras, noble of the German empire, and first lord of the Alf-thal."

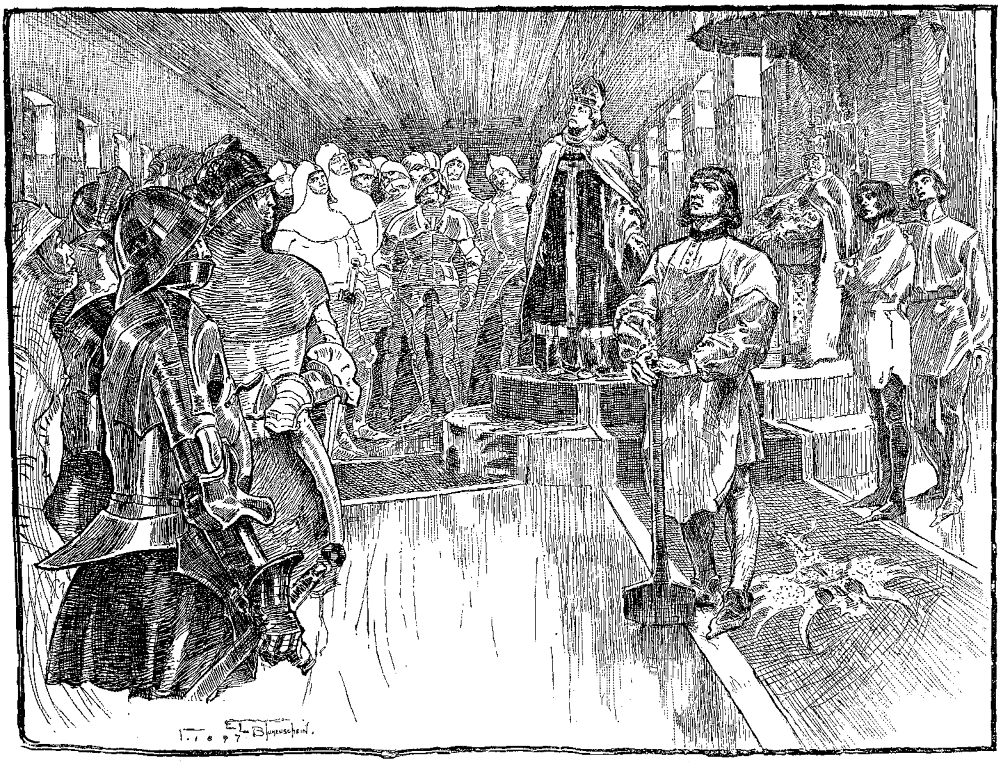
The blacksmith rose slowly to his feet, bowed lowly to the emperor, and backed to the place where he had formerly stood, again resting his hands on the handle of his sledge-hammer.

The look of exultation faded from the face of Count Bertrich, and was replaced by an expression of dismay; for he had been, till that moment, himself first lord of the Alf-thal, with none second.

"My lords," once more spoke up the



"THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS MEN ROLLED GREAT STONES AND ROCKS DOWN UPON THEM."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"MY LORDS, . . . I ASK YOU TO SALUTE THE BLACKSMITH."

archbishop, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, first lord of the Alf-thal."

No noble moved, and again Count Bertrich appealed to the emperor.

"Are we to receive on terms of equality," he said, "a landless man—a count of a blacksmith's hut, a first lord of a forge? For the second time I appeal to your Majesty against such an outrage."

The emperor replied calmly:

"Again I support the appeal of Count Bertrich."

There was this time no applause from the surrounding nobles; for many of them had some smattering idea of what was next to happen, although the muddled brain of Count Bertrich gave him no intimation of it.

"Count Arras," said the archbishop, "I promised you a Christmas gift when last I left you at your smithy door. I now bestow upon you and your heirs forever this castle of Burg Arras and the lands adjoining it. I ask you to hold it for me well and faithfully, as you held the pass of the Eifel. My lords," continued the archbishop, turning to the nobles, with a ring of menace in his voice, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, your equal in title, your equal in possessions, and the superior of any one of you in patriotism and bravery. If any noble question his courage, let him neglect to give Count of Burg Arras his title and salutation as he passes before him."

"Indeed, and that will not I," said the tall noble who had sat at Bertrich's right hand in his castle; "for, my lords, if we hesitate longer, this doughty blacksmith will be emperor before we know it." Then advancing towards the ex-armorer, he said:

"My lord, Count of Burg Arras, it gives me pleasure to salute you and to hope that when emperor or archbishop are to be fought for your arm will be no less powerful in a coat of mail than it was when you wore a leathern apron."

One by one the nobles passed and saluted, as their leader had done, Count Bertrich hanging back until the last; then, as he passed the new Count of Burg Arras, he hissed at him, with a look of rage, the single word "*Blacksmith!*"

The Count of Burg Arras, stirred to sudden anger, and forgetting in whose presence he stood, swung his huge sledge-hammer round his head, and brought it down on the armored back of Count Bertrich, roaring the word "*Anvil!*"

The armor splintered like crushed ice, and Count Bertrich fell prone on his face and lay there. There was instant cry of "Treason! treason!" and shouts of: "No man may draw arms in the emperor's presence."

"My lord emperor," cried the Count of Burg Arras, "I crave pardon if I have done amiss. A man does not forget the tricks of his old calling when he takes on new honors. Your Majesty has said that I am a count. This man, having heard your Majesty's word, proclaims me blacksmith, and so gives the lie to his emperor. For this I struck him, and would again, even though he stood before the throne in a palace or the altar in a cathedral. If that be treason, take from me your honors and let me back to my forge, where this same hammer will mend the armor it has broken or beat him out a new back-piece."

"You have broken no tenet of the feudal law," said the emperor. "You have broken nothing, I trust, but the count's armor; for, as I see he is arousing himself, doubtless no bones are broken. The feudal law does not regard a blacksmith's hammer as a weapon. And as for treason, Count of Burg Arras, may my throne always be surrounded by such treason as yours!"

And for centuries after, the descendants of the blacksmith were Counts of Burg Arras and held the castle of that name, whose ruins to-day attest the excellence of the archbishop's building.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

II.

FROM MEMPHIS TO VICKSBURG—THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

It was from Columbus, Kentucky, on March 20, 1863, that I sent my first telegram to the War Department.

I did not remain in Columbus long, for there was absolutely no trustworthy information there respecting affairs down the river, but took a boat to Memphis, where I arrived March 23d. I found General Hurlbut in command. I had met Hurlbut in January, when on my cotton business, and he gave me every opportunity to gather information concerning the operations against Vicksburg. But in spite of all his courtesies, I had not been long at Memphis before I decided that it was impossible to gather trustworthy news there. I accordingly suggested to Mr. Stanton, three days after my arrival, that I would be more useful farther down the river. In reply he telegraphed me:

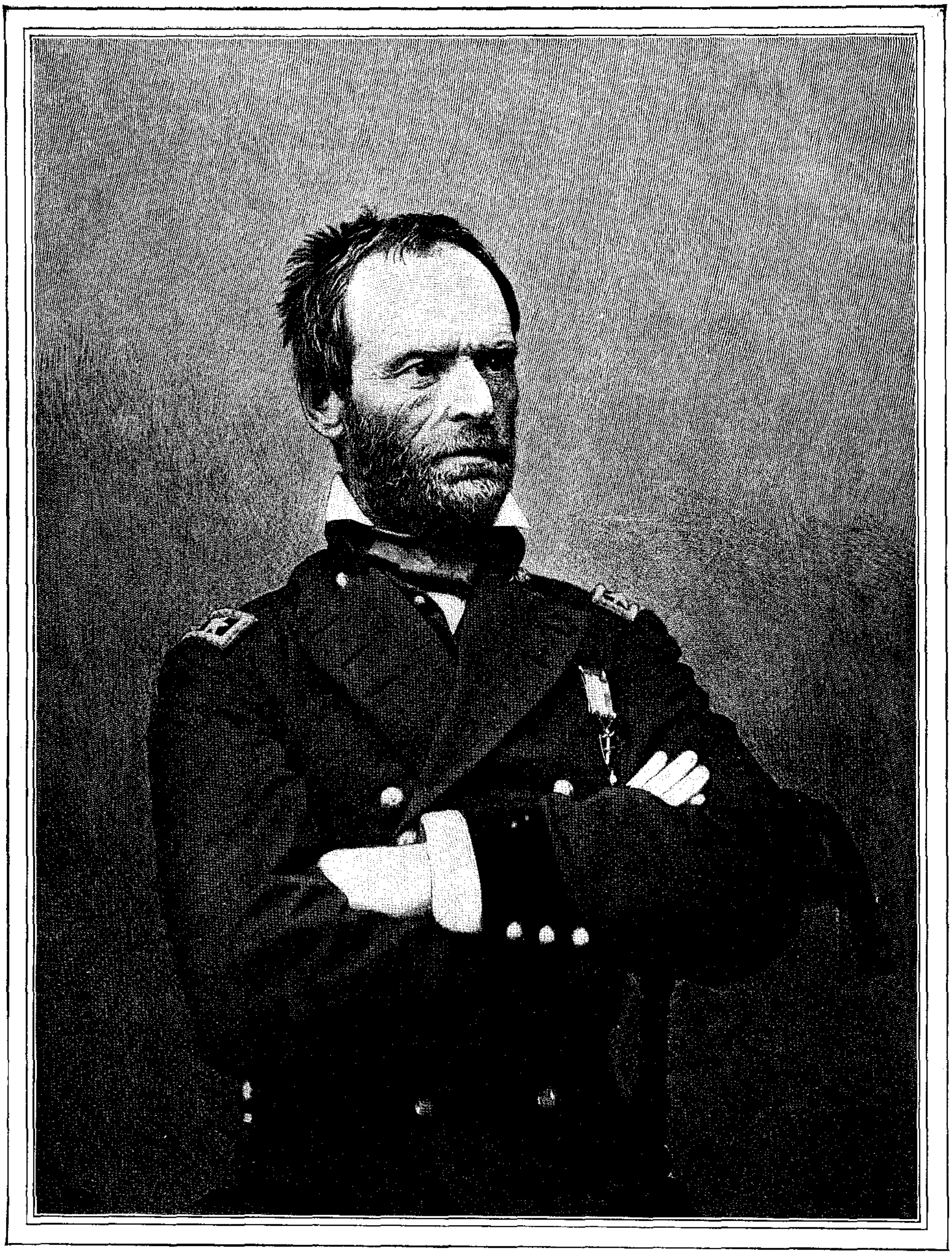
War Department,
Washington City, *March* 30, 1863.

C. A. Dana, Esq., Memphis, Tenn., via Cairo:

Your telegrams have been received, and although the information has been meager and unsatisfactory, I am conscious that arises from no fault of yours. You will proceed to General Grant's headquarters, or wherever you may be best able to accomplish the purposes designated by this Department. You will consider your movements to be governed by your own discretion without any restriction.

Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

As soon after receiving this telegram as I could get a boat, I left Memphis for Milliken's Bend, where General Grant had his headquarters. I reached there at noon on April 6th. The Mississippi at Milliken's Bend was a mile wide, and the sight as we came down the river by boat was most imposing. Grant's big army was stretched up and down the river bank, over the plantations, its white tents affording a new decoration to the natural magnificence of the broad plains. These plains, which stretch far back from the river, were divided into rich and old plantations by blooming hedges of rose and osage orange, the mansions of the owners being enclosed in roses, myrtles, magnolias, oaks,



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

The rank of General Sherman in the Vicksburg campaign was that of a major-general of volunteers. He commanded the Fifteenth Army Corps.

and every other sort of beautiful and noble trees. The negroes whose work made all this wealth and magnificence were gone, and there was nothing growing in the fields.

I had not been long at Milliken's Bend before I was on friendly terms with all the generals, big and little, and one or two of them I found were very rare men—Sherman especially impressed me as a man of genius and of the widest intellectual acquisitions. Every day I rode in one direction or another with an officer, inspecting the operations going on. From what I saw on my rides over the country, I got a new insight into slavery, which made me no more a friend to that institution than I was before. I had seen slavery in Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri, but it was not till I saw these great Louisiana plantations, with all their apparatus for living and working, that I really felt the aristocratic nature of the institution and the infernal baseness of that aristocracy. Every day my conviction was intensified that the territorial and political integrity of the nation must be preserved at all costs and no matter how long it took; that it was better to keep up the existing war as long as was necessary rather than to make arrangement for indefinite wars hereafter and for other disruptions; that we must have it out then, and settle forever the question, so that our children would be able to attend to other matters. For my own part, I preferred one nation and one country, with a military government afterwards, if such should follow, rather than two or three nations and countries with the semblance of the old Constitution in each of them, ending in wars and despotisms everywhere.

GRANT'S NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

As soon as I arrived at Milliken's Bend on April 6th I hunted up Grant and explained my mission. He received me cordially. Indeed, I think Grant was always glad to have me with his army. He did not like letter writing, and my daily despatches to Mr. Stanton relieved him from the necessity of describing every day what was going on in the army. From the first neither he nor any of his staff or corps commanders evinced any unwillingness to show me the inside of things. In this first interview at Milliken's Bend, for instance, Grant explained to me so fully a new plan of campaign against Vicksburg which he had just adopted that by three o'clock I was able to send an outline of it to Mr. Stanton, and from that time I saw and knew all the interior operations of that toughest of tough jobs—the reopening of the Mississippi.

The new project, so Grant told me, was to transfer his army to New Carthage (see map, page *161*); from there carry it over the Mississippi, landing at or about Grand Gulf; capture this point, and then operate rapidly on the southern and eastern shore of the Big Black River, threatening at the same time both Vicksburg and Jackson, and confusing the Confederates as to his real objective. If this could be done, he believed the enemy would come out of Vicksburg and fight.

The first element in this plan was to open a passage from the Mississippi, near Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg, to the bayou on the west side, which led around to New Carthage below. The work on this canal was already begun. A part of one of the army corps—that under General John A. McClernand—had already reached New Carthage, and Grant was hurrying other troops forward.

The second and perhaps most vital part of the plan was to float down the river, past the Vicksburg batteries, a half-dozen steamboats protected by defenses of bales of cotton and wet hay, and loaded with supplies and munitions for the troops to operate from the new base below.

Perhaps the best evidence of the feasibility of the project was found in the fact that the river men pronounced its success certain. General W. T. Sherman, who commanded one of the three corps (the Fifteenth) in Grant's army and with whom I conversed at length upon the subject, thought there was no difficulty in opening the passage, but that the line would be a precarious one (for supplies) after the army was thrown across the Mississippi. But it was not long in our daily talks before I saw his mind was tending to the conclusion of General Grant. As for General Grant, his purpose from its conception was dead set on the new scheme. Admiral Porter cordially agreed with him.

There seemed to be only one hitch in the campaign. Grant had intrusted the attack on Grand Gulf to General McClernand, who had already advanced as far as New Carthage with part of his corps. Now McClernand was thoroughly distrusted by the majority of the officers in Grant's army. They believed him ambitious to capture Vicksburg on his own responsibility, and thought that hearty coöperation with the rest of the army could not be expected from him. There was some reason for this feeling. McClernand was an Illinois Democrat who had resigned from Congress at the breaking out of the war and returned home to raise the body of troops known as the McClernand Brigade. President Lincoln, anxious to hold him and his friends to the war, had appointed McClernand a brigadier-general of volunteers, and had in many ways favored his plans and advanced his interests. McClernand and his division did good service at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and in December, 1862, he was appointed to the com-

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

In 1863 General Logan was major-general of volunteers, and commanded the third division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, which was under General James B. McPherson.

mand of an independent expedition against Vicksburg, within the departmental jurisdiction of Grant however. He had always resented Grant's interference, and endeavored to carry on a campaign on the lower Mississippi untrammeled by Grant's superior authority. Later, by authority of General Halleck, Grant went down the river and assumed personal command of all the operations against Vicksburg, greatly reënforcing the army, thus again relegating McClernand to a secondary part. Naturally, this condition of affairs had tended to prejudice the other officers of the army, who were generally friendly to Grant, against McClernand, and when it was known that he was to lead the advance in the new campaign there was a strong protest. Sherman and Porter, particularly, believed it a mistake, and talked frankly with me about it. One night when we had all gathered at Grant's headquarters and were talking over the campaign very freely, as we were accustomed to do, both Sherman and Porter protested against the arrangement. But Grant would not be changed. McClernand, he said, was exceedingly desirous of the command. He was the senior of the other corps commanders. He was an especial favorite of the President, and the position which his corps occupied on the ground when the movement was first projected was such that the advance naturally fell to its lot. Besides, McClernand had entered zealously into the plan from the first, while Sherman had doubted and criticised; and McPherson, who commanded the Seventeenth Corps, and whom Grant said he would really have much preferred, was away at Lake Providence, and though he had approved of the scheme, he had taken no active part in it.

I believed the assignment of this duty to McClernand to be so dangerous that I added my expostulation to those of the generals, and in reporting the case to Mr. Stanton I said: "I have remonstrated so far as I could properly do so against entrusting so momentous an operation to McClernand."

Mr. Stanton replied: "Allow me to suggest that you carefully avoid giving any advice in respect to commands that may be assigned, as it may lead to misunderstanding and troublesome complications." Of course, after that, I scrupulously observed his directions, even in extreme cases.

As the days went on everybody, in spite of this hitch, became more sanguine that the new project would succeed. For my own part I had not a doubt of it, as one can see from this fragment written from Milliken's Bend on April 13th to one of my friends:

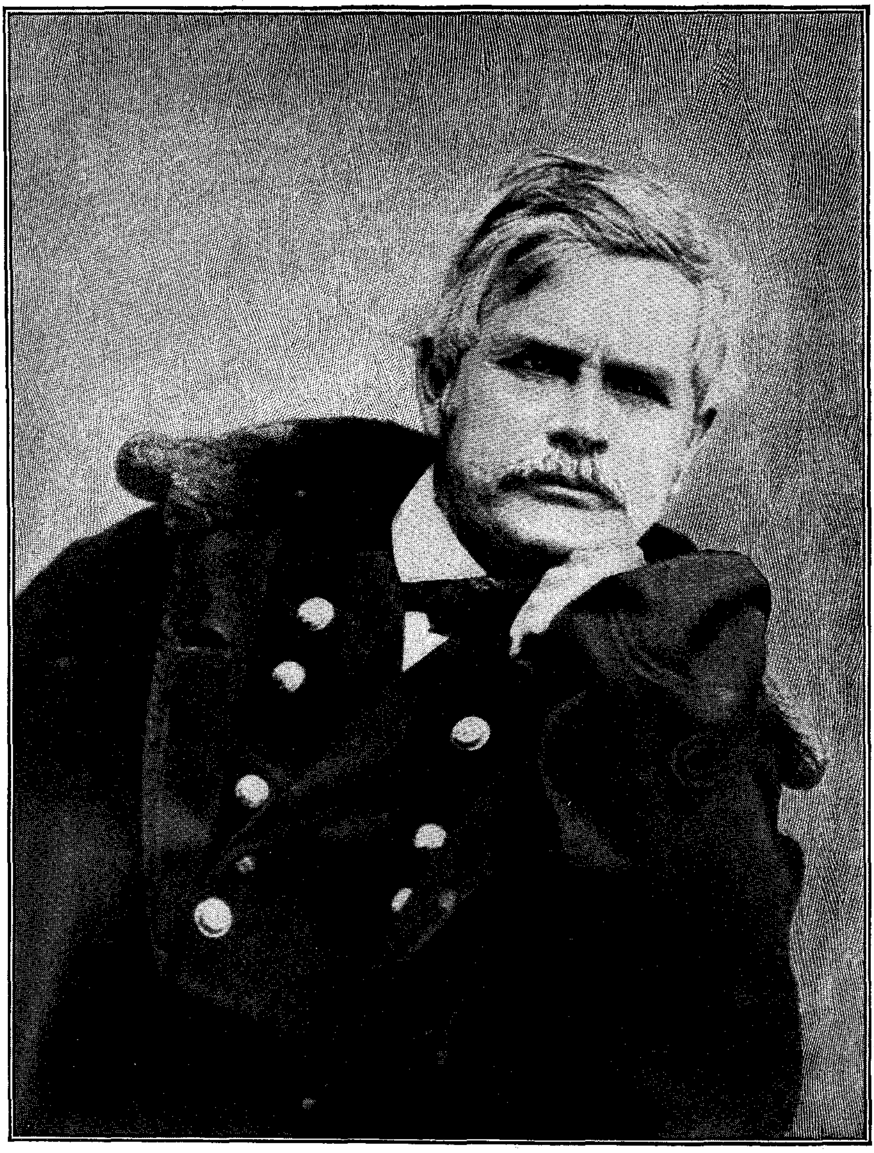
"Like all who really know the facts, I feel no sort of doubt that we shall before long get the nut cracked. Probably before this letter reaches New York, on its way to you, the telegraph will get ahead of it with the news that Grant, masking Vicksburg, deemed impregnable by its defenders, has carried the bulk of his army down the river, through a cut-off which he has opened without the enemy believing it could be done; has occupied Grand Gulf, taken Port Hudson, and, effecting a junction with the forces of Banks, has returned up the river to threaten Jackson and compel the enemy to come out of Vicksburg and fight him on ground of his own choosing. Of course this scheme may miscarry in whole or in parts; but as yet the chances all favor its execution, which is now just ready to begin."

RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES.

Admiral Porter's arrangements for carrying out the second part of Grant's scheme—that is, running the Vicksburg batteries—were all completed by April 16th, the ironclads and steamers being protected in vulnerable parts by bulwarks of hay, cotton, and sandbags, and the barges loaded with forage, coal, and the camp equipment of General McClernand's corps, which was already at New Carthage. Admiral Porter was to go with the expedition on a small tug, and he invited me to accompany him; but I felt that I ought not to get out of my communications, and so refused. Instead, I joined Grant on his headquarters boat, which was stationed on the right bank of the river, where, from the bows, we could see the squadron as it started and could follow its course until it was nearly past Vicksburg.

Just before ten o'clock on the night of April 16th the squadron cast loose from its moorings. It was a strange scene. First one big black mass detached itself from the shore, and we saw it float out toward the middle of the stream. There was nothing to be seen except this black mass, which dropped slowly down the river. Soon another black mass detached itself, then another, and another. It was Admiral Porter's fleet of ironclad turtles, steamboats, and barges. They floated down the Mississippi darkly and silently, showing neither steam nor light, save occasionally a signal astern, where the enemy could not see it.

The vessels moved at intervals of about 200 yards. First came seven ironclad turtles and one heavy-armed ram; following these were two side-wheel steamers and one stern-wheel, having twelve barges in tow: these barges carried the supplies. Far astern of them was one carrying ammunition. The most of the gunboats had already doubled the tongue of land which stretches northeasterly in front of Vicksburg, and they were immediately under the guns of nearly all the Confederate batteries, when there was a flash from the enemy's upper forts, and then for an hour and a half the cannonade was terrific, raging incessantly along the line of about four miles in extent. I counted 525 discharges. Early in the action the enemy set fire to a frame building in front of



GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.

Ord belonged to the Army of the Tennessee from May, 1862, but a wound received at Corinth kept him from serving in the earlier part of the Vicksburg campaign. When McClernand was relieved, June 18, 1863, Ord was given his command, the Thirteenth Army Corps.

Vicksburg to light up the scene and direct his fire.

About 12.45 A.M., one of our steamers, "Henry Clay," took fire and burned for three-quarters of an hour. The "Henry Clay" was lost by being abandoned by her captain and crew in a panic, they thinking her to be sinking. The pilot refused to go with them, and said if they would stay they would get her through safe. After they had fled in the yawls, the cotton bales on her deck took fire, and one wheel became unmanageable. The pilot then ran her aground, and got upon a plank, from which he was picked up four miles below.

The morning after Admiral Porter had run the Vicksburg batteries, I went with General Grant to New Carthage to review the situation. We found the squadron there, all in fighting condition, though most of them had been hit. Not a man had been lost.

GRANT CHANGES HIS HEADQUARTERS.

A few days after the running of the Vicksburg batteries, General Grant changed his headquarters to Smith's plantation, near New Carthage. All of McClernand's corps, the Thirteenth, was now there, and that officer said 10,000 men would be ready to move from New Carthage the next day. McPherson's corps, which had been busy upon the Lake Providence expedition and other services, but which had been ordered to join, was now, except one division, moving over from Milliken's Bend. Sherman's corps, the Fifteenth, which had been stationed at Young's Point, was also under marching orders to New Carthage.

Grant's first object was now to cross the Mississippi as speedily as possible and capture Grand Gulf before it could be reinforced; and an attack was ordered to be made as soon as the troops could be gotten ready and the batteries silenced—the next day, April 26th, if possible.

McCLERNAND'S DELAYS.

An irritating delay occurred here, however. When we came to Smith's plantation on the 24th, I had seen that there was apparently much confusion in McClernand's command, and we had been astonished to find, now that he was ordered to move across the Mississippi, that he was planning to carry his bride, with her servants and baggage, along with him, although Grant had ordered that officers should leave behind everything that could impede our march.

On the 26th, the day when it was hoped to make an attack on Grand Gulf, I went with Grant by water from our headquarters at Smith's plantation down to New Carthage and to Perkins's plantation below, where two of McClernand's divisions were encamped. These troops, it was supposed, were ready for immediate embarkation, and there were quite as many as all the transports could carry; but the first thing which struck us both on approaching the points of embarkation was that the steamboats and barges were scattered about in the river and in the bayou as if there was no idea of the imperative necessity of the promptest possible movement.

We at once steamed to Admiral Porter's flagship, which was lying just above Grand Gulf, and Grant sent for McClernand, ordering him to embark his men without losing a moment. In spite of this order, that night at dark, when a thunder-storm set in, not a single cannon or man had been moved. Instead, McClernand held a review of a brigade of Illinois troops at Perkins's, about four P.M. At the same time a salute of artillery was fired, notwithstanding that positive orders had repeatedly been given to use no ammunition for any purpose except against the enemy.

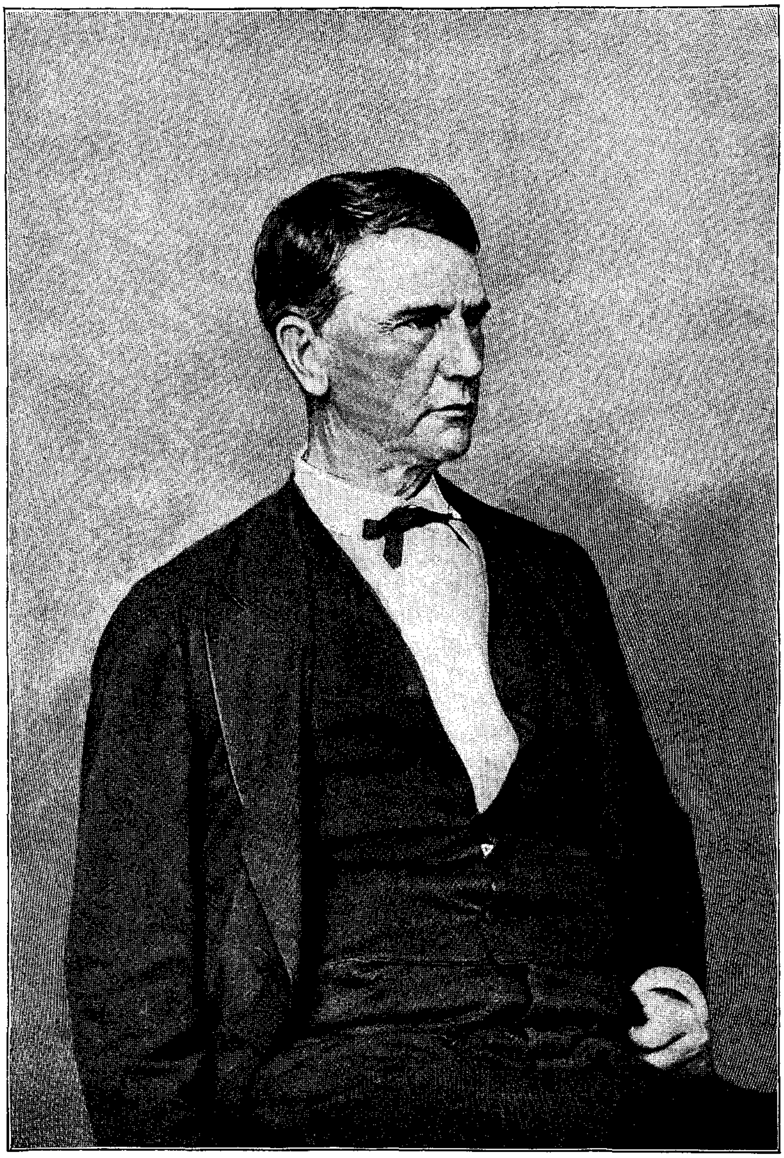
What made McClernand's delay still more annoying was the fact that when we got back from the river to our headquarters the night of the 26th, we found that McPherson had arrived at Smith's plantation with the first division of his corps, the rear being back no farther than Richmond. His whole force would have been up the next day, but it was necessary to arrest its movements until McClernand could be got out of the way.

THE ATTACK ON GRAND GULF.

It was not until the morning of the 29th that Grant had troops enough concentrated at Hard Times, a landing on the Louisiana side almost directly across from Grand Gulf, to land at the foot of the Grand Gulf bluff as soon as its batteries were silenced. At eight A.M. precisely the gunboats opened their attack. Seven gunboats, all ironclads, were engaged, and a cannonade was kept up for nearly six hours. The batteries, however, proved too much for the gunboats, and General Grant determined to execute an alternative plan, which he had had in mind from the first; that was to debark the troops and march them south across the peninsula which faces Grand Gulf to a place out of reach of the rebel guns. The movement was undertaken at once, and a body of about 35,000 men was started across the peninsula to De Shroon's plantation, where it was proposed to embark them.

Late in the evening I left Hard Times with Grant to ride across the peninsula to De Shroon's. The night was pitch-dark, and, as we rode side by side, Grant's horse suddenly gave a nasty stumble. I expected to see the General go over the animal's head, and I watched intently, not to see if he was hurt, but if he would show any anger. I had been with Grant daily now for three weeks, and I had never seen him ruffled or heard him swear. His equanimity was becoming a curious spectacle to me. When I saw his horse lunge my first thought was, "Now he will swear." For an instant his moral status was on trial; but Grant was a tenacious horseman, and instead of going over the animal's head as I imagined he would, he kept his seat. Pulling up his horse he rode on, and, to my utter amazement, without a word or sign of impatience. And it is a fact that though I was with Grant during the most trying campaigns of the war, I never heard him use an oath.

We reached De Shroon's about eleven o'clock. The night was spent in embarking the men, and by eleven o'clock the next morning (April 30th) three divisions were landed on the east shore of the Mississippi, at the place General Grant had selected. This was Bruinsburg, sixty miles south of Vicksburg, and the first point south of Grand Gulf from which the highlands of the interior could be reached by a road over dry land.



GENERAL FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

Blair commanded the second division of the Fifteenth Army Corps throughout the Vicksburg campaign.

I was obliged to separate from the headquarters on the 30th, for the means for transporting the troops and officers were so limited that neither an extra man nor a particle of unnecessary baggage was allowed, even horses and tents being left behind; and I did not get over until the morning of May 1st, after the army had moved on Port Gibson, where they first engaged the enemy. As soon as I was landed at Bruinsburg I started in the direction of the battle, on foot, of course, as my horse had not been brought over. I had not gone far before I overtook a quartermaster driving towards Port Gibson, who took me into his wagon. About four miles from Port Gibson we came upon the first signs of the battle—a field where it was evident that there had been a struggle. I got out of the wagon as we approached, and started towards a little white house with green blinds, covered with vines. It was here I saw the first real bloodshed in the war. The little white house had been taken as a field hospital, and the first thing my eyes fell upon as I went into the yard was a heap of arms and legs which had been amputated and thrown into a pile outside. I had seen men shot, and dead men plenty; but this pile of legs and arms gave me a vivid sense of war such as I had not before experienced.

I SECURE A HORSE.

As the army was pressing the Confederates towards Port Gibson all that day, I followed in the rear, but without overtaking General Grant. While trailing along after the forces, I came across Fred Grant, then a lad of thirteen, who had been left asleep by his father on a steamer at Bruinsburg, but had started out on foot, like myself, as soon as he awakened and found the army had marched. We tramped and foraged together until the next morning, when some officers who had captured two old white carriage horses gave us each one. We got the best bridles and saddles we could, and thus equipped made our way into Port Gibson, which the enemy had deserted and where General Grant now had his headquarters. I rode that old horse for four or five days; then by a chance I got a good one. A captured Confederate officer had been brought before General Grant for examination. This man had a very good horse, and after Grant had finished his questions the officer said:

"General, this horse and saddle are my private property; they do not belong to the Confederate army; they belong to me as a citizen, and I trust you will let me have them. Of course, while I am a prisoner I do not expect to be allowed to ride the horse, but I hope you will regard him as my property and finally restore him to me."

"Well," said Grant, "I have got four or five first-rate horses wandering somewhere about the Southern Confederacy. They have been captured from me in battle or by spies. I will authorize you, whenever you find one of them, to take possession of him. I cheerfully give him to you; but as for this horse, I think he is just about the horse Mr. Dana needs."

I rode my new acquisition afterwards through that whole campaign, and when I came away I turned him over to the quartermaster. Whenever I went out with General Grant anywhere, he always asked some funny question about that horse.

MARCHING INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

It was the 2d day of May, 1863, when I rode into Port Gibson, Mississippi, and inquired for Grant's headquarters. I found the General in a little house of the village, busily directing the advance of the army. By the next morning he was ready to start after the troops. On the 4th I joined him at his headquarters at Hankinson's Ferry, on the Big Black, and now began my first experience with an army marching into an enemy's territory. A glimpse of my life at this time is given in this letter to a child, written the day after I rejoined Grant:

HANKINSON'S FERRY, *May* 5.

All of a sudden it is very cold here. Two days ago it was hot like summer, but now I sit in my tent in my overcoat, writing and thinking if I only were at home instead of being almost two thousand miles away.

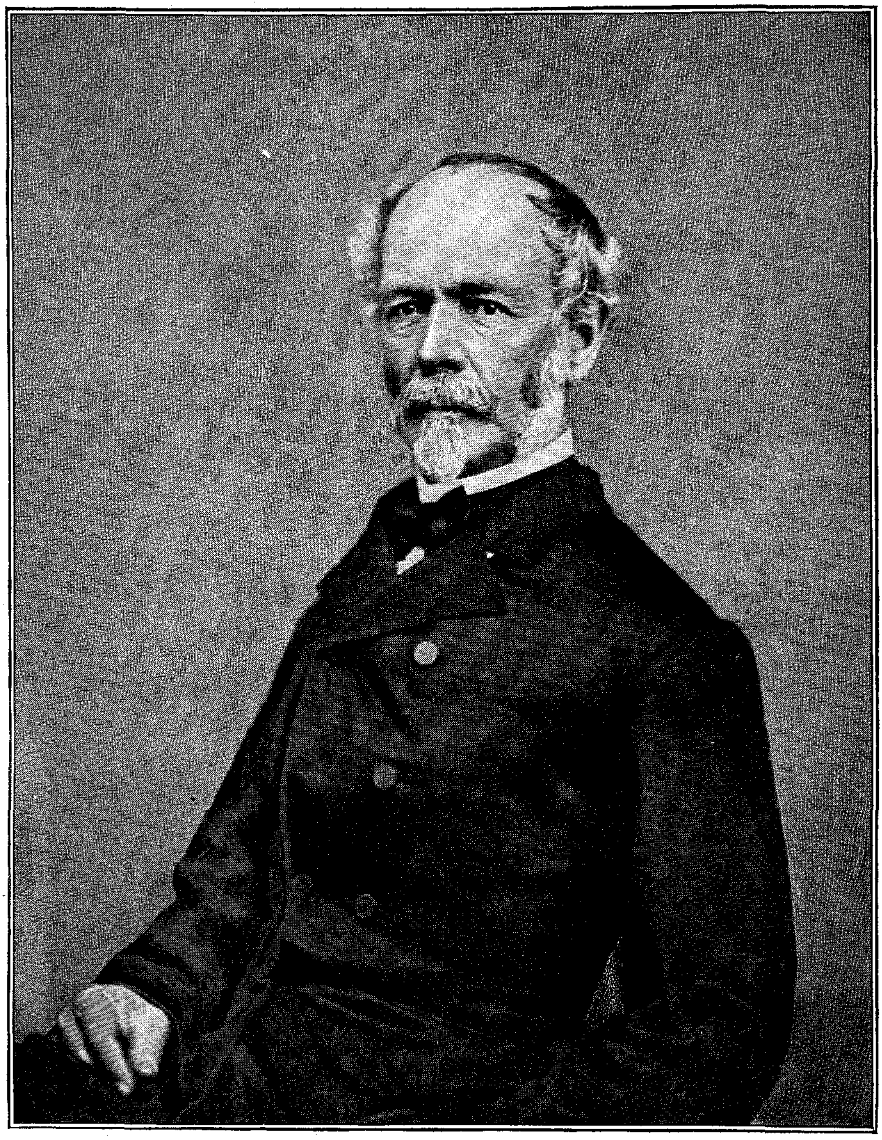
Away yonder, in the edge of the woods, I hear the drum beat that calls the soldiers to their supper. It is only a little after five o'clock, but they begin the day very early and end it early. Pretty soon after dark they are all asleep, lying in their blankets under the trees, for in a quick march they leave their tents behind. Their guns are all ready at their sides, so that if they are suddenly called at night they can start in a moment. It is strange in the morning, before daylight, to hear the bugles and drums sound the reveille, which calls the army to awake up. It will begin perhaps at a distance and then run along the whole line, bugle after bugle, and drum after drum taking it up, and then it goes from front to rear, farther and farther away, the sweet sounds throbbing and rolling while you lie on the grass with your saddle for a pillow, half awake or opening your eyes to see that the stars are still bright in the sky, or that there is only a faint flush in the east where the day is soon to break.

Living in camp is queer business. I get my meals in General Grant's mess, and pay my share of the expenses. The table is a chest with a double cover, which unfolds on the right and the left; the dishes, knives and forks, and caster are inside. Sometimes we get good things, but generally we don't. The cook is an old negro, black and grimy. The cooking is not as clean as it might be, but in war you can't be particular about such things.

The plums and peaches here are pretty nearly ripe. The strawberries have been ripe these few days, but the soldiers eat them up before we get a sight of them. The figs are as big as the end of your thumb, and the green pears are big enough to eat. But you don't know what beautiful flower gardens there are here. I never saw such roses, and the other day I found a lily as big as a tiger lily, only it was a magnificent red.

OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE CUT.

It was a week after we reached Hankinson's Ferry before word came to headquarters that the army and supplies were all across the Mississippi. As soon as Grant learned this he gave orders that the bridges in our rear be burned, guards abandoned, and communications cut. He intended to depend thereafter upon the country for meat and even for bread. So complete was our isolation that it was ten days after this order was given, on May 11th, before I was able to send another despatch to Mr. Stanton.



GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON.

When Grant crossed the Mississippi in May, 1863, General Johnston was put in command of all the Confederate forces in Mississippi, but he was never able to unite with Pemberton.

The march which we now made was toward Jackson, and it proved to be no easy affair. More than one night I bivouacked on the ground in the rain, after being all day in my saddle. The most comfortable night I had, in fact, was in a church of which the officers had taken possession. Having no pillow, I went up to the pulpit and borrowed the Bible for the night. Dr. H. S. Hewitt, who was medical director on Grant's staff, slept near me, and he always charged me afterwards with stealing that Bible.

In spite of the roughness of our life, it was all of intense interest to me, particularly the condition of the people over whose country we were marching. A fact which impressed me was the total absence of men capable of bearing arms. Only old men and children remained. The young men were all in the army or had perished in it. The South was drained of its youth. An army of half a million with a white population of only five millions to draw upon must soon finish the stock of raw material for soldiers. Another fact of moment was that we found men who had at the first sympathized with the rebellion and even joined in it, but now of their own accord rendered us the most valuable assistance, in order that the rebellion might be ended as speedily as possible and something saved by the Southern people out of the otherwise total and hopeless ruin. "Slavery is gone, other property is mainly gone," they said; "but, for God's sake, let us save some relic of our former means of living."

WE ENTER THE CAPITAL OF MISSISSIPPI.

It was on the 1st day of May that Grant had made his first advance into Mississippi. Two weeks later—the evening of May 14th—we entered the capital of the State. Here I received an important telegram from Mr. Stanton, though how it got to me there I do not remember. General Grant had been much troubled by the delay McClernand had caused at New Carthage, but he had felt reluctant to remove him as he had been assigned to his command by the President. My reports to the Secretary on the situation had convinced him that Grant ought to have perfect independence in the matter, so he telegraphed me as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 5, 1863.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., Smith's Plantation, La.:

General Grant has full and absolute authority to enforce his own commands and to remove any person who by ignorance, inaction, or any cause interferes with or delays his operations. He has the full confidence of the Government, is expected to enforce his authority, and will be firmly and heartily supported, but he will be responsible for any failure to exert his powers. You may communicate this to him.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The very evening of the day that we reached Jackson, Grant learned that Lieutenant-General Pemberton had been ordered by General Joe Johnston to come out of Vicksburg and attack our rear. Leaving Sherman in Jackson to tear up the railroads and destroy all the public property there that could be of use to the enemy, Grant immediately faced the bulk of his army about to meet Pemberton.

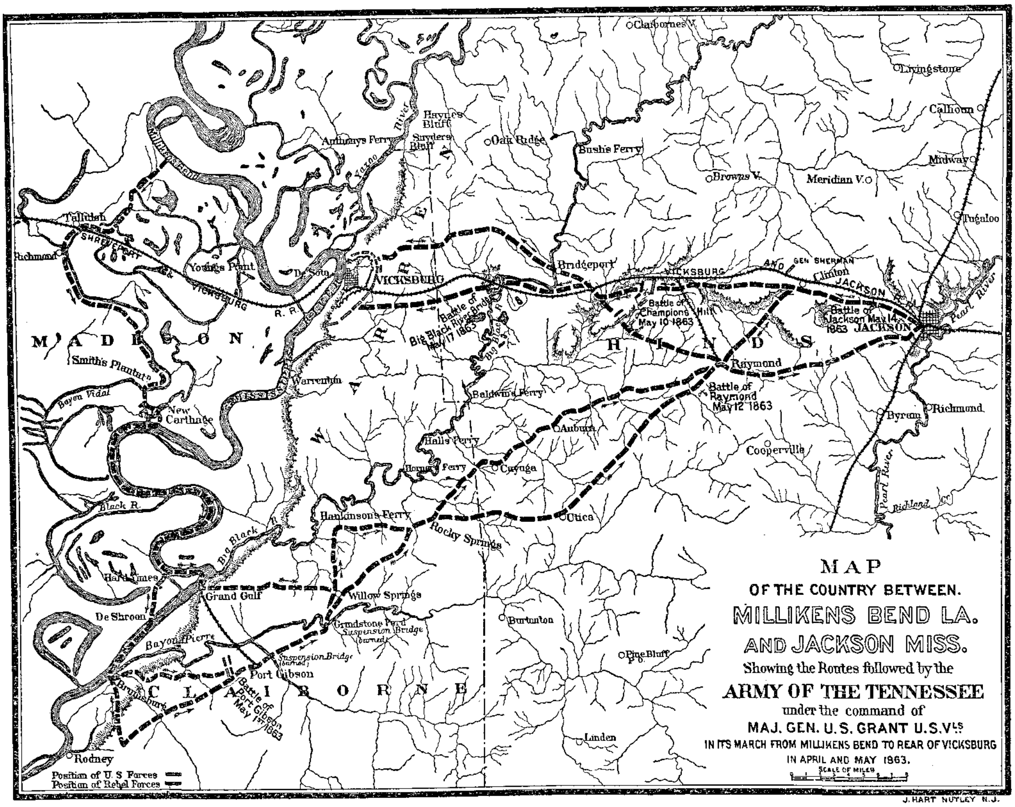
When Grant overtook Pemberton he was in a most formidable position on the crest of a wooded ridge called Champion's Hill, over which the road passed longitudinally. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 16th the battle began, and by four in the afternoon it was won. After the battle I started out on horseback with Colonel Rawlins to visit the field. When we reached Logan's command we found him greatly excited. He declared the day was lost, and that he would soon be swept from his position. I contested the point with him. "Why, General," I said, "we have gained the day." He could not see it. "Don't you hear the cannon over there?" he answered. "They will be down on us right away! In an hour I will have 20,000 men to fight." I found afterwards that this was simply a curious idiosyncrasy of Logan's. In the beginning of a fight he was one of the bravest men that could be —saw no danger—went right on fighting until the battle was over. Then, after the battle was won, his mind gained an immovable conviction that it was lost. Where we were victorious, he thought that we were defeated. It was merely an intellectual peculiarity. It did not in the least impair his value as a soldier or commanding officer. He never made any mistake on account of it.

On leaving Logan, Rawlins and I were joined by several officers, and we continued our ride over the field. On the hill where the thickest of the fight had taken place we stopped, and were looking around at the dead and dying men lying all about us, when suddenly a man, perhaps forty-five or fifty years old, who had a Confederate uniform on, lifted himself up on his elbow, and said:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, is there a Mason among you?"

"Yes," said Rawlins, "I am a Mason." He got off his horse and kneeled by the dying man, who gave him some letters out of his pocket. When he came back Rawlins had tears on his cheek. The man, he told us, wanted him to convey some souvenir, a miniature or a ring—I do not remember what—to his wife, who was in Alabama. Rawlins took the package, and some time afterward he succeeded in sending it to the woman.

I remained out late that night conversing with the officers who had been in the battle, and think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I got to Grant's headquarters, where I was to sleep. Two or three officers who had been out with me went with me into the little cottage which Grant had taken possession of. We found a wounded man there, a tall and fine-looking man—a Confederate. He stood up suddenly and said: "For God's sake, gentlemen, kill me! Will some one kill me? I am in such anguish that it will be mercy to do it—I have got to die—kill me —don't let me suffer!" We sent for a sur-


MAP
OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN.
MILLIKENS BEND LA.
AND JACKSON MISS.
Showing the Routes followed by the
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE
under the command of
MAJ. GEN. U.S. GRANT U.S.Vls
IN ITS MARCH FROM MILLIKENS BEND TO REAR OF VICKSBURG
IN APRIL AND MAY 1863.
SCALE OF MILES
Position of U. S. Forces
Position of Rebel Forces
J. HART NUTLEY N.J.
VICKSBURG
JACKSON
Battle of Champions Hill May 16 1863
Battle of Big Black River Bridge May 17 1863
Battle of Raymond May 12 1863
Battle of Jackson May 14 1863
Battle of Port Gibson May 1 1863
Grand Gulf
Port Gibson
Raymond
Clinton
Bridgeport
Warrenton
New Carthage
Richmond
Young's Point
Haynes Bluff
Snyders Bluff
Rocky Springs
Utica
Cayuga
Auburn
Willow Springs
Hard Times
De Shroon
Rodney
Smith's Plantation
Hankinson's Ferry
Hall's Ferry
Baldwin's Ferry
Bushs Ferry
Pearl River
Big Black R.
MADISON
WARREN
HINDS
CLAIBORNE

geon, who examined his case, but said it was hopeless. He had been shot through the head, so that the bullet cut off the optic nerve of both eyes. He could never see again. Before morning he died.

GRANT BEHIND VICKSBURG.

After the battle of Champion's Hill, Pemberton started towards Vicksburg, but made a stand at the Big Black bridge. On the 17th he was routed from there and retreated rapidly into Vicksburg. Grant was not long after him. By the evening of the 18th he had his army behind the town, and by the 20th his investment was so complete that I telegraphed Mr. Stanton:

"Probably the town will be carried today."

The assault expected was not made until the morning of the 22d. It failed, but without heavy loss. At two P.M., however, McClernand, who was on the left of our lines, reported that he was in possession of two forts of the rebel line, was hard pressed, and in great need of reinforcements. Not doubting that he had really succeeded in taking and holding the works he pretended to hold, General Grant sent a division to his support, and at the same time ordered Sherman and McPherson to make new attacks. McClernand's report was false, for although a few of his men had broken through in one place, he had not taken a single fort, and the result of the second assault was disastrous: we were repulsed, losing quite heavily, when but for his error the total loss of the day would have been inconsiderable.

The failure of the 22d convinced Grant of the necessity of a regular siege, and immediately the army settled down to that. We were in an incomparable position for a siege as regarded the health and comfort of our men. The high wooded hills afforded pure air and shade, and the deep ravines abounded in springs of excellent water, and if they failed it was easy to bring it from the Mississippi. Our line of supplies was beyond the reach of the enemy, and there was an abundance of fruit all about us. I frequently met soldiers coming into camp with buckets full of mulberries, blackberries, and red and yellow wild plums.

The army was deployed at this time in the following order: The right of the besieging force was held by General Sherman, whose forces ran from the river along the bluffs around the northeast of the town. Sherman's front was at a greater distance from the enemy than that of any other corps, and the approach less advantageous, but he began his siege works with great energy and admirable skill. Everything I saw of Sherman at the Vicksburg siege increased my admiration for him. He was a very brilliant man, and an excellent commander of a corps. Sherman's information was great, and he was a clever talker. He always liked to have people about who could keep up with his conversation; besides, he was genial and unaffected. I particularly admired his loyalty to Grant. He had criticised the expedition frankly in the first place, but had supported every movement with all his energy, and now that we were in the rear of Vicksburg gave loud praise to the commander-in-chief.

To the left of Sherman lay the Seventeenth Army Corps, under Major-General J. B. McPherson. He was one of the best officers we had. He was but thirty-four years old at the time, and a very handsome, gallant-looking man, with rather a dark complexion, dark eyes, and a most cordial manner. McPherson was an engineer officer of fine natural ability and extraordinary acquirements, having graduated number one in his class at West Point, and was held in high estimation by Grant and his professional brethren. Halleck gave him his start in the Civil War, and he had been with Grant at Donelson and ever since. He was a man without any pretensions, and always had a pleasant shake-hands for you.

To McPherson's left was the Thirteenth Army Corps, under Major-General John A. McClernand. Next to Grant he was the ranking officer in the army. The approaches on his front were most favorable to us and the enemy's line of works evidently much the weakest there, but he was very inefficient and slow in pushing his siege operations. Grant had resolved on the 23d to relieve McClernand for his false despatch of the day before stating that he held two of the enemy's forts; but he changed his mind, concluding that it would be better, on the whole, to leave him in his command till the siege was concluded. My own judgment of McClernand at that time was that he had not the qualities necessary for the commander even of a regiment. In the first place, he was not a military man; he was a politician and a member of Congress. He was a man of a good deal of a certain kind of talent, not of a high order, but not one of intellectual accomplishments. His education was that which a man gets who is in Congress five or six years. In short, McClernand was merely a smart man—quick, very active-minded; but his judgment was not solid, and he looked after himself a good deal. Mr. Lincoln also looked out carefully for McClernand. It was a great thing to get McClernand into the war in the first place, for his natural predisposition, one would have supposed, would have been to sympathize with the South. As long as he adhered to the war he carried his Illinois constituency with him; and chiefly for this reason, doubtless, Lincoln made it a point to take special care of him. In doing this the President really served the greater good of the cause. But from the circumstance of Lincoln's supposed friendship, McClernand had more consequence in the army than he deserved.

McClernand, Sherman, and McPherson were Grant's three chief officers, but there were many subordinate officers of value in his army, not a few of whom became afterwards men of distinction. In order to set the personnel of the commanding force distinctly before the reader, I quote here a semi-official letter which I wrote to Mr. Stanton, at his request, in July, after the siege had ended. This letter has never been published before, and it gives my judgment at that time of the subordinate officers of the Vicksburg campaign.

CAIRO, ILL., *July* 12, 1863.

Dear Sir: Your despatch of June 29th desiring me to continue my "sketches" I have to-day seen for the first time. It was sent down the river, but had not arrived when I left Vicksburg on the 5th inst.

Let me describe the generals of division and brigade in Grant's army, in the order of the army corps to which they are attached, beginning with the Thirteenth.

The most prominent officer of the Thirteenth Corps, next to the commander of the corps, is Brigadier-General A. P. Hovey. He is a lawyer of Indiana, and from forty to forty-five years old. He is ambitious, active, nervous, irritable, energetic, clear-headed, quick-witted, and prompt-handed. He works with all his might and all his mind; and, unlike most volunteer officers, makes it his business to learn the military profession just as if he expected to spend his life in it. He distinguished himself most honorably at Port Gibson and Champion's Hill, and is one of the best officers in this army. He is a man whose character will always command respect, though he is too anxious about his personal renown and his own advancement to be considered a first-rate man morally, judged by the high standard of men like Grant and Sherman.

Hovey's principal brigadiers are General McGinnis and Colonel Slack. McGinnis is brave enough, but too excitable. He lost his balance at Champion's

Hill. He is not likely ever to be more than a brigadier. Slack is a solid, steady man, brave, thorough, and sensible, but will never set the river afire. His education is poor, but he would make a respectable brigadier-general, and I know hopes to be promoted.

Next to Hovey is Osterhaus. This general is universally well spoken of. He is a pleasant, genial fellow, brave and quick, and makes a first-rate report of a reconnaissance. There is not another general in this army who keeps the commander-in-chief so well informed concerning whatever happens at his outposts. As a disciplinarian he is not equal to Hovey, but is much better than some others. On the battlefield he lacks energy and concentrativeness. His brigade commanders are all colonels, and I don't know much of them.

The third division of the Thirteenth Corps is commanded by General A. J. Smith, an old cavalry officer of the regular service. He is intrepid to recklessness, his head is clear though rather thick, his disposition honest and manly, though given to boasting and self-exaggeration of a gentle and innocent kind. His division is well cared for, but is rather famous for slow instead of rapid marching. McClernand, however, disliked him, and kept him in the rear throughout the late campaign. He is a good officer to command a division in an army corps, but should not be intrusted with any important independent command.

Smith's principal brigadier is General Burbridge, whom I judge to be a mediocre officer, brave, rather pretentious, a good fellow, not destined to greatness.

The fourth division in the Thirteenth Corps is General Carr's. He has really been sick throughout the campaign, and had leave to go home several weeks since, but stuck it out till the surrender. This may account for a critical, hang-back disposition which he has several times exhibited. He is a man of more cultivation, intelligence, and thought than his colleagues generally. The discipline in his camps I have thought to be poor and careless. He is brave enough, but lacks energy and initiative.

Carr's brigadiers comprise General M. K. Lawler and General Lee of Kansas. Lee is an unmitigated humbug. Lawler weighs 250 pounds, is a Roman Catholic, and was a Douglas Democrat, belongs in Shawneetown, Ill., and served in the Mexican War. He is as brave as a lion, and has about as much brains. But his purpose is always honest, and his sense is always good. He is a good disciplinarian and a first-rate soldier. He once hung a man of his regiment for murdering a comrade without reporting the case to his commanding general, either before or after the hanging, but there was no doubt the man deserved his fate. Grant has two or three times gently reprimanded him for indiscretions, but is pretty sure to go and thank him after a battle. Carr's third brigadier I don't know.

In the Fifteenth Corps there are two major-generals who command divisions, namely, Steele and Blair, and one brigadier, Tuttle. Steele has also been sick through the campaign, but has kept constantly at his post. He is a gentlemanly, pleasant fellow. . . . Sherman has a high opinion of his capacity, and every one says that he handles troops with great coolness and skill in battle. To me his mind seems to work in a desultory way, like the mind of a captain of infantry long habituated to garrison duty at a frontier post. He takes things in bits, like a gossiping companion, and never comprehensively and strongly like a man of clear brain and a ruling purpose. But on the whole I consider him one of the best division generals in this army; but you cannot rely on him to make a logical statement or to exercise any independent command.

Of Steele's brigadiers, Colonel Woods eminently deserves promotion. A Hercules in form, in energy, and in pertinacity, he is both safe and sure. Colonel Manter of Missouri is a respectable officer; Colonel Farrar of Missouri is of no account; General Thayer is a fair, but not first-rate officer.

Frank Blair is about the same as an officer that he is as a politician. He is intelligent, prompt, determined, rather inclining to disorder, a poor disciplinarian but a brave fighter. I judge that he will soon leave the army and that he prefers his seat in Congress to his commission.

In Frank Blair's division there are two brigadier-generals, Ewing and Lightburn. Ewing seems to possess many of the qualities of his father, whom you know better than I do, I suppose. Lightburn has not served long with this army, and I have had no opportunity of learning his measure. Placed in a command during the siege where General Sherman himself directed what was to be done, he has had little to do. He seems to belong to the heavy rather than the rapid department of the forces.

Colonel Giles Smith is one of the very best brigadiers in Sherman's corps, perhaps the best of all next to Colonel Woods. He only requires the chance, to develop into an officer of uncommon power and usefulness. There are plenty of men with generals' commissions who, in all military respects, are not fit to tie his shoes.

Of General Tuttle, who commands Sherman's third division, I have already spoken, and need not here repeat it. Bravery and zeal constitute his only qualifications for command. His principal brigadier is General Mower, a brilliant officer, but not of large mental caliber. Colonel Woods, who commands another of his brigades, is greatly esteemed by General Grant, but I do not know him; neither do I know the commander of his third brigade.

Three divisions of the Sixteenth Corps have been serving in Grant's army for some time past. They are all commanded by brigadier-generals, and the brigades by colonels. The first of these divisions to arrive before Vicksburg was Lauman's. This general got his promotion by bravery in the field and Iowa political influence. He is totally unfit to command—a very good man, but a very poor general. His brigade commanders are none of them above mediocrity. The next division of the Sixteenth Corps to join the Vicksburg army was General Kimball's. He is not so bad a commander as Lauman, but he is bad enough; brave of course, but lacking the military instinct and the genius of generalship. I don't know any of his brigade commanders. The third division of the Sixteenth Corps now near Vicksburg is that of General W. S. Smith. This is one of the best officers in that army. A rigid disciplinarian, his division is always ready and always safe. A man of brains, a hard worker, unpretending, quick, suggestive, he may also be a little crotchety, for such is his reputation; but I judge that he only needs the opportunity to render great services. What his brigade commanders are worth I can't say, but I am sure they have a first-rate schoolmaster in him.

I now come to the Seventeenth Corps and to its most prominent division general, Logan. This is a man of remarkable qualities and peculiar character. Heroic and brilliant, he is sometimes unsteady. Inspiring his men with his own enthusiasm on the field of battle, he is splendid in all its crash and commotion, but before it begins he is doubtful of the result, and after it is over he is fearful we may yet be beaten. A man of instinct and not of reflection, his judgments are often absurd, but his extemporaneous opinions are very apt to be right. Deficient in education, deficient, too, in a nice and elevated moral sense, he is full of generous attachments and sincere animosities. On the whole, few can serve the cause of the country more effectively than he, and none serve it more faithfully.

Logan's oldest brigade commander is General John D. Stevenson of Missouri. He is a person of much talent, but a grumbler. He was one of the oldest colonels in the volunteer service, but because he had always been an anti-slavery man all the others were promoted before him. This is still one of his grounds for discontent, and in addition younger brigadiers have been put before him since. Thus the world will not go to suit him. He has his own notions, too, of what should be done on the field of battle, and General McPherson has twice during this campaign had to rebuke him very severely for his failure to come to time on critical occasions.

Logan's second brigade is commanded by General Leggett of Ohio. This officer has distinguished himself during the siege, and will be likely to distinguish himself hereafter. He possesses a clear head, an equable temper, and great propulsive power over his men. He is also a hard worker, and whatever he touches goes easily. The third brigade of this division has for a short time been commanded by Colonel Force. I only know that Logan, McPherson, and Grant all think well of him.

Next in rank among McPherson's division generals is McArthur. He has been in the reserve throughout the campaign and has had little opportunity of proving his metal. He is a shrewd, steady Scotchman, trustworthy rather than brilliant, good at hard knocks, but not a great commander. Two of his brigadiers, however, have gained very honorable distinction in this campaign: namely, Crocker, who commanded Quinby's division at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, and Champion's Hill; and Ransom. Crocker was sick throughout, and as soon as Quinby returned to his command had to go away, and it is feared may never be able to come back. He is an officer of great promise and remarkable power. Ransom has commanded on McPherson's right during the siege, and has exceeded every other brigadier in the zeal, intelligence, and efficiency with which his siege works were constructed and pushed forward. At the time of the surrender his trenches were so well completed that the engineers agreed that they offered the best opportunity in the whole of our lines for the advance of storming columns. Captain Comstock told me that ten thousand men could there be marched under cover up to the very lines of the enemy. In the assault of May 22d, Ransom was equally conspicuous for the bravery with which he exposed himself. No young man in all this army has more future than he.

The third brigade of McArthur's division, that of General Reid, has been detached during the campaign at Lake Providence and elsewhere, and I have not been able to make General R.'s acquaintance.

The third division of the Seventeenth Corps was commanded during the first of the siege by General Quinby. This officer was also sick and, I dare say, did not do justice to himself. A good commander of a division he is not, though he is a most excellent and estimable man, and seemed to be regarded by the soldiers with much affection. But he lacks order, system, command, and is the very opposite of his successor, General John E. Smith, who with much less intellect than Quinby has a great deal better sense, with a firmness of character, a steadiness of hand, and a freedom from personal irritability and jealousy which must soon produce the happiest effect upon the division. Smith combines with these natural qualities of a soldier and commander a conscientious devotion, not merely to the doing, but also to the learning of his duty, which renders him a better and better general every day. He is also fit to be intrusted with any independent command where judgment and discretion are as necessary as courage and activity, for in him all these qualities seem to be happily blended and balanced.

Of General Matthies, who commands the brigade in this division so long and so gallantly commanded by the late Colonel Boomer, I hear the best accounts, but do not know him personally. The medical inspector tells me that no camps in the lines are kept in so good condition as his, and General Sherman, under whom he lately served, speaks of him as a very valuable officer. The second brigade is commanded by Colonel Sanborn, a steady, mediocre sort of man; the third by Colonel Holmes, whom I don't know personally, but who made a noble fight at Champion's Hill and saved our center there from being broken.

General Herron's division is the newest addition to the forces under Grant, except the Ninth Corps, of which I know nothing except that its discipline and organization exceed those of the Western troops. Herron is a driving, energetic sort of young fellow, not deficient either in self-esteem or in common sense, and, as I judge, hardly destined to distinctions higher than those he has already acquired. Of his two brigadiers, Vandever has not proved himself of much account during the siege; Orme I have seen, but do not know. Herron has shown a great deal more both of capacity and force than either of them. But he has not the first great requisite of a soldier, obedience to orders, and believes too much in doing things his own way. Thus, for ten days after he had taken his position, he disregarded the order properly to picket the bottom between the bluff and the river on his left. He had made up his own mind that nobody could get out of the town by that way, and accordingly neglected to have the place thoroughly examined in order to render the matter clear and certain. Presently Grant discovered that men from the town were making their escape through that bottom, and then a more peremptory command to Herron set the matter right by the establishment of the necessary pickets.

I must not omit a general who formerly commanded a brigade in Logan's division and has for some time been detached to a separate command at Milliken's Bend. I mean General Dennis. He is a hard-headed, hard-working, conscientious man, who never knows when he is beaten, and consequently is very hard to beat. He is not brilliant, but safe, sound, and trustworthy. His predecessor in that command, General Sullivan, has for some time been at Grant's headquarters, doing nothing with more energy and effect than he would be likely to show in any other line of duty. He is a gentlemanly fellow, intelligent, a charming companion, but heavy, jovial, and lazy.

I might write another letter on the staff officers and staff organization of Grant's army, should you desire it. Yours faithfully,

C. A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

THE INCIDENT OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

By Bliss Perry,

Author of "The Broughton House," "Salem Kittredge and Other Stories," etc.

WITH certain aspects of the famous incident that brought England and the United States to the very verge of war in the closing year of the nineteenth century, the public is already familiar. The cooler heads, on both sides of the Atlantic, had long perceived that a crisis was approaching. Our new policy of territorial expansion, the attitude of the Administration toward Hawaii, the correspondence with Germany over her interference with South American republics, had all tended to inflame international jealousies. The discovery of gold in Alaska, two years before, had aroused the old question of the northwest boundary, and our irritation against Great Britain was greatly increased by that unlucky after-dinner speech of Lord Rawlins, the British Ambassador, on the subject of seals. Americans were thoroughly angered, and though it was shown the next day that his lordship had been misreported, there were newspapers from one end of the country to the other that openly talked war. England at first refused to believe that the United States was seriously bent upon hostilities, but day by day the outlook grew more ominous, until at last she was startled by the intelligence cabled from New York early one October morning, that the British Ambassador had been subjected to gross personal indignity during a visit to one of the foremost American universities. What ensued is well known, but very few have known hitherto the real cause of that dangerous and almost fatal imbroglio.

It began in the office of the New York "Orbit." The managing editor, standing at a desk in his shirt-sleeves, and dashing his pencil across some verbose "copy," had said irritably, without looking up, "Did you get that story, Andrews?"

"No," replied dejectedly the tall young fellow at his elbow. "I went way over there, but she was another sort of woman altogether. I judged that it wouldn't do."

"You judged it wouldn't do!" burst out the "old man." He was doing the city night editor's work for him, and was out of temper already. "'The Orbit' doesn't want your judgment; it wants the news. Your week is up Friday, Andrews, and then you can walk. You came here with a reputation as a hustler, and you're no good, except on that football column. We want men who can gather news. See?"

"Suppose there isn't any?" said Andrews, sulkily.

"Then, blank it, make news!"

The editor snatched at a handful of Associated Press despatches, and forgot the new reporter utterly. The latter turned away with a rather pitiable effort at nonchalance, and walked down the room between the long rows of desks. The electric lights wavered everywhere before his eyes. He felt a trifle sick.

For two years, ever since he began to serve as college correspondent for "The Orbit," it had been his ambition to secure a position upon its staff. They had liked the stuff he sent them, and in the football and baseball seasons he had cleared enough from "The Orbit" to pay all his college expenses. And now, in the October after graduation, to lose the post he had so long desired simply because he failed to furnish a sensation where there was obviously no sensation at all! It made him feel that a livelihood was a terribly insecure matter. To think that he, Jerry Andrews, a great man in his university only four months before, should be dismissed like a scrub-woman!

He trudged uptown to his boarding-house, to save car fare, and his bedtime pipe was a gloomy one. Thanks to superb health and a naturally reckless temper, however, he slept like a schoolboy, and it was only after his late breakfast that the gravity of his situation forced itself upon him. There were but two days in which to retrieve himself with "The Orbit." He reported at the office an hour earlier than usual, but there was nothing assigned to him. He consulted a half-dozen of his fellow reporters, but though they swore sympathetically at the "old man," they had no suggestions as to space work, which seemed his only resource.

By two o'clock he felt that he was losing his nerve. That reminded him of the reputation for nerve which he had enjoyed as an undergraduate, and this in turn suggested the scheme of running out to the old place on the two-thirty, taking a look at the team, and perhaps coaching it a little, and at any rate getting enough football gossip to make a half-column for "The Orbit" the next morning.

His spirits rose the instant he boarded the train. The brakeman nodded to him, and the conductor thoughtfully neglected to notice that the date upon his pass—a perquisite of the managing editor of the college daily—had expired the preceding June. Whatever might be his fate in New York, Jerry Andrews was a hero still in his old haunts, and it thrilled him to recognize it once more.

As the train slowed up at the dear old station, he was already upon the steps of the car, his cap on the back of his head, his eyes shining with pleasure. Of the four or five hundred undergraduates who, to his surprise, were crowded upon the platform, only the freshmen failed to recognize him.

"D'ye see that man?" said a kindly disposed junior to one of these last, as Andrews swung himself from the steps. "That's Jerry Andrews of Ninety-Blank: the tall stoop-shouldered fellow with a Roman nose. Doesn't *look* much like an athlete, does he? He's the best all-round man we ever had, though. Cool! why, he used to go to sleep on the way up to the big games! And, oh! how he can do a song-and-dance, and you ought to see him run a mass-meeting! He's coming this way. Oh, hullo, Jerry!"

"What's up?" said Andrews to a dozen admirers at once, while the football captain was shouldering his way toward him through the crowd to secure him for the coaching and the freshmen stared.

"Don't you know? Why, Lord Cuthbert Rawlins is coming on the next train to visit Tommy."

"The British Ambassador?"

"Sure. Tommy met him at Newport, and asked him to visit Ossian, and we're here to see Tommy do the international act. He's sitting over in his carriage now, rattled already. Oh, it'll be great!"

Andrews grinned. He had given the President of the University many an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, in his day, and, to tell the truth, Tommy, assisted by an admiring faculty, had more than once made matters rather unpleasant for Jerry Andrews.

"And what do you suppose the alumni will say?" cried a shrill, familiar voice near him, in the center of a pushing mob of undergraduates. It was Kilpatrick Tiernan, Ossian's celebrated short-stop, out of training in the autumn months and making the most of his privileges. "Oh, what *will* the alumni say," he pleaded, waving his pipe pathetically around his ears, "when they learn that you fellows have given the Ossian yell for Lord Cuthbert Rawlins?" He prolonged the three final words with masterly irony. "He has publicly insulted this country, only last week, and to give him the Ossian yell—the *Ossian* yell, think of it!—is a disgrace to every true-born American!"

"Right you are, Patsy!" cried a classmate encouragingly. Most of the crowd laughed.

"Oh, you can laugh," put in Patsy commiseratingly, "but when the iron heel of England is once more upon your necks, you'll wish you had hissed, as I'm going to! Patriots, this way!"

But the Washington train whistled at the crossing, and Tiernan's impassioned appeal failed to hold his audience. There was a general scramble for the front of the platform, and in the melee the short-stop managed, to his huge satisfaction, to have some one push him violently against Tommy, who received his profuse apologies with a suavity as artistic, in its way, as Tiernan's rudeness. There was a backward sway of the struggling mass as the train darkened the platform.

"There he is," whispered a hundred students at once as a stately, eagle-nosed gentleman with white side-whiskers appeared at the door of the Pullman car. At that moment he was the most hated man in America, partly because of the arrogant frankness with which he had apparently played his diplomatic game throughout, partly because of that unlucky misreported speech about the seals, but largely, in reality, because circumstances had placed him in a delicate position, where he could make no explanations without betraying the fact—which every one recognizes now—that the game he seemed to be playing was not the real one, and that Germany, and not the United States, was the object of England's inexplicable moves upon the international chess-board. He gazed at the crowd quietly, but with some amused curiosity upon his face. It was his first sight of American undergraduates.

"By Jupiter, Jerry," whispered the football captain to Andrews, "he looks enough like you to be your father."

"Thank you for nothing," said Andrews, and at the same moment he reached across the shoulders of three or four men and tapped the regular college correspondent of "The Orbit."

"I'm down as a 'special,' Richmond," he said, with a smile that would have persuaded more obstinate fellows than the junior he was addressing; "I want you to let me have this." His voice was drowned by the college yell, which some irresponsible fellow proposed, in defiance of Patsy Tiernan, and which the Ossian boys made it a point of honor to give well, whoever started it. But as a whole the crowd was ready for mischief, and a few men were crying "Seals! Seals!" as the President of the University made his way to the steps of the car. He was terribly anxious at bottom for the conduct of his boys, knowing their capacity for spontaneous deviltry and the sudden unpopularity of Lord Rawlins, but he wore his jauntiest manner on the surface and the elaborateness of his greeting to his guest caught the mercurial fancy of the crowd.

"Give 'em the long yell," screamed some one, and the favorite long yell was given, on general principles. Tommy smiled with gratitude as he escorted the Ambassador down the shifting lane of under-graduates to his carriage.

"Speech! Speech!" shouted a hundred voices, but the President shook his head ceremoniously, and pretended not to hear the cries of "Seals! Seals!" "Burn him in effigy!" which Kilpatrick Tiernan was hoarsely raising in the rear of the crowd, to the joy of the hackmen and the dismay of the more seriously inclined. The carriage door closed sharply, and the "international act" was apparently over.

"That's good for a column," thought Andrews to himself, as the football captain marched him off to the field, following the drifting crowd. "And I wonder if the 'old man' wouldn't like me to try for an interview with Lord Rawlins? Even a fake interview might be better than nothing."

But his reportorial duties were forgotten the instant he reached the field and donned a sweater. For a long happy hour he coached the new half-back in particular and the rest of the team in general, while about half the university crowded over the side lines and called it the snappiest practice of the year. Then he got his bath, and a rub down from the affectionate hands of his old trainer, and it was nearly six when he reached the campus again. He had declined the training-table dinner and a half-dozen other invitations, in the hope of catching the British Ambassador at Tommy's, for the moment the excitement of coaching was over his uneasiness at his status with "The Orbit" came back again. One lucky stroke might make his fortune with the "old man" yet.

As he cut across the lawn toward the President's house the older members of the faculty, frock-coated and gloved, were coming away in solemn, awkward couples. That meant a reception, and it was probably just over. Lester, Tommy's man-of-all-work, was on duty at the door. Many a quarter of a dollar had he taken from Jerry Andrews, in return for items of interest to the readers of "The Orbit," but he shook his head with great importance when Jerry asked if there was any chance of getting Lord Rawlins's ear for a moment.

"Senator Martin is going to entertain his lordship at Belmartin, at dinner," Lester volunteered, nodding toward a United States senator who was pacing the great hallway. "They'll be driving over right away."

It was a dozen miles to the Senator's famous stock-farm, and his dinners were even more celebrated than his brood mares.

"Then Lord Rawlins won't be back till late, I suppose," hazarded Andrews.

"No, sir."

Now, if Andrews had been a little longer in the profession, he would have bagged the Ambassador then and there, and a senator into the bargain; but as it was he suffered Lester to close the door behind him, and he was half-way across the campus before he realized his mistake. He hesitated and turned back, but at that instant the Senator's carriage drove up to Tommy's door and Lord Rawlins entered it. He had lost his chance.

Ruefully he turned toward the telegraph office, to send his story of Lord Rawlins's arrival at the Ossian station that afternoon. It was something, of course, but the situation had promised something better yet, if he had not been so stupid. He stopped suddenly, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes glued to the ground, a queer look upon his face. Was it a chance remark made to him at the station, or the subtle influence of the old campus,—the campus where he had a crowd of worshipers, where he was safe, as in a sort of Alsatia, from outside interference, and where, as a graduate now, he was beyond the jurisdiction of the faculty? Was it a journalistic instinct, or simply the real devil-may-care Jerry Andrews-ism flashing out once more? At any rate, if the arch-imp himself had prompted the scheme, no finer instrument for its accomplishment could have been devised than Kilpatrick Tiernan, who with a couple of satellites was leisurely crossing the campus on his way to dinner when he caught sight of his old crony Jerry Andrews, standing there with his hands in his pockets and that peculiar inventive smile upon his handsome face.

It was rumored upon the campus, directly after dinner, that the undergraduate body was to serenade Lord Rawlins at the President's at eight o'clock. Some men even reported that Tommy had specially requested that tribute to his guest, though this was doubted by the more astute, who knew Tommy's general aversion to student mobs, even though they did not know that he had actually accepted Senator Martin's invitation on purpose to avoid this particular one. Debate ran high until Kilpatrick Tiernan offered to ascertain Tommy's wishes in person; and leaving his unruly escort at the gate, he decorously rang the President's bell. His followers could not hear his conversation with Lester, but this was his report, delivered from the top of the gate post:

"Fellows, Lord Rawlins is dining now, and Tommy doesn't wish him disturbed." (Groans.) "But he understands that there is to be a bonfire on the campus to-night, to celebrate Saturday's game, and he will bring Lord Rawlins over, to show him a characteristic Ossian scene." (Rapturous applause.) "Now every one give a long yell for the characteristic scene!"

But before the cheer had subsided, Tiernan himself, to the amazement of most of his friends, had managed to escape from view. He did not reappear for half an hour. By that time the bonfire, prepared the preceding Saturday, but postponed because of rain, was blazing merrily, and nearly a thousand undergraduates were singing, cheering, and skylarking around it. The pet soloist of the glee club gave his newest song, the football captain made a speech, followed by the manager and the bow-legged guard who had made the touch-down; one or two alumni who happened to be in town exhorted the undergraduates to uphold the ancient traditions of Ossian; and there were calls from every side for "Andrews, Ninety-Blank!" But Andrews, Ninety-Blank, the genius of so many scenes like this, could not be discovered, and after another song, a group of seniors demanded in concert:

"*We-want-Patsy-Tiernan! We-want-Patsy-Tiernan!*"

The crowd clapped, and Tiernan, who had just made his way into the circle, took off his cap and faced the firelight. He was the idol of the baser sort, and the spoiled child of the others.

"Fellows," he began impressively, "Lord-Cuthbert-Rawlins has said"—he paused in the long upward drawl for mock emphasis—"I repeat, Lord-Cuthbert-Rawlins has said"—and he quoted the most unfortunate of those sentences that the reporters had put into his lordship's mouth a week before.

A growl, topped by hisses, ran around the loop of firelit faces. The orator raised his hand majestically. "I would not for the world arouse your righteous wrath." A chorus of whistles and approving howls greeted this pious declaration. "No, not for both worlds!" Patsy added, in a deep bathos that convulsed his intimates and thrilled the under-classmen. "But Lord Rawlins comes to-night to visit us upon this historic ground." (Cheers.) "I would suggest no indecorum" (this with a long, leering pause); "but shall his slur upon America's fair name go unchallenged here? What say you, sons of old Ossian?"

There was a smashing chorus of big-lunged exclamations, and some sophomores craftily tossed a couple of cannon-crackers into the freshman segment of the great circle.

"Silence!" shrieked Tiernan. "Silence, Americans! Shall a British envoy stand upon our campus and repeat his insults to our face? I pause for a reply."

He scanned the outskirts of the audience, as if in reality awaiting a response. At that moment, from the rear of the crowd, came a shrill cat-call. The orator rose to his fullest height, and whirled around with outstretched finger and gleaming eyes. "Fellows!" he hissed melodramatically, "*there is Lord Rawlins now!*"

On the steps of the dormitory nearest the President's house stood a tall, Roman-nosed, white-side-whiskered personage in evening dress, blinking benignantly at the scene before him. He must have heard every word of Tiernan's speech, but he smiled down in superior fashion at the crowd that swept toward him so tumultuously. A few hisses were mingled with the applause that greeted him, but there were many in the throng who evidently felt that Tiernan had gone too far and were desirous of maintaining Ossian's reputation for impartial hospitality. But friends and foes united in a trampling chorus of "*Speech! Speech! We want a speech!*"

The British Ambassador drew a monocle from his waistcoat pocket, adjusted it leisurely, hemmed two or three times, and then, in an odd, falsetto voice that sharpened every word and sent it uncomfortably home, delivered himself of a most singular speech indeed. It was an explanation, he declared, of the misapprehensions under which his young friend who had just addressed this audience was evidently laboring, and he proceeded to tell what he had really meant to say at that historic dinner the week before. But his explanation made matters infinitely worse; at every turn he let slip phrases that betrayed his contempt for the United States; it would have been absurd, if it had not been so outrageous, to listen to those supercilious sentences, delivered in a style that out-heroded even the check-suited Englishman of the variety stage. At first the crowd had been decorous enough, but from moment to moment it was obviously escaping from the control of the sober-minded, and soon it became openly derisive. The Ambassador now seemed to lose his temper likewise, and his maladroit compliments turned into thinly disguised vituperation. His audience became a surging mob. In vain did Lord Rawlins wave his angular arms, or strike attitudes of defiant, monocled patience.

When Patsy Tiernan yelled "Down with him!" the spark touched the powder. A dozen hot-heads actually rushed the steps and laid hands upon Her Majesty's accredited representative.

Then came the worst of all. "The rail! The rail! Where's the Lincoln rail?" shouted Tiernan, as if beside himself with fury. Forth from its resting-place in one of the dormitories was dragged that precious relic of the 1860 Presidential campaign: a fence-rail reputed to have been split by the hands of the martyr President.

"Put him on a sealskin!" yelled some one.

"Oh, ride him on a sealskin, sure enough!"

As if by magic a skin rug, snatched from somebody's floor, was tossed over the sharp corners of the rail. Twenty reckless satellites of Patsy Tiernan lifted the Ambassador from his feet. He made the best of an unspeakably bad matter, shrugged his aristocratic shoulders, and flung his leg over the rail. It was hoisted to the shoulders of the maddened young patriots, and three times did the frantic procession circle the huge bonfire, amid the rapturous cheers of half the university and the silent apprehensions or awe-stricken exclamations of the other half. Then it vanished toward Tommy's house, just as the university proctor had fought his way to within a hand's grasp of the rail.

At this instant one of the very knowing freshmen nudged a classmate and whispered, "Ain't you on to it, Atkins? I am. Those upper-classmen are trying to play horse with us. That ain't Lord Rawlins at all. That's Andrews, Ninety-Blank!"

On the other side of the bonfire, at the same moment, an idea suggested itself to a sallow youth with glasses. He edged away circumspectly, and then dashed off to the telegraph office.

"This will be hot stuff for 'The Enterprise,'" he murmured, and he glanced over his shoulder as he ran, to make sure that "The Unspeakable's" correspondent had not taken a hint from his own departure. It was 9.20. The Ossian office closed at 9.30 unless there were despatches waiting to be sent; and the heart of "The Enterprise" correspondent was tuneful as he discovered that there was nobody ahead of him and that the operator was still at his desk.

He scribbled the first sheet of his story, and pushed it under the wire screen toward the operator.

"Here, Fred," said he, "I want you to rush this. I'll have some more ready in a minute, and to-night I'll try to keep ahead of you." He laughed gleefully at the thought of his beat.

But the operator shook his head, without so much as glancing at him. "You'll have to wait," he remarked. "Mr. Andrews has the wire just now;" and he clicked away with irritating composure. A five-dollar bill reposing just then in his trousers pocket may have aided his philosophy. He was telegraphing page after page of the University Catalogue, in order to hold the wire, while the editor of "The Orbit," opening his eyes as sheet after sheet of that valuable matter was brought him, perceived a journalistic feat, and hazarded the opinion that perhaps young Andrews was not after all an irremediable fool.

Meantime the "Enterprise" man paced the office anxiously, and before long "The Unspeakable's" correspondent came panting in. The latter's face fell as he recognized his rival.

"How long'll I have to wait, Fred?" he demanded.

"No idea," said Fred, looking up from the catalogue with a yawn. He seemed mightily indifferent.

Just then Andrews, Ninety-Blank, sauntered into the office, a bit of lamb's wool still sticking to his cheek and the powder only half out of his hair. He nodded cordially to the correspondents, and marched straight around to the inner enclosure, where he seated himself comfortably by the operator, and began to sharpen a lead pencil.

"Could you tell me how soon you'll be through, Mr. Andrews?" ventured the "Enterprise" youth. He was only a sophomore; last year a nod from Jerry Andrews would have made him supremely happy.

"Possibly by twelve," replied Andrews courteously, "but I wouldn't like to promise."

"I suppose not!" said the sophomore, in dignified irony, and he strolled to the door with as much indifference as he could assume. "The Enterprise" went to press at midnight. The only other telegraph office within possible reach, at that hour, was ten miles away. If he had a wheel, though, he might make it in time, and prevent "The Orbit's" beat. And behold, there was "The Unspeakable's" fellow's wheel at the very curbstone, with even the lantern lighted. He took one look at the owner, who was arguing hotly with Fred, swung his leg over the saddle, and pedaled off, under the clear October starlight.

Five miles out of town he narrowly escaped collision with a closed carriage, in which were seated the President of the University and Lord Cuthbert Rawlins, driving homeward in great peacefulness of heart and chatting confidentially, as it happened, about the unfortunate antagonism to Great Britain which is sometimes exhibited in uncultivated American society.

RIOT AT OSSIAN.

RIDDEN ON A RAIL!!

ABE LINCOLN SPLIT IT: LORD RAWLINS
RODE IT, WITH A SEALSKIN SADDLE!
BRITISH AMBASSADOR LEARNS THE
SPIRIT OF AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS.
QUERY: WILL THE LION ROAR?

These were the headlines of the "exclusive" intelligence which the New York "Orbit" spread before its readers the next morning. The beat was the talk of Newspaper Row, for the scanty version of the affair telegraphed to the "Enterprise" from a town ten miles away from the scene of the riot was scarcely worth considering as news, though it confirmed the most startling features of the incident. The other morning papers issued later editions, embodying "The Orbit's" story, for there was no mistaking the popular excitement, or the temper of the crowds that surrounded the bulletin boards. Some were incredulous, ready to recognize a colossal American joke, though not quite convinced that it was a joke. More were grave, knowing the tension that already existed between the two countries, and that the slightest strain might cause irrevocable disaster.

The real crisis, however, was not in New York, as everybody knows, but in London. The New York correspondent of the "London Times" lost his head for once, and cabled "The Orbit's" account of the Ossian incident entire. The "Times" extras were flung upon the streets shortly after two o'clock. If New York had rocked like a ship in a storm at the news of the insult to Lord Rawlins, London was like the sea itself. American securities went down, down, and out of sight. But nobody cared. The Ossian incident had been the lightning flash that revealed how far apart the two nations had drifted. Better war now than another week of heart-breaking anxiety. Let it come!

When the House of Commons convened that afternoon, the members had to fight their way through a mob a hundred thousand strong that besieged the Palace Yard. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was late in taking his seat, and when he strolled forward to his place on the government bench, his careless manner was strangely at variance with the drawn lines around his mouth and his haggard eyes.

For three hours he had been cabling to Washington and to the British consul at New York for confirmation of the news about Lord Rawlins, but beyond the bare fact that the British Ambassador had gone to Ossian the day before, no tidings of him were obtainable. He had disappeared from the sight of the Foreign Office as completely as if the rail split by Abe Lincoln had borne him off the planet, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs was in despair.

And where was Lord Rawlins? He was on the golf links at Ossian, playing the game of his life. While the President of the University was waiting for his distinguished guest to appear at breakfast, his secretary had handed him "The Orbit." A thousand copies had been rushed into town by the early train; every student had seen one; and four reporters were already in the front hall to interview his lordship. In the face of this annoyance, the result, no doubt, of the silliness of some new correspondent, Tommy exhibited that astuteness in which Ossian found a perpetual delight. He invited the reporters to come again in an hour, got "The Orbit" out of sight, and told his best stories at the breakfast table until the chapel bell had long stopped ringing for morning prayers. Then he looked at his watch, declared it was so late that he would abandon his intention of taking his guest to morning chapel—did he not know that an ecstatic crowd of collegians were awaiting the arrival of the British envoy!—and proposed that instead of looking over the university buildings they spend the morning on the links. Lord Rawlins was a famous player, as everybody knew, and Tommy's son was then the holder of the intercollegiate championship. To the links the party drove then, by a circuitous road, the wise Tommy leaving no hint of their destination. Hour after hour, through that long forenoon, reporters and callers and telegrams and cablegrams accumulated in the President's mansion, while Lord Rawlins, in total ignorance of any international excitement, went over the eighteen-hole course like a boy of twenty, leading the champion by two points all the way.

At lunch time, and not before, he was told in Tommy's inimitable style of the newspaper joke that had been practiced upon the public at his expense. His lordship discreetly chose to consider it a deliciously characteristic example of American humor. He even smiled at the cablegrams which had been forwarded to him from Washington, though his smile by this time was decidedly a diplomatic one. Yet he sent a semi-jocular despatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then devoted himself to the excellent luncheon, which was attended by the heads of the departments of the university, all eager to atone for the silly action of some unknown correspondent of a sensational newspaper. They laughed at all of Lord Rawlins's anecdotes, and talked solemnly to him about the brotherhood of educated men on both sides of the Atlantic.

And at that very instant, making due time allowance, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, white-faced and sick at heart, was trying to explain to an angry House that it had been impossible to communicate directly with the Ambassador to the United States, but that there was no reasonable doubt that the Ossian incident was largely exaggerated, and that, in any case, Her Majesty's government could be relied on to take such steps as were necessary to preserve the national honor. Friendship with the United States, it was needless to say, was too important to be lightly thrust aside, and so forth—and so forth.

It was useless. The House would have none of his phrases. Fifty members were on their feet at once, shouting and gesticulating at the Speaker. A London Socialist got the floor, as it chanced, and threatened the Government with a resolution of lack of confidence. It was an ill wind that would blow his coterie no good, and this was a whirlwind. For a moment it looked as if the Government was doomed, but the leader of the House got the floor by a trick, and in a masterly little speech moved a war budget of ten million pounds. To that appeal to British patriotism there could be but one response. The budget was rushed from reading to reading without a single dissenting voice; the alarming intelligence was flashed to every corner of the wide world; and just then the Minister of Foreign Affairs received his despatch from Lord Rawlins, written during lunch in the dining-room of the President's mansion at Ossian, United States of America. He consulted a moment with his colleagues, and then read it to the House. It is famous now, and, indeed, it is said that Lord Rawlins's present political station is due to the singular popularity which that despatch brought him. It ran: "*Rumor of insult groundless. Newspaper joke. Entire courtesy everywhere. Have just beaten*

American champion at golf, breaking all American records."

The House came down from the sublime with a bump. A pompous gentleman of the Opposition who began a sarcastic speech about the American conception of a joke was laughed off his feet, as wave after wave of merriment rolled heavily over the surface of the House. There were cheers for Lord Rawlins, cheers for the golf championship, cheers for Her Majesty, cheers galore; and thus ended, as far as Parliament was concerned, the incident of the British Ambassador.

When Jerry Andrews reported for duty that afternoon, the crowd was jostling yet around "The Orbit's" bulletin boards. That enterprising sheet was still throwing off extra after extra to exploit its journalistic feat, treating the whole affair with the cheerful cynicism which "The Orbit" prided itself upon maintaining in every exigency. Its editor leaned on his elbows blandly as Jerry walked up to his desk.

"You found some news over there, I judge," he remarked.

"Or made some," replied Andrews demurely, catching his eye.

"Humph!" said the editor with Delphic ambiguity; but for the first time in the traditions of the paper, he offered the reporter a cigar. That cigar is hanging over Mr. Andrews's desk, in the "Orbit" office, at this moment.

HYMNS THAT HAVE HELPED.

By W. T. Stead.

The following hymns, with the accompanying notes, are from a collection made by Mr. W. T. Stead, which will be published in book form in America by the Doubleday and McClure Company. Mr. Stead gathered the material from many sources. He asked of many men and women the question: "What hymns have helped you?" and received many widely varying responses.—Editor.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A BATTLE hymn indeed is this famous hymn which Heinrich Heine rightly describes as "the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation." Luther composed it for the Diet of Spires, when, on April 20th, 1529, the German Princes made their formal protest against the revocation of their liberties, and so became known as Protestants. In the life-and-death struggle that followed, it was as a clarion summoning all faithful souls to do battle, without fear, against the insulting foe. Luther sang it to the lute every day. It was the spiritual and national tonic of Germany, administered in those dolorous times as doctors administer quinine to sojourners in fever-haunted marshes. Every one sang it, old and young, children in the street, soldiers on the battle-field. The more heavily hit they were, the more tenaciously did they cherish the song that assured them of ultimate victory. When Melancthon and his friends, after Luther's death, were sent into banishment, they were marvelously cheered as they entered Weimar on hearing a girl sing Luther's hymn in the street. "Sing on, dear daughter mine," said Melancthon, "thou knowest not what comfort thou bringest to our heart." Nearly a hundred years later, before the great victory which he gained over the Catholic forces at Leipsic, Gustavus Adolphus asked his warriors to sing Luther's hymn, and after the victory he thanked God that He had made good the promise, "The field He will maintain it." It was sung at the battle of Lützen. It was sung also many a time and oft during the Franco-German war. In fact, whenever the depths of the German heart are really stirred, the sonorous strains of Luther's hymn instinctively burst forth. M. Vicomte de Voguë, one of the most brilliant of contemporary writers, in his criticism of M. Zola's "Debacle," pays a splendid tribute to the element in the German character which finds its most articulate expression in Luther's noble psalm. . . .

"He who is so well up in all the points of the battlefield of Sedan must surely know what was to be seen and heard there on the evening of September 1st, 1870. It was a picture to tempt his pen—those innumerable lines of fires starring all the valley of the Meuse, those grave and solemn chants sent out into the night by hundreds of thousands of voices. No orgy, no disorder, no relaxation of discipline; the men mounting guard under arms till the inexorable task was done; the hymns to the God of victory and the distant home—they seemed like an army of priests coming from the sacrifice. This one picture, painted as the novelist knows how to paint in his best days, would have shown us what virtues, wanting in our own camp, had kept fortune in the service of the other."

Of English versions there have been many. That of Thomas Carlyle is generally regarded as the best.

1 A sure stronghold our God is He.
A trusty shield and weapon ;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe ;
Armed with might from Hell,
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

2 Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost for ever ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be
Christ Jesus named is He.
Of Sabaoth the Lord ;
Sole God to be adored ;
'Tis He must win the battle.

3 And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore ;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway ;
A word can overthrow him.

4 God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger ;
But spite of Hell shall have its course
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife ;
Yet is there profit small :
These things shall vanish all ;
The city of God remaineth.

Tune—"*Worms*," *also called* "*Ein' Feste Burg*."

The Forty-sixth Psalm was always a great stand-by for fighting men. The Huguenots and Covenanters used to cheer their hearts in the extremity of adverse fortunes by the solemn chant:

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove
We will not be afraid.

It will be noted that, although Luther's hymn is suggested by the Forty-sixth Psalm, it is really Luther's psalm, not David's. Only the idea of the stronghold is taken from the Scripture; the rest is Luther's own, "made in Germany," indeed, and not only so, but one of the most potent influences that have contributed to the making of Germany. And who knows how soon again we may see the fulfilment of Heine's speculation, when Germans "may soon have to raise again these old words, flashing and pointed with iron"? That M. de Voguë does not stray beyond his book there is ample evidence to prove. For instance, Cassell's "History of the Franco-German War" describes how, the day after the battle of Sedan, a multitude of German troops who were on the march for Paris found it impossible to sleep, wearied though they were. They were billeted in the parish Church of Augecourt. The excitement of the day had been too great; the memory of the bloody fight and their fallen comrades mingled strangely with pride of victory and the knowledge that they had rescued their country from the foe. Suddenly, in the twilight and the stillness, a strain of melody proceeded from the organ—at first softly, very softly, and then with ever-increasing force—the grand old hymn-tune, familiar as "household words" to every German ear, "Nun danket alle Gott," swelled along the vaulted aisles. With one voice officers and men joined in the holy strains; and when the hymn was ended, the performer, a simple villager, came forward and delivered a short, simple, heartfelt speech. Then, turning again to the organ, he struck up Luther's old hymn, "Ein' feste Burg est unser Gott," and again all joined with heart and voice. The terrible strain on their system, which had tried their weary souls and had banished slumber from their eyes, was now removed, and they laid themselves down with thankful hearts and sought and found the rest they so much needed.

Frederick the Great on one occasion called Luther's hymn "God Almighty's Grenadier March."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS'S BATTLE HYMN.

Few figures stand out so visibly against the bloody mist of the religious wars of the seventeenth century as that of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero King of Sweden, who triumphed at Leipsic and who fell dead on the morning of victory at Lützen. The well-known hymn beginning "Verzage nicht, du Häuflein," which is known as Gustavus Adolphus's battle hymn, was composed by Pastor Altenburg, at Erfurt, on receiving the news of the great victory of Leipsic, which gave fresh heart and hope to the Protestants of Germany. It was sung on the morning of the battle of Lützen, under the following circumstances. When the morning of November 16, 1632, dawned, the Catholic and Protestant armies under Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus stood facing each other. Gustavus ordered all his chaplains to hold a service of prayer. He threw himself upon his knees and prayed fervently while the whole army burst out into a lofty song of praise and prayer :

"Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein."

As they prayed and sang a mist descended, through which neither army could discern the foe. The King set his troops in battle array, giving them as their watchword "God with us." As he rode along the lines he ordered the kettledrums and trumpets to strike up Luther's hymns, "Ein' feste Burg" and "Es wollt uns Gott genädig sein." As they played, the soldiers joined in as with one voice. The mist began to lift, the sun shone bright, and Gustavus knelt again in prayer. Then, rising, he cried: "Now we will set to, please God," and then louder he said, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, help me this day to fight for the honor of Thy name!" Then he charged the enemy at full speed, defended only by a leathern gorget. "God is my harness," he replied to his servant, who rushed to put on his armor. The battle was hot and bloody. At eleven in the forenoon the fatal bullet struck Gustavus, and he sank dying from his horse, crying: "My God, my God!" The combat went on for hours afterwards, but when twilight fell Wallenstein's army broke and fled, and the dead King remained victor of the field on which with his life he had purchased the religious liberties of Northern Europe.

1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power ;
What, tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer,—your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Tho' hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,—
A jest and byword are they grown ;
"*God is with us*," we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare ;
Fight for us once again !
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

"ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?"

The Monastery of Mar Saba, founded before the Hegira of Mohammed, still stands on its ancient rock looking down upon the valley of the Kedron. Forty monks still inhabit the cells which cluster round the grave of St. Sabas, the founder, who died in 532, and still far below in the depths of the gorge the wolves and the jackals muster at morning light to eat the offal and refuse which the monks fling down below. In this monastic fortress lived, in the eighth century, a monk named Stephen, who, before he died, was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life that came to the world through Christ Jesus that in this last decade of the nineteenth century no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshipers. Dr. Neale paraphrased this song of Stephen the Sabaite, so that this strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume of melodious sound through the whole wide world to-day:

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, prophets, martyrs, virgins,
Answer, 'Yes!'"

Tune—"*Stephanos.*"

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Of all the modern hymns praying for guidance, Newman's famous three verses seem to be most popular—especially with people who have not accepted the leading of any church or theological authority. . . . At Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing "Lead, Kindly Light." This hymn, Mrs. Drew tells me, and "Rock of Ages" are two of Mr. Gladstone's "most favorite hymns."

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on,
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Tune—"*Lux Benigna.*"

"It seems to me rather singular," writes a correspondent in Wales, "that verses so full of faith as 'Lead, Kindly Light' should be mentioned with such approval by so many sceptics." He then sends me the following attempt to express the views of an agnostic, thoughtful, humble, and reverent, but quite unable to attain to Newman's standpoint.

The way is dark: I cry amid the gloom
For guiding light;
A wanderer, none knows whence or what his doom,
I brave the night.
Fair scenes afar, as in a dream, I see,
Then seem to wake, and faith deserteth me.

In wondering awe I bend the knee before
The viewless Might;
And all my heart in mute appeal I pour,
While straining sight
Peers o'er the waste, yet Him I cannot find
Whom seeks my soul: I grope as grope the blind.

But 'mid confusing phantom-lights I strive
To go aright;
A still small voice leads on, and love doth give
An inward might:
And spite of sense, there lives a silent trust
That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.

R. M. L.

"THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD."

If "Lead, Kindly Light" is English, and "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah" is Welsh, "The Lord's my Shepherd" is Scotch.

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Tune—"*Kilmarnock.*"

"For me," writes Mr. S. R. Crockett, the popular author of the "Raiders" and many another delightful romance, "there is no hymn like 'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.' I think I must have stood by quite a hundred men and women as they lay a-dying, and I can assure you that these words—the first learned by the child—were also the words that ushered most of them out into the Quiet. To me, and to most among these Northern hills, there are no words like them."

Dr. John Ker says: "Every line of it, every word of it, has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number the rod and staff of which it speaks, to guide and guard them in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest." Of its helpfulness in times of crisis many instances are given, of which that which appeals most to me is the story of Marion Harvey, the servant lass of twenty who was executed at Edinburgh with Isabel Alison for having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill and for helping his escape. As the brave lasses were being led to the scaffold a curate pestered them with his prayers. "Come, Isabel," said Marion, "let us sing the Twenty-third Psalm." And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows tree. It was rough on the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. But they got there somehow, the Twenty-third Psalm helping them no little. This was the psalm John Ruskin first learnt at his mother's knee. It was this which Edward Irving recited at the last as he lay dying. Even poor Heinrich Heine, on his mattress-grave, in one of his latest poems, recalls the image of the Shepherd guide whose "pastures green and sweet refresh the wanderer's weary feet." The magnificent assurance of the fourth verse has in every age given pluck to the heart of the timid and strengthened the nerve of heroes. When St. Francis of Assisi went alone, bareheaded and barefoot, to convert the Sultan, he kept up his spirit on his solitary pilgrimage by chanting this verse. The Moslems did him no harm, and instead of taking off his head, returned him safe and sound to the pale of Christendom.

"GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS."

Mr. Stevenson, in his "Notes on the Methodist Hymn Book," says: "There is not a hymn in the book which has afforded more comfort and encouragement than this to the Lord's tried people." The legend connected with this hymn recalls the delightful tales in the lives of the saints. Its origin is not unworthy the record of its subsequent exploits. Gerhardt was exiled from Brandenburg by the Grand Elector in 1659. The said Grand Elector wished to "tune his pulpits." Gerhardt refused to preach save what he found in God's Word. Notice to quit thereupon being promptly served upon the intrepid preacher, he tramped forth a homeless exile, accompanied by his wife and children. Wife and weans at night, wearied and weeping, sought refuge in a wayside inn. Gerhardt, unable to comfort them, went out into the wood to pray. As he prayed, the text "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass" recurred to his mind, and comforted him so amazingly that he paced to and fro under the forest trees and began composing a hymn which, being Englished by John Wesley, has deservedly become a great comfort to all English-speaking peoples. Returning to the inn, he cheered his wife with his text and his hymn, and they went to bed rejoicing in confident hope that God would take care of them. They had hardly retired before a thunderous knocking at the door roused them all. It was a mounted messenger from Duke Christian of Meresberg, riding in hot haste to deliver a sealed packet to Dr. Gerhardt. The good doctor opened it, and read therein a hearty invitation from the duke, who offered him "church, people, home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the Gospel as your heart may prompt you." So, adds the chronicle, the Lord took care of His servant. Here is the hymn which was composed under such singular circumstances:

1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears :
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way.
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand ?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand ?

3 Leave to His sovereign will
To choose, and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee.
O lift Thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Tune—Dr. Gauntlett's "St. George."

There is a long list of worthies who have been cheered in life and death by this hymn, but the champion story of them all is the "Legend of the Raven." I must quote it intact:

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobyr. Without remedy, he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned into the snow. Dobyr kneeled down in the midst of his family. After prayer they sang:

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part I.,

When Thou wouldst all our needs supply
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

there was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and, opening it, Dobyr was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring, set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the king, Stanislaus, to whom he returned it, and related his story. The king sent for Dobyr, and besides rewarding him on the spot, built for him, next year, a new house, and stocked his cattle-stalls from the royal domain. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath, this address to Divine Providence:

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

"ROCK OF AGES."

When the "Sunday at Home" took the plebiscite of 3,500 of its readers as to which were the best hymns in the language, the "Rock of Ages" stood at the top of the tree, having no fewer than 3,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than 3,000 votes. They were "Abide with me," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and "Just as I am."

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Tune—"Redhead, No. 76."

Toplady, a Calvinistic vicar of a Devonshire parish, little dreamed that he was composing the most popular hymn in the language when he wrote what he called "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." For Toplady was a sad polemist whose orthodox soul was outraged by the Arminianism of the Wesleys. He and they indulged in much disputation of the brickbat and Billingsgate order, as was the fashion in those days. Toplady put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon these his works, nor is it likely to be disturbed now or in the future. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of polemical broadsides, Augustus Montague Toplady thought he saw a way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armor, on the subject of Sanctification. So, without much ado, and without any knowledge that it was by this alone he was to render permanent service to mankind, he sent off to the "Gospel Magazine" of 1776 the hymn "Rock of Ages." When it appeared he had, no doubt, considerable complacency in reflecting how he had winged his opponent for his insolent doctrine of entire sanctification, and it is probable that before he died—for he only survived its publication by two years, dying when but thirty-eight—he had still no conception of the relative importance of his own work. But to-day the world knows Toplady only as the writer of these four verses. All else that he labored over it has forgotten, and, indeed, does well to forget.

It was this hymn which the Prince Consort asked for as he came near to death.

Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. Dr. Pusey declared it to be "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the very favorite." The followers of Wesley, against whom the hymn was originally launched as a light missile in the polemical combat, seized it for their collection and mutilated it the while—why, does not clearly appear. The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered the other day in Constantinople sang a translation of "Rock of Ages," which, indeed, has made the tour of the world, side by side with the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is recorded that General Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Southern Confederacy, sang the hymn with his dying strength, as his life slowly ebbed away from the wounds he had received in the battles before Richmond. When the "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11th, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel was the voices of the passengers singing "Rock of Ages." "No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world."

"O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE HAND."

When I asked the Duke of Argyll as to hymns which had helped him, he replied:

> INVERARY, ARGYLLSHIRE, *December* 31, 1895.
>
> *Sir:* I would be very glad to help you if I could, but I can't honestly say that any one hymn has "helped" me specially. Some of the Scotch paraphrases are my favourites, "O God of Bethel," etc.—Yours obediently, ARGYLL.

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

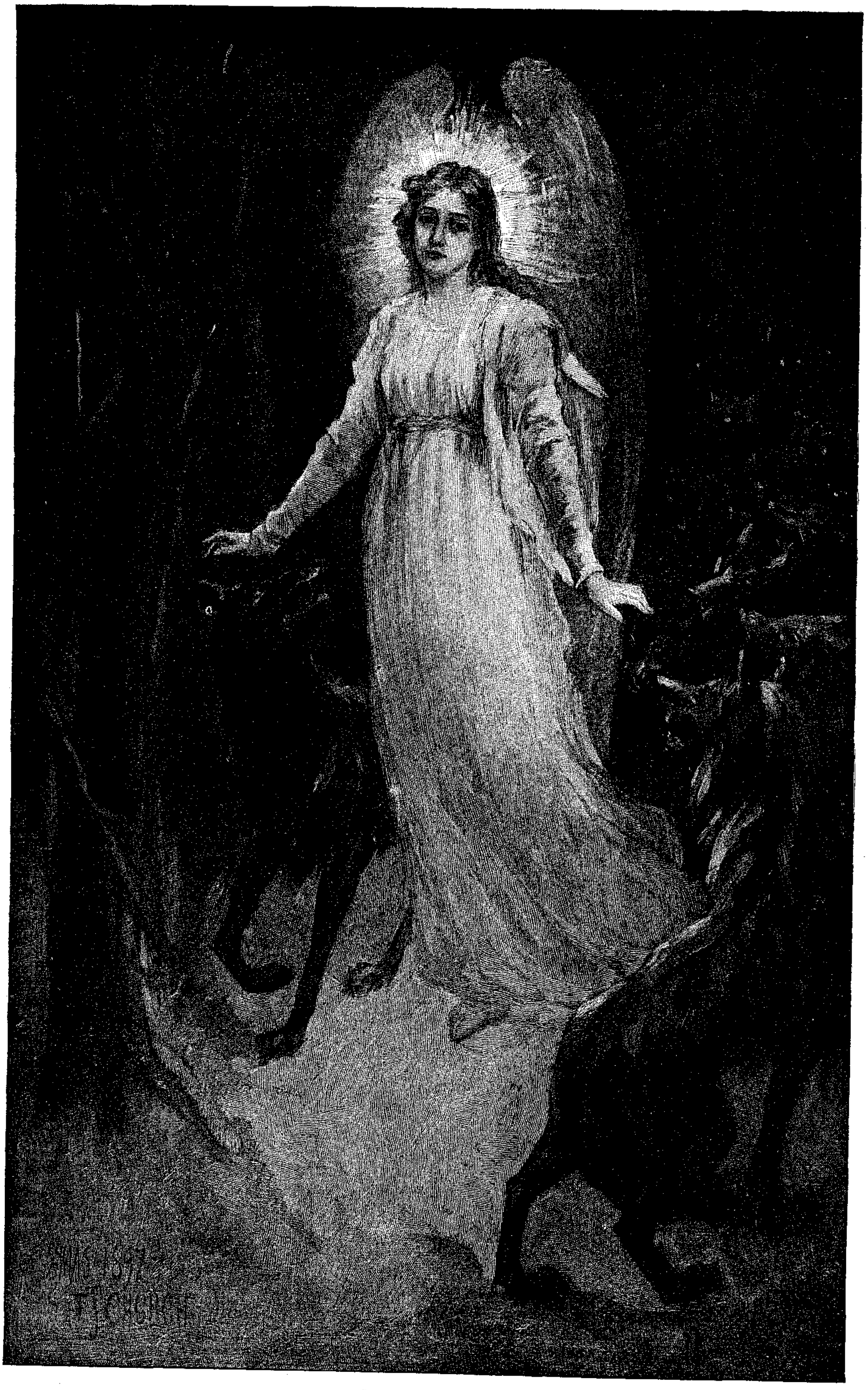
5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

Tune—"*Farrant.*"

Of this hymn and the way it has helped men, Mr. S. R. Crockett writes as follows: "One hymn I love, and that (to be Irish) is not a hymn, but what in our country is mystically termed a 'paraphrase.' It is that which, when sung to the tune of St. Paul's, makes men and women square themselves and stand erect to sing, like an army that goes gladly to battle." . . .

This was the favorite hymn of Dr. Livingstone. It cheered him often in his African wanderings, and when his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey it was sung over his grave.

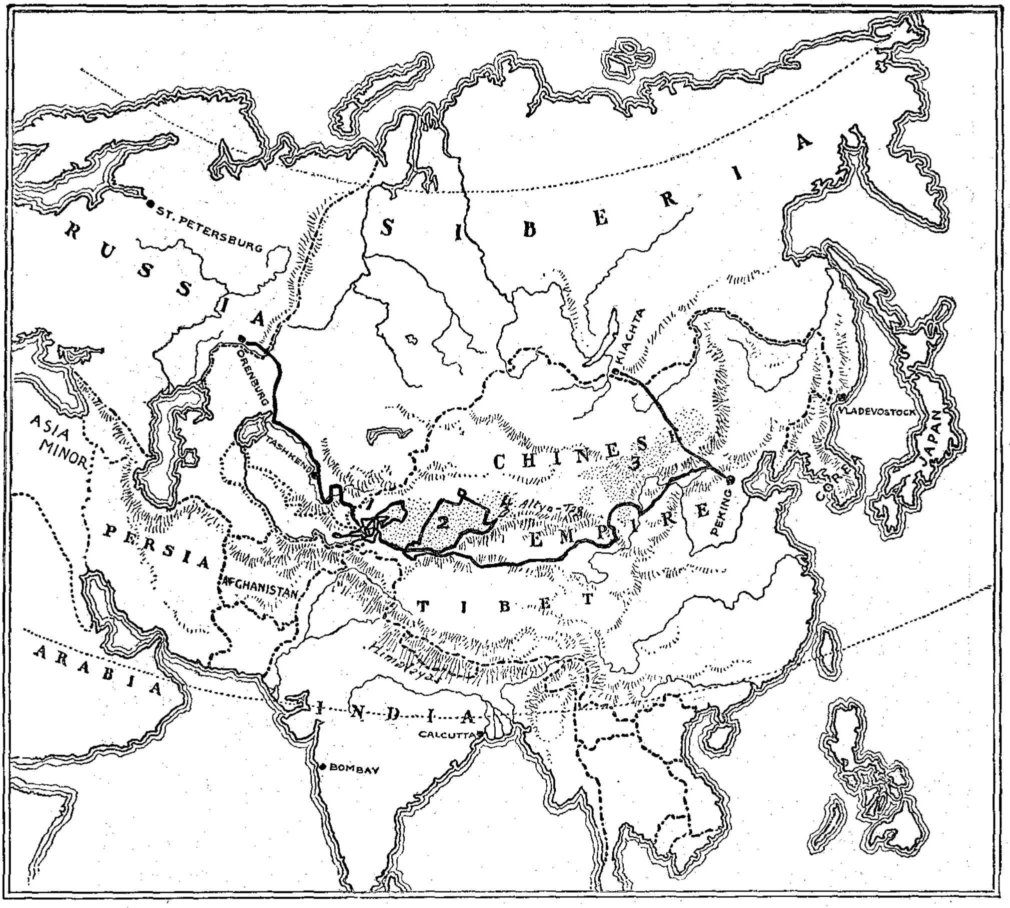
A Scotch mission-teacher at Kuruman, Bechuanaland, South Africa, writes: "This hymn stands out preëminently as the hymn which has helped me beyond all others. It shines with radiant lustre like the star that outshineth all others among the midnight constellations. It has been my solace and comfort in times of trouble, my cheer in times of joy; it is woven into the warp and woof of my spiritual being; its strains were the first I was taught to lisp, and, God helping me, they shall be the last. Sung to the tune of 'Dundee,' that was the refrain of happy meetings or sad partings. Its strains rang out the Old Year and heralded in the New. It was chanted as a farewell dirge when I left my home in Scotland. It has followed me 'Sooth the line,' and every gait I gang, I never rest until from dusky throats roll out the familiar words. It is a 'couthy' psalm, and touches to the quick the human spirit that more gifted utterances fail to reach. I am penning this in the little room that was once the study of David Livingstone, whose walls have often reëchoed to many a strain of praise and supplication, but to none more inspiring and endearing than 'O God of Bethel.'" Another Scotchman writes: "In some ways I have wandered far from the faith of our fathers, but the old Psalms move me strongly yet. 'O God of Bethel, by whose hand' will ever have a pathetic interest for me. I, too, have crooned it as a cradle song over one who will never need to hear me croon it ever more, for she has solved the riddle of the ages, which I am left painfully trying to spell. These rugged lines speak out the religious experiences of a rugged race as no modern hymns ever will."



CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Painted by F. S. Church for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Love's angel walketh in the forest wild;
No prowling midnight beast her pathway bars;
For love herself, who dwells beyond the stars,
Becomes to-night for us a gentle child.


ST. PETERSBURG
RUSSIA
SIBERIA
ORENBURG
TASHKENT
KIACHTA
CHINESE EMPIRE
1
2
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Altyn-Tag
VLADEVOSTOCK
JAPAN
COREA
PEKING
ASIA MINOR
PERSIA
AFGHANISTAN
TIBET
Himalaya
ARABIA
INDIA
CALCUTTA
BOMBAY

MAP OF ASIA SHOWING THE ROUTE OF DR. HEDIN'S RECENT JOURNEY.

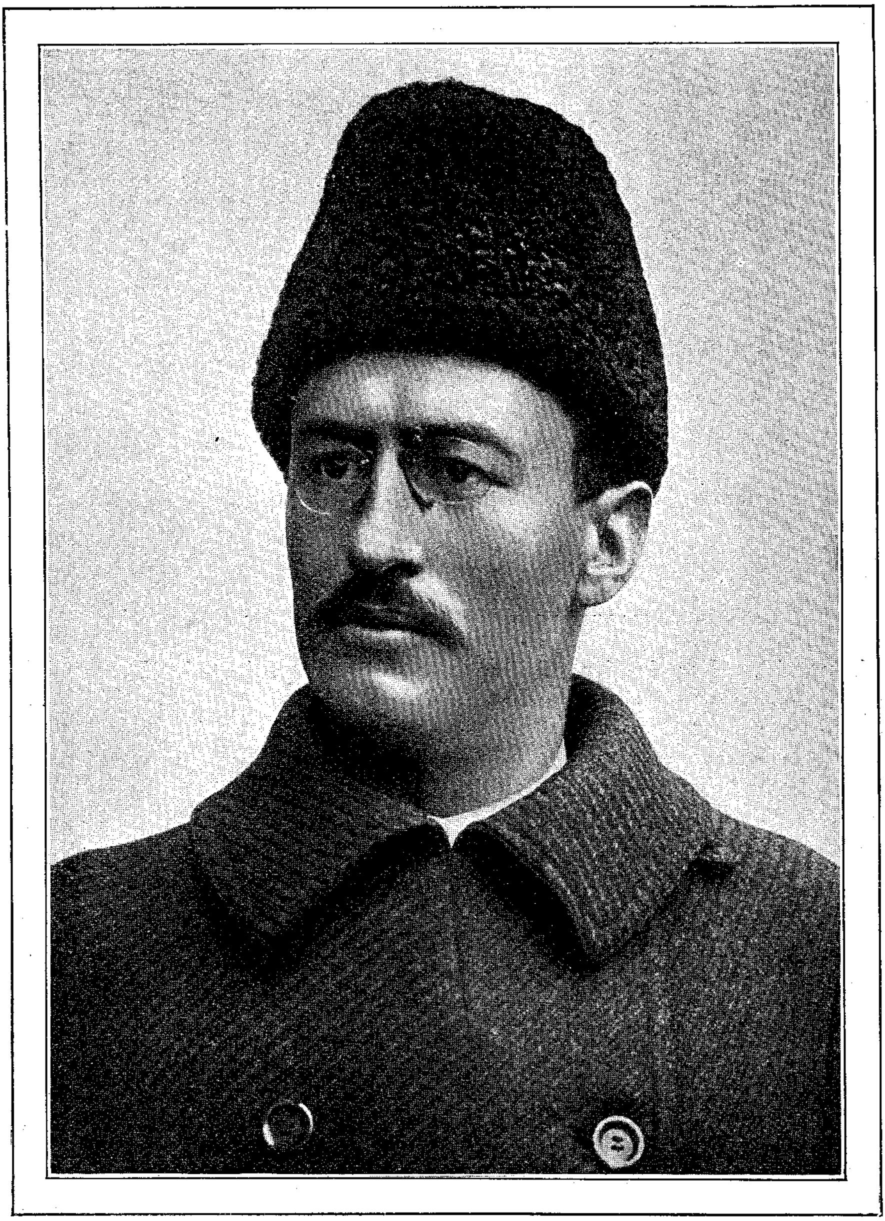
1, Pamir Plateau. 2, Desert of Takla-Makan. 3, Desert of Gobi. 4, Lop-Nor Lake.

IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.

THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES OF DR. SVEN HEDIN AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

Recorded by R. H. Sherard.

Of the achievement of Sven Hedin, the young Swedish traveler, but meager accounts have reached the West, and, indeed, beyond Sweden itself—if we except Germany and Russia—his name is practically unknown. Yet for pluck and perseverance in overcoming obstacles and difficulties, and for courage before danger, Dr. Sven Hedin can take rank with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nansen; whilst in accomplishment, his travels have perhaps been even more prolific than Nansen's. Of his recent journey through Central Asia, which lasted for a period of three years and seven months, and which took him from Orenburg in the West to Pekin in the East, this may be said: that he not only did all that he had promised his King that he would do when the King equipped him for the expedition, but many things besides of high scientific importance. He discovered the ruins of two Buddhist towns in the heart of a Mohammedan country, ruins which tell of high civilization where now



DR. SVEN HEDIN.

is only a desert waste; he settled a controversy which for years has divided the geographers of Europe into two camps. And as the accomplishment was far greater than he had expected or hoped for, so also were the difficulties and dangers incomparably more formidable than he had anticipated. It fell to him in his journey across the Takla-Makan Desert to undergo sufferings which assuredly beat the record of human endurance; and had his journey had no other result than to show how a man by sheer strength of will and determination to save his life can fight death and triumph over it, Sven Hedin's story would be full of direct encouragement to every one who heard it told.

It was in his study, on the third floor of a house in the Norra Blasieholmshamnen, in Stockholm, that Sven Hedin related to me this wonderful story. The study, which is both his workroom and bedchamber, tells one about him much that the sight of his athletic frame; his firm, strong face; and vivacious, even restless, manner,

DR. HEDIN'S TARANTASS ON THE KIRGHIZ STEPPES.

had left untold. For furniture it has a large writing-table and a small bedstead. "I go from the one to the other," he says. The windows are wide open, day and night. On the walls are books, and all the books are books of travel.

Sven Hedin is still a young man. He was thirty-two last February. Yet his last journey was the third journey of exploration which he has undertaken in Asia. Until he was about twenty he intended to become a Polar explorer. He relinquished this project because it seemed to him that the dark region of Central Asia offered a field of wider scientific interest than the frozen seas of the North; and Hedin's scientific interests have a very wide range. In the first place a geographer, his studies embrace all the many sciences which are in relation to geography. This science he has studied with passionate application ever since he could read. Before he was seventeen he drew maps which fill five large volumes—exquisite examples of draughtsmanship they are. There are maps of the constellations; maps giving the routes followed by every Polar traveler; maps hypsometrical, topographical, statistical; maps geological and zoölogical; executed with characteristic neatness and thoroughness.

When Hedin was twenty, he interrupted his studies at Upsala to take a post as tutor at Baku. "In my spare time," he said, "I studied languages which were likely to be of use to me in the journeys I had already projected. I studied the Tartar dialect of Turkish. I also learned Persian. I had very good teachers, and I *would* learn them." He earned $160 by his year's work as tutor, and employed this sum to take a first journey through Persia, which he has described in his book, "Through Persia, Mesopotamia, and Caucasus." "This journey," said Sven Hedin, "was taken as an apprenticeship to traveling in Asia."

In 1892, because of his acquaintance with Persia, Hedin was attached to a special embassy sent to the Shah of Persia by the King of Sweden, and again visited the country. In the autumn of the same year he finished his university career, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and then, the following year (1893), he began to prepare for his famous journey of exploration into Central Asia.

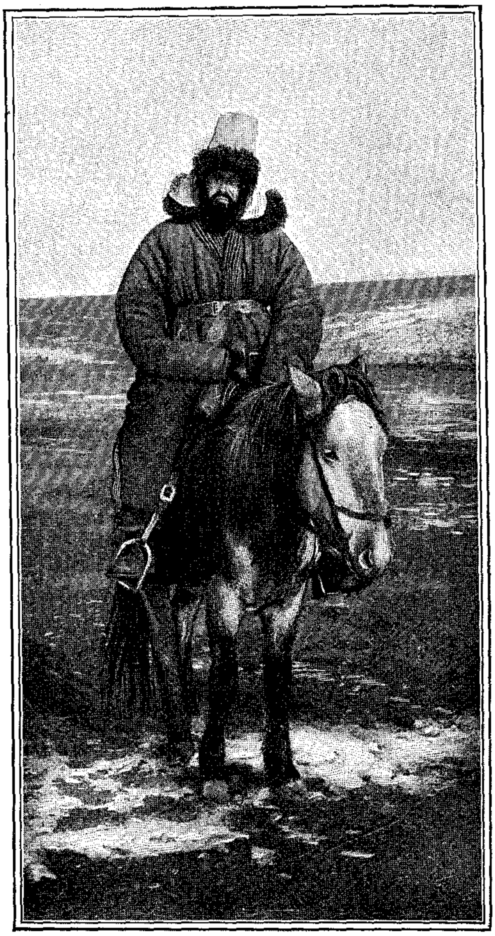
"I had always wanted to do this," said Dr. Hedin. "I had read everything that had been written on the subject, especially the writings of Prshewalsky and of Richthofen, and I wished to do many things and to solve many problems. My principal objects, as described in the paper which I read here in Stockholm, in the presence of the King, were, at first—that is to say, before I started on this journey—(1) to study the glaciers in the mountains on the eastern side of the Pamirs; (2) to search for the old Lop-Nor Lake, and thus to settle the controversy between Prshewalsky and

Richthofen;* (3) to explore the Thibetan plateaus from the point of view of physical geography; (4) to cross Asia from west to east.

"I concluded that this work would occupy not more than two years. My expedition lasted, in fact, three years and seven months. My journey was much richer in results than I had expected, and raised many questions of very great interest. The fund for the expedition was subscribed by the King, Emmanuel Nobel of St. Petersburg, and some other Swedes, and amounted to 30,000 Swedish crowns. I spent, besides, 4,000 kronors which I earned during the first part of my travels by contributing to the newspapers; so that the whole expedition cost 34,000 crowns."

Dr. Hedin's occasional references to details of business are characteristic of the Swedes. They have a strong commercial spirit and a respect for money, but the earning of money is not with them the highest ideal.

"I started on my journey," continued Dr. Hedin, "on October 16, 1893, and proceeded via St. Petersburg and Moscow to Orenburg, where I bought a tarantass and hired five horses; and with this equipage I crossed the Kirghiz steppes to Tashkent, changing horses at each of the ninety-four stations, and covering the 2,000 kilometers in nineteen days. I remained a month and a half in Tashkent, making the final preparations for my journey, and invested 500 roubles in presents to give to the natives—very bad revolvers, trumpery microscopes, and so on. I reached Margelan, the capital of Ferghana, in February, and on the 25th of that month started out for Kashgar. It was the worst season of the year for crossing the Pamirs, for the snowfall on those mountains is heaviest in February and March, and the danger to caravans is very great. So dangerous was my expedition considered that I could only obtain horses at an exorbitant rate. A horse costs twenty roubles in Tashkent, and I had to pay one rouble a day for each of the twelve horses I hired. The stable-keeper did not expect to see them again, for a snowstorm in the Pamirs kills men and horses. That is why I wanted to go. I wanted to see the snow on the mountains; I had climatical studies to make.



A KIRGHIZ SCOUT.

"It took me five days to cross the Alai range, proceeding south over Tengis-Bai pass, the height of which is 3,850 metres. There were no roads. All was snow and ice. We had to cut out roads for the horses. When my five men and myself did not suffice, we hired Kirghises to help us, thirty or forty at times. We crossed very happily; but had we come a day earlier or a day later, we should all have perished. The preceding day an avalanche half a mile in length had fallen, which would have destroyed us utterly. The day after our crossing there was a terrific snowstorm on the pass.

"It was very difficult work to proceed up Alai valley. We had, in places, to hire the

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* A long and very interesting polemic war waged between the two explorers. Prshewalsky claimed to have discovered Lop-Nor; Richthofen declared that, arguing from the old Chinese maps and books, the real lake of Lop-Nor was much further north than the lake discovered by Prshewalsky. This was the Lop-Nor also reached by Bonvalot and Henri of Orleans. Prshewalsky said the Chinese maps and books were wrong.

WOMEN OF THE PAMIRS.

camels to trample out a path in the snow. In one part of our track the snow was ten feet deep over an extent of 200 yards. We crossed this by laying tent-felts, which we borrowed from the Kirghises, over the snow. In six days we reached the Kizil-Art pass, in the Trans-Alai range, and crossed it safely. It is 14,620 feet high. In the valley on the other side the cold was very great. It reached thirty-eight and one-half degrees Celsius [equal to about thirty-eight degrees below zero, Fahrenheit], which is near the freezing point of mercury. But I am indifferent to cold. I am a Swede. It is often very cold in Stockholm. From Kizil-Art I traveled to the great salt lake of Karakul. I wanted to measure its depth, which nobody had yet done. I believed it to be very deep. I was entirely successful, for the lake was frozen over and we were able to move over the surface, so that I could select such places as I wanted for my sounding experiments. The deepest place I found was about 900 feet.

"Here I lost the caravan, and with one attendant spent a night on the ice, with nothing to eat or drink, tramping up and down in a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero. Then on to Murgab, where I spent twenty days with the Russian garrison; then to Lake Rang-kul, which I also sounded. Crossing the Djugatai pass, in the Sarik-Kol range, I entered Chinese territory.

"The Chinese were very much afraid of me. They thought I was a Russian conqueror, and were sure that all my boxes were full of soldiers. During my first night on Chinese territory, Chinese soldiers kept peeping into my tent to make sure that I was not opening my boxes and letting my soldiers out. The Chinese commander at Bulun-kul was very unpleasant. He was an enemy to Europe. Many Chinese detest Europeans. He gave orders that no one was to trade with me or give me fodder for my horses. At last, however, I persuaded him to give me permission to proceed south to Mus-tag-ata Mountain. I wanted to climb it. It is 25,000 feet high. During that year I made three different attempts to get to the top, but the highest point I reached was 20,000 feet. On each occasion the snow drove us back. On that first occasion I was attacked with violent iritis and had to make my way back to Kashgar. There I got well again, and wrote a book in German on the climate of the Pamirs. In June I returned to Mus-tag-ata, and spent the whole summer in camp there, studying the glaciers.

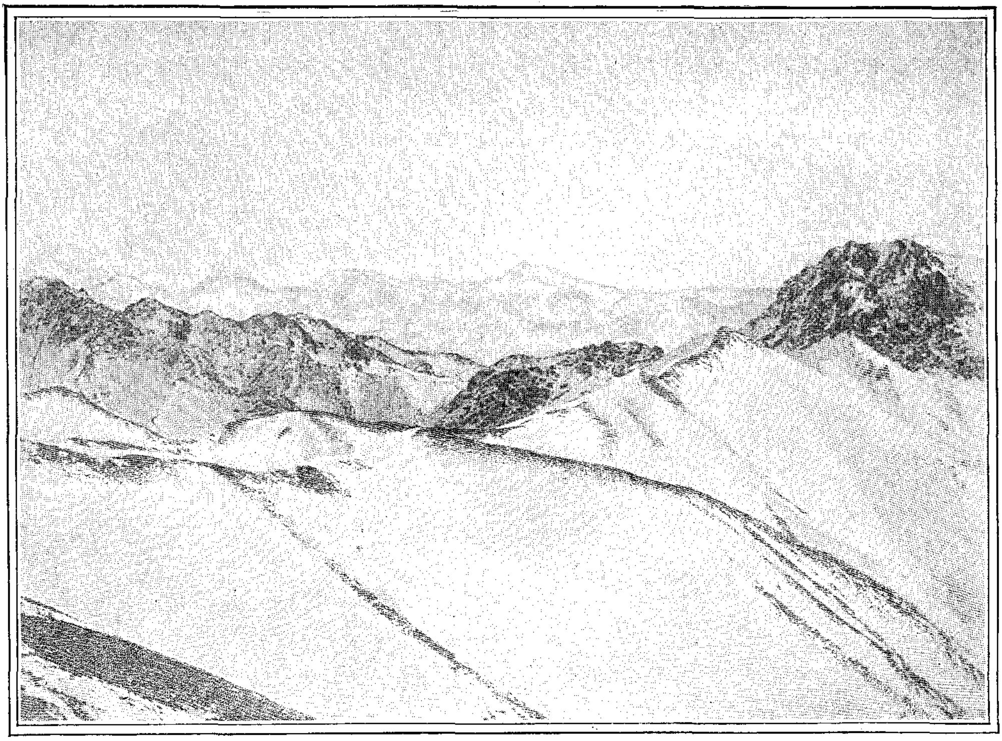
THE HIRED KIRGHIZES WITH WHOM DR. HEDIN CROSSED THE TENGIS-BAI PASS.

I made topographical maps of fourteen glaciers. I passed the winter in Kashgar, where I was ill with fever. When I recovered I wrote several scientific articles. Then I prepared for the journey through the desert."

And now Sven Hedin, seating himself on the sill of his study window, swinging his legs to and fro like an idle boy, and leisurely smoking a cigar as he spoke, proceeded to tell me, quietly and without gesture or emphasis, such a story of human endurance and human courage, of trust in self and faith in God, as few men have lived to tell.

"I started from Kashgar on February 17, 1895, with four Turkish servants and eight fine camels. I wanted to cross from the Yarkand-Darya River to the Khotan-Darya River, over the Takla-Makan Desert. I wanted to explore this desert, which nobody had ever done. There were many legends anent it amongst the inhabitants on its confines—stories of ancient towns buried in the sand; and I wanted to learn if there was any foundation for these stories. I entered the desert on April 10th. We had water for twenty-five days with us, carried in iron tanks on the backs of the camels. It was all sand—moving dunes of sand. The days were very hot, the nights were bitterly cold. The air was full of dust. We crossed the first half of the desert in thirteen days, and came to a region where there were some hills and small fresh-water lakes. Here I bade my men fill the cisterns with fresh water for ten days. We then proceeded, all going well. On the second day after we had left the lakes, I looked at the cisterns and found that water for four days only had been taken! I thought we could reach the Khotan-Darya in six days, and one of my servants told me that in three days' march from where we were we should find a place where we could dig for water. I believed him, and we went on.

"We found no water, and two days after, our supply was exhausted. The camels got ill; we lost three camels before May 1st. On May 1st the men began to sicken. I was so thirsty that I drank a glass of the vile Chinese spirit. It made me very ill. We only proceeded four kilometers that day—early in the morning. My men were all weeping and clamoring to Allah. They said they could go no further; they said they wanted to die. I made them put up the tent, and then we all undressed and lay down naked in the tent. During that day we killed our last sheep, and



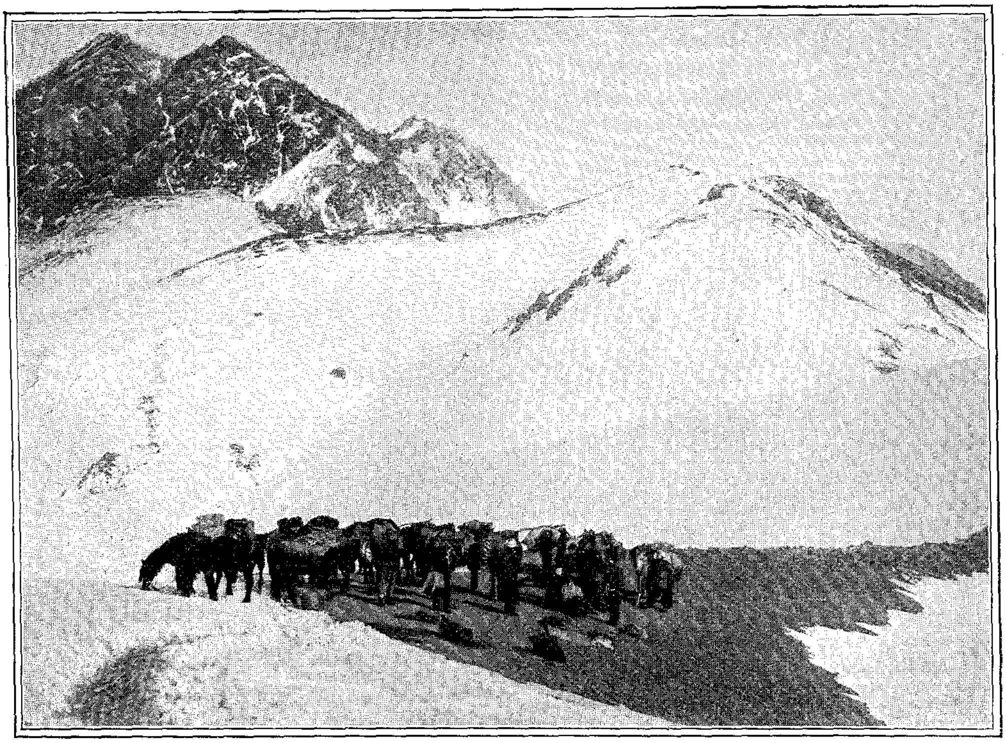
THE ALAI RANGE OF MOUNTAINS IN THE PAMIRS.

drank its blood. We all thought to die. I thought I would do my best to go as far as possible. That is the difference between a European and an Oriental: a European thinks that a life is not so easily taken away; an Oriental is a fatalist, and will not fight for its preservation. In the evening of May Day we were all mad with raging thirst. When night fell we walked on. Two of the men could not move. They were dying. So we had to leave them. I said to them, 'Wait a little here, sleep a little, and then follow us.'

"I had to abandon much of my luggage—5,000 kronors' worth—for the camels were too weak. But I took my most important instruments with me, all my Chinese silver, my maps, and my notes. That night another camel died. I was ahead, carrying a torch to lead the way. In the night a third man gave in, and lay down in the sand and motioned to me to leave him to die. Then I abandoned everything—silver, maps, and notebooks—and took only what I could carry: two chronometers, a box of matches, ten cigarettes, and a compass. The last of the men followed. We went east. The man carried a spade and an iron pot. The spade was to dig for water; the iron pot held clotted blood, foul and putrid. Thus we staggered on, through the moving dunes of sand, till the morning of the second of May.

"When the sun rose we dug out holes in the sand, which was cold from the frost of the night, and undressed and lay down naked. With our clothes and the spade we made a little tent, which gave us just enough shelter for our heads. We lay there for ten hours. At nightfall we staggered on again, still towards the east. We advanced all the night of the second, and the morning of the third of May. On this morning, as we were stumbling along, Kasim suddenly gripped my shoulder and pointed east. He could not speak. I could see nothing. At last he whispered, 'Tamarisk!' So we walked on, and after a while I saw a green thing on the horizon.

"We reached it at last, but we could not dig. It was all sand, yards deep. But we thanked God, and munched the green foliage; and all that day we lay naked in its shadow. At nightfall I dressed, and bade Kasim follow. He lay where he was, and said not a word. I left him, and went east. I went on till one in the morning. Then I came to another tamarisk, and as the night was bitterly cold, I collected the fallen branches and made a fire. In the



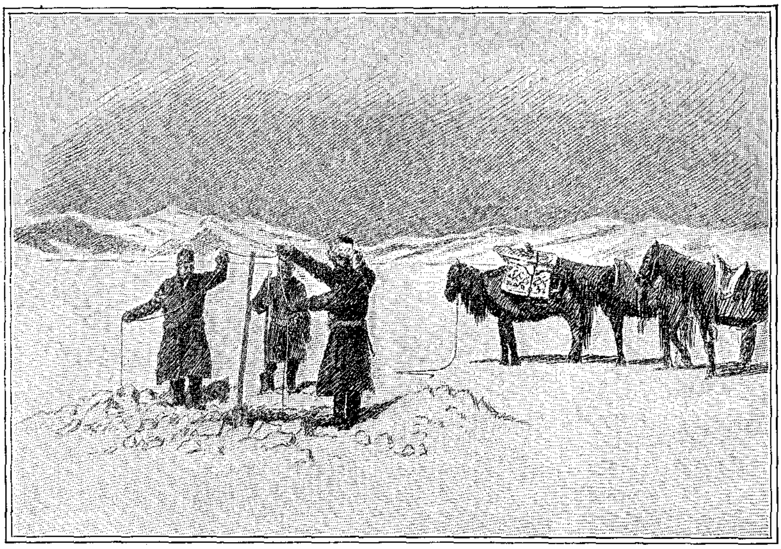
DR. HEDIN'S CARAVAN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE TENGIS-BAI PASS, IN THE ALAI RANGE.

night my companion came up. He had seen my fire. He did not speak. I did not speak. We had no interest to talk. It was impossible to do so, for our mouths were as dry as our skins.

"That night we walked on for several hours, and so on till the sun grew hot on the 4th of May, when we again lay down naked on the sand. On the night of May 4th we advanced crawling on all fours and resting every ten yards or so. I meant to save my life. I felt all along that my life could not be thrown away like that. We came to three desert poplars on a patch of soil where there was no sand. We tried to dig, but we were too weak and the frozen ground was too hard. We barely dug to a depth of six inches. Then we fell on our faces and clawed up the earth with our fingers. But we could not dig deep. So we abandoned the hope of finding water there and lit a fire, in the hope that Islam-Bai, the man who had stayed behind with the camels, might chance to see it and follow on. It happened so, but I only knew it later. On the 5th we went on, east. We were bitterly disappointed, for the poplars had given us hope, and we had to cross a broad belt of sterile sand.

"At last we saw a black line on the horizon, very dark and very thin, and we understood that it must be the forests of Khotan-Darya. We reached the forest by the time the sun grew hot. It was very deep and very dense, a black forest of very old trees. We saw the tracks of wild beasts. All that day we lay naked in the shade of the trees. There was no sign of water anywhere. In the evening I dressed, and told Kasim to arise. He could not move. He was going mad. He looked fearful, lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched out, naked, with staring eyes and open mouth. I went on. The forest was very dense and the night black, black. I had eaten nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for nine. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the haft of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place. The forest ended like a devastated plain. This was a river-bed, the bed of the Khotan-Darya. It was quite dry. There was not a drop of water. I understood that this was the bad season for water. The river-beds are dry in the spring, for the snow which feeds them has not yet melted on the mountains.

"I went on. I meant to *live*. I would find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed. It was three kilometers wide. Then,



SOUNDING LAKE KARAKUL.

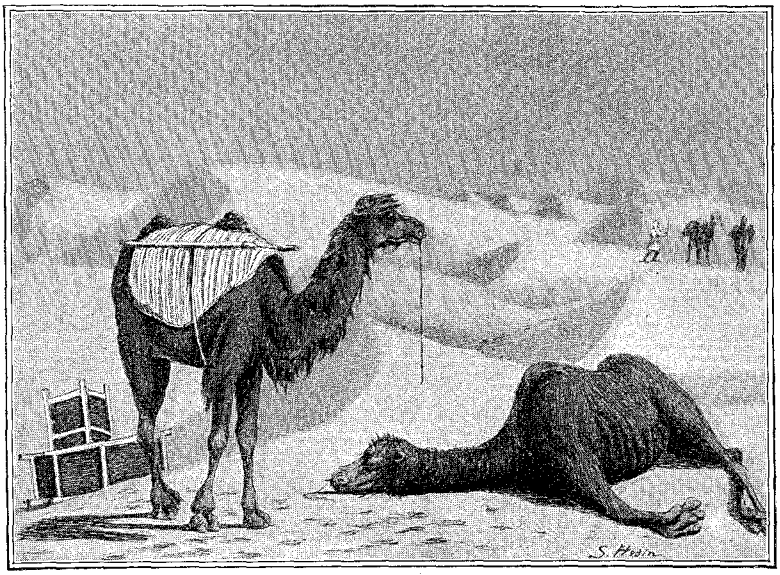
From sketch by Dr Hedin.

as I reached the right bank of the river, I heard the sound of a duck lifting and the noise of splashing water. I crawled in that direction, and found a large pool of clear, fresh water. I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at forty-eight. Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I had a little tin with me. It had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away as I could swallow nothing. The tin I had kept. I had felt sure, all the time, that I should find water and that I should use that tin as a drinking-cup. I drank and drank and drank. It was a most lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying. It began to run in my veins; my pores opened. My pulse went up at once to fifty-three. I felt quite fresh and living.

"As I lay there I heard a noise in the reeds like a big animal moving. I thought it must be a tiger. There are tigers in the Khotan-Darya. I had not the faintest feeling of fear. I felt that the life that had been just regained could not be taken from me by such a beast as a tiger. I waited for him with pleasure. I wanted to look into his eyes. He did not come. He was probably frightened to see a man."

"Was not the torture of thirst terrible during those nine days?"

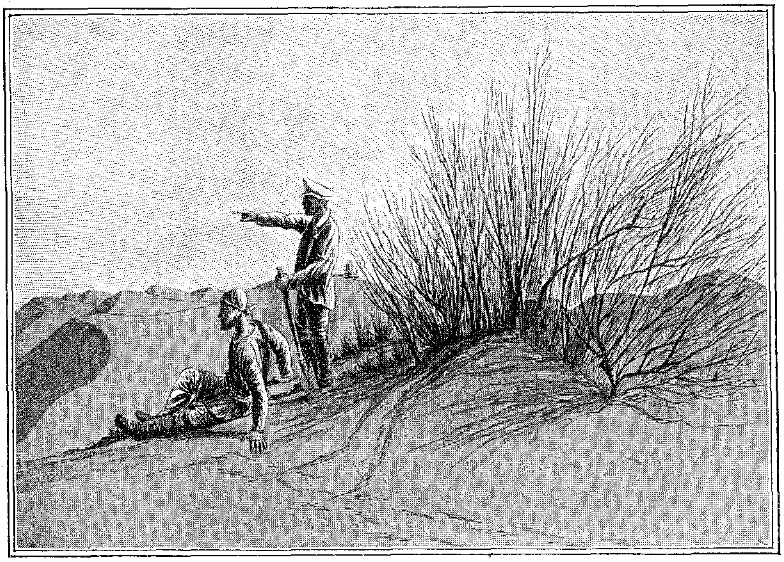
"No. After the first three or four days the sharpness of the want seemed to blunt itself. But as the days went on I grew weaker and weaker. I felt like a convalescent after many, many years of sickness.



IN THE DESERT. ABANDONING THE FIRST CAMELS.

From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

"Then," continued Sven Hedin, "I remembered Kasim. So I took off my Swedish boots and filled them with water, and hooked them by the tags over the ends of my spade-haft, and retraced my steps. I could walk now. But it was so dark

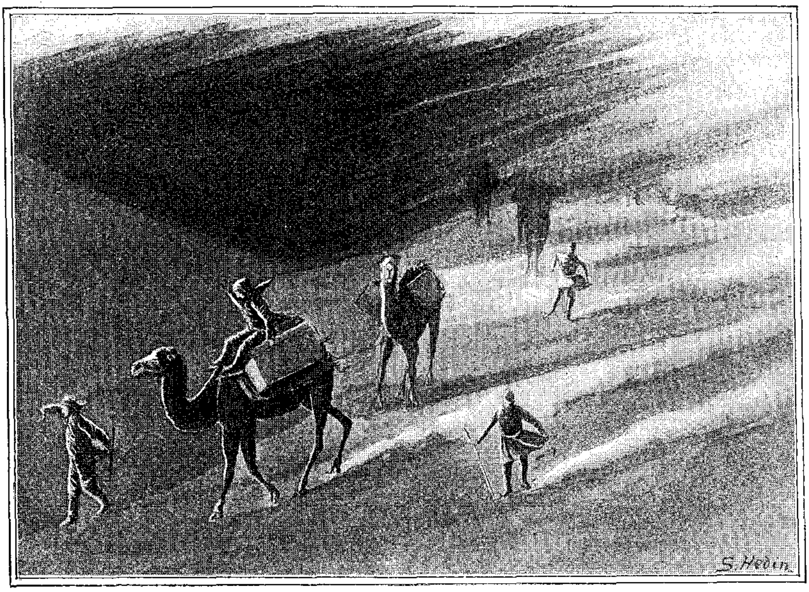


IN THE DESERT. THE FIRST TAMARISK.

From a sketch by Dr. Hedin.

when I reached the forest I could not find my track. I shouted 'Kasim! Kasim! Kasim!' but he did not answer, and I thought he was dead. Then I made a fire in the forest — for fear of tigers— a huge fire, a splendid illumination, lighting up the mysterious darknesses of this primeval forest. It gave me very great pleasure to see this fire. At sunrise I searched for Kasim and found him. I called him. He lifted his head a little. 'Water!' I cried. He shook his head. 'I want to die.' I shook the boots near his head so that the water splashed. Then he rose like a wild beast, and flung himself on the water vessels and drained them one after another to the last drop. Then he fell back and would not move, though I asked him to come with me to the pool and bathe. So I left him and went on. I took a bath, and then made for the south, down the river-bed.

"I walked on for three days, and did not see a living soul all the time, and lived on grass and leaves, and tadpoles when I could catch them. On the fourth day I fell in with some shepherds with great flocks. They had never seen a European before. They were very frightened at my appearance, especially at my black spectacles, and they fled to the forest. I called to them in their own language. Then they came out and asked me what I wanted. They were good to me and gave me some milk and bread. I stopped some days with them, and heard from two merchants who arrived that at two days' ride from there they had seen a man and a white

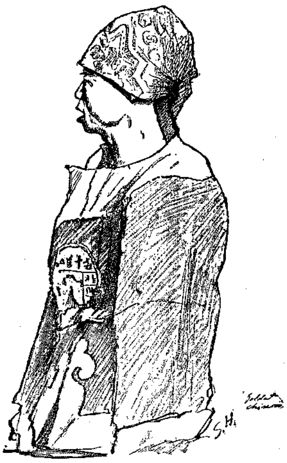


IN THE DESERT. A SAND-STORM.

From a sketch by Dr. Hedin.

camel lying in the river-bed. They had spoken to him, but he had cried only, 'Water! water!' They had given him drink and food. I recognized that this was Islam-Bai. I sent a shepherd to fetch him, and in a few days Islam arrived with Kasim and the camel. He had saved all my money, some instruments, and my maps and notes. I felt quite rich.

"I could not continue my journey without the hypsometrical instruments, which had been lost, and so I had to go back to Kashgar to get a new outfit. From Kashgar I sent couriers with telegrams to Europe, via the Russian Turkestan, asking for a new supply of things. Whilst awaiting their arrival I returned to the Pamirs, and explored the northern slopes of the Hindoo Koosh, and visited the sources of the Amu-Darya. In August I fell in with the Russian-English Boundary Commission, and spent three very pleasant weeks with them."



CHINESE SOLDIER.

From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

Great as Dr. Hedin's sufferings had been they did not deter him from another journey of exploration in the desert. "I wanted to see if there were any old towns. This time I marched from south to north. After a seven days' march I came upon the ruins of a very old town. In the valleys between the sand dunes there rose wooden posts, or stakes, of poplar wood, hard as stone. These had been part of the framework of the houses, the skeletons of the houses, and innumerable they were, everywhere in the valleys of the dunes. It must have been a very big town. I camped here, but was not able to stay more than two days lest my water supply should be exhausted too soon. But during those two days we dug in the sand and found fragments of the plaster walls of the houses, which were covered with beautiful paintings. Then I myself made a great discovery. It was a fragment of an old manuscript, on something which looks like paper, but is not paper. Some of the characters resemble Sanscrit, but they are not Sanscrit. Afterwards I sent agents back to search for other manuscripts, and they found some more. We found nothing else, for we could not stay long, and we could not dig deep, for the sand keeps falling in. But I do not think there can be much to find there beyond the mural paintings, for no doubt these towns were gradually abandoned by their inhabitants as the sand kept coming up, just as in a few hundred years the towns on the southern fringe of the desert will all be abandoned; the siege of them, Guma, Cherchen, and Nia, having already begun.

"From the first town I proceeded eastward, and in about a week's march I discovered the second of the towns; but here I found nothing. I shall return there, of course, for I consider this one of the most interesting discoveries ever made. It was certainly the most curious thing that occurred to me during my four years' journey. No traveler ever expected to find anything here, and it was given to me to discover the traces of Buddhist civilization in a Mohammedan land, towns where, to judge from the very high point of development of the mural paintings, the state of civilization must have been very far advanced. Buddhists the inhabitants certainly were, for some of the ornamentations are pure Buddha, and on one of the fragments in my possession is a painting of Buddha sitting on a lotus."

"Can you fix the epoch?"

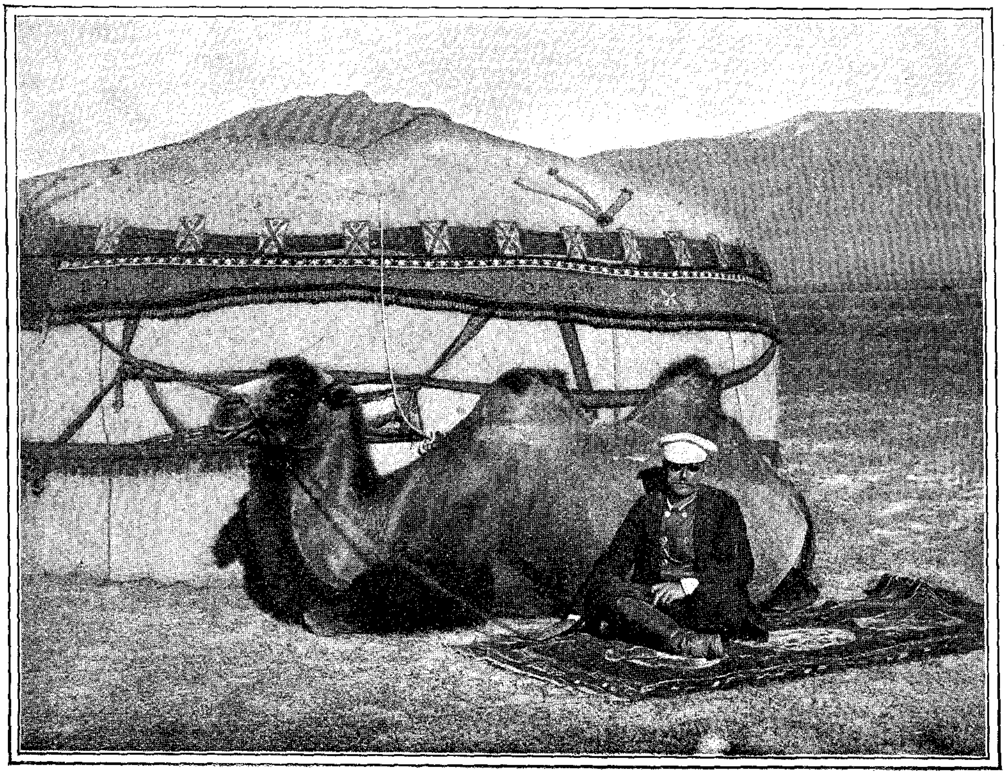
"Not at all. The only thing that I can say with absolute certainty is that they existed before the Mohammedan era. There are no Buddhists now in those parts of Asia. I shall have to study Buddhist art very carefully to be able to fix the approximate date of the building of these towns. Another thing which will help me is the observations I made of the speed at which the sand dunes progress. I have data. During my march in the desert I experimented on the progress of the moving dunes. When a storm of wind came on, I planted a post at the top of a dune, and after the storm had passed I measured the distance between the post and the top of the dune, which had advanced in the meanwhile, and noted the time in which this progress had taken place. When I have calculated this out, and so discovered how long it took to transform a rich, fertile, and well-watered land into a desert waste of sand, I shall be better able to fix the period. It will be most important to fix the period. It will throw new light on the history of Central Asia; it will teach us much about the migrations of the Buddhist peoples.

"I stayed at the second town, which was much smaller and where I found nothing, for two days, and then struck out north with my caravan, and reaching the bed of the Jarim River, followed it down to the city of Korla. I here prepared for my journey to discover the old Lop-Nor. I did discover it. I went by the old Chinese maps, and I proved that Richthofen was right and Prshewalsky was wrong. My course was south by southeast. I found the old Lop-Nor in the beginning of April, 1896. There was no road, and I had to guide myself through the desert by the Chinese maps. I followed the eastern shore of the lake, and made a map of it. It took me five days' march to reach the southern end. On its shores I found some native villages, huts made of bundles of reeds. The people are very wretched, miserable people. They had never seen a European before. I marched on, south to the new Lop-Nor, the one discovered by Prshewalsky.

"At the end of April I returned to Khotan by Marco Polo's southerly route, and made many scientific observations on the way. In Khotan I prepared for my journey through Thibet. This was a very difficult journey. I had to climb the Kwen-Lun range and cross on to the high Thibetan plateaus by the lofty passes. For two months we marched along these plateaus at an altitude of 16,000 feet. It was a horrible country, bare desert, sand, and stones, here and there a salt lake. There was but the scantiest vegetation, and we could find so little fodder for our animals that in those two months forty-nine out of the fifty-six I had in my caravan perished of fatigue and starvation. We did not meet a single man during all those weeks, and the only living things we saw were herds of wild yaks and of wild horses. We used to shoot the yaks for food. We reached Tsaidan in the beginning of November. From there we marched east to the great lake of Kokonur, and so on to Pekin, which I reached on March 2d of this year."

From Pekin Dr. Sven Hedin traveled through Mongolia in Chinese carts to Kiachta, and thence by the Trans-Siberia railway home. He reached Stockholm on May 10th, after an absence of three years and seven months.

Dr. Hedin, from photograph taken during his stay with the Anglo-Russian Boundary Commission in the Pamirs.



IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of "The Sun":

> "DEAR EDITOR: *I am 8 years old.*
> "*Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.*
> "*Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'*
> "*Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?*
> "VIRGINIA O'HANLON
> *115 West Ninety-fifth Street.*"

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

By permission from the New York "Sun."

ANNIE G. PRICKETT — 1897.

CHARLES A. DANA.

Died October 18, 1897, *at Glen Cove, Long Island. . Aged* 78 *years.*

THE death of Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York "Sun," has been so fully noted in the daily and weekly press that there would be little occasion to recur to it here but for the fact that, ever since the founding of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Dana has been one of its warmest friends and wisest counsellors. For some years before, indeed, he had been the constant encourager and adviser of the editor and founder of the magazine, in another publishing enterprise; and he continued his generous support and guidance to the day of his last illness. It was out of the wish to help the magazine, rather than from a desire to make them public, that he consented, about a year ago, to put his invaluable recollections of the Civil War in shape for publication; and other instances could be cited of his prompt and substantial friendship.

For thirty years Mr. Dana has been one of the most fearless, brilliant, and influential men in the press of the United States: one who made a paper which every man in the profession felt that he *must* read and which every observer of the times *wanted* to read. This paper was a reflex of Mr. Dana's own self. Indeed, so intimately and completely did his personality pervade the New York "Sun" that throughout the whole country it was quite as customary to hear people saying, "Dana says so," as "The 'Sun' says so:" a kind of public recognition of the individual force of the editor which has had but one parallel in the United States—Horace Greeley and the "Tribune."

The distinguishing marks which Mr. Dana put upon the "Sun" were the freshness and unexpectedness of its point of view, the comprehensiveness of its range, the clever and distinctive English style in which it is written, and its disdain of humbug and melodrama.

These qualities were the natural outcome of Mr. Dana's own intellect and tastes. His mind was vigorous, independent, comprehensive. He had a strong sense of humor, and a buoyant, joyous nature to which nothing human was alien. He saw things in unexpected ways, and had the audacity to put them as he saw them. The cleverness and crispness of his presentation of things made the "Sun" the most stimulating and entertaining paper in America. There was a sense of life and a vigor about it which made the oldest theme seem new. Whether one agreed with the paper or not, he read it for the purely intellectual pleasure he got out of it. In this the "Sun" has been unique.

The scope of the "Sun" was merely that of the editor's own mind. Certainly no man in American journalism has equaled Mr. Dana in variety of interests and extent of acquirements. He had a power of accumulating stores of knowledge not unlike that of Herbert Spencer. And he knew things thoroughly. There was nothing of the sciolist, the smatterer, about him. He knew not only his own time and own country, but all times and all countries. Although he was always hotly interested in politics, he found leisure to cultivate innumerable lines of thought and to keep himself abreast of all the intellectual movements of the day. Piled high on a side table in his private office were all the latest books, and dozens of them went through his hands every week. On his orderly table, waiting for an idle moment, were sure to be seen the latest magazines, a copy of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of "Cosmopolis," or of some other learned review. Speculative philosophy, science, history, political economy, every phase of thought, interested him. At the same time he had a taste which was almost a passion for pictures, flowers, and ceramics; and his knowledge of orchids, of modern paintings, and of Oriental wares was extensive. Languages were a special delight to him. He spoke several, and was always learning a new one. Russian was the last he undertook, and during the last winter a Russian dictionary was always within his reach at his office.

Mr. Dana's interest in foreign tongues never caused him to neglect his own. For years he labored vigorously and persistently to improve newspaper English, making life miserable for writers who split their infinitives, misused "in the midst of," or committed any other sin against grammar or good taste. In spite of its incessant struggle for precise and idiomatic English the "Sun" never became pedantic or over-nice. Indeed, its language was often as unexpected as its opinions. It employed colloquialisms freely, and used slang with irresistible effect. Almost every day, too, its editorial page teemed with words and expressions of great force not in common vogue. Mr. Dana aimed quite as much to show the wealth, flexibility, and expressiveness of English as to wage war on those who broke its common law.

There was no cant or pretension about Mr. Dana's forceful editing, and those qualities never had a bitterer enemy. His attitude in literary matters is an illustration. He gave much space always in his Sunday journal to book reviews, to original verse, and to fiction. The digest of serious works, particularly in the line of history, which he introduced into the Sunday "Sun" is the most valuable book-reviewing for the general public that is done in this country; but at the same time he had a department of book reviews of which the particular province was to uncover pretension, melodrama, and unwholesomeness. A writer who showed a vital quality of feeling, thought, or expression, whatever his crudities, was sure of encouragement from Mr. Dana; but for a literary *poseur* he had nothing but ridicule.

The vigor and intensity with which Mr. Dana for so long directed the "Sun's" policy, and the almost universal attention his opinions on all sorts of political and literary questions received, have put out of sight his earlier career; although, as a matter of fact, he was for more than twenty years before he took the "Sun" ardently and actively interested in different phases of the greatest intellectual agitation which our country has ever experienced.

The socialistic movement which took so strong a hold on the East in the 40's attracted Mr. Dana when he was but a boy, and when by the failure of his eyes he was obliged to leave Harvard College, he went at once to Brook Farm, with most of the members of which he was acquainted. Before he had been there many weeks he was elected a trustee, and continued with the movement until the unfortunate burning of the building in 1844 sent the theorists back to the world to begin life again. At Brook Farm Mr. Dana was associated with Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Henry Channing, A. Bronson Alcott, George Ripley, Margaret Fuller, and many other men and women of extraordinary intellectual and social gifts. He sympathized thoroughly with the efforts the company made to realize there the social system of Fourier, and it was due largely, by all accounts, to his practical sagacity that the experiment was developed as far as it was.

For fifteen years, from 1847 to 1862, Mr. Dana was associated with Horace Greeley on the New York "Tribune," and it was he who, with James S. Pike, made the "Tribune" the tremendous antislavery power it was in the 50's. One need only read Mr. Greeley's own letters to Mr. Dana, written when the former was away on the frequent long journeys he made, and especially those written in the winter of 1855 and 1856, when Mr. Greeley was acting as the Washington editor of the paper, to understand the intimate relation of the two men and the almost absolute sway of Mr. Dana in the New York office of the paper. The intimacy was shown not alone by approval, but by the bluntest criticism. While Mr. Greeley often wrote to Mr. Dana thanking him for a "glorious issue," he was continually protesting petulantly against Dana's aggressiveness, and especially during the winter that the former spent in Washington. "I entreat," he wrote once when the "Tribune" had attacked a public man in Washington whom Greeley wanted to conciliate, "that I may be allowed to conduct the 'Tribune' with reference to the mile wide that stretches either way from Pennsylvania Avenue. It is but a small space, and you have all the world besides." And again, when an attack by the "Tribune" had caused him much personal friction, he said: "I shall have to quit here or die unless you stop attacking people here without consulting me. . . . Do send some one here and kill me if you cannot stop this, for I can bear it no longer."

The intimate relations between Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana lasted until the breaking out of the Civil War. The great struggle had not begun before their ideas of the policy to be pursued differed radically. Finally, in April, 1862, they separated. Mr. Dana himself has given the reason. "Greeley was for peace and I was for war. As long as I stayed on the 'Tribune' there was a spirit there which was not his spirit—that he did not like."

What Mr. Dana's influence in the "Tribune" had been was well known to many public men, among them Secretary Stanton. Indeed, at once after entering on the duties of the War Department, in January, 1862, Mr. Stanton had written to Mr. Dana, thanking him for a certain editorial. "You cannot tell how much obligation I feel myself under for your kindness," the Secretary said; and then, after stating confidentially the difficulties of his new position, he added: "But patience for a short while only is all I ask, if you and others like you will rally around me." A few weeks later he wrote again to Mr. Dana: "We have one heart and mind in this great cause, and upon many essential points you have a wider range of observation and clearer sight than myself; I am therefore willing to be guided by your wisdom."

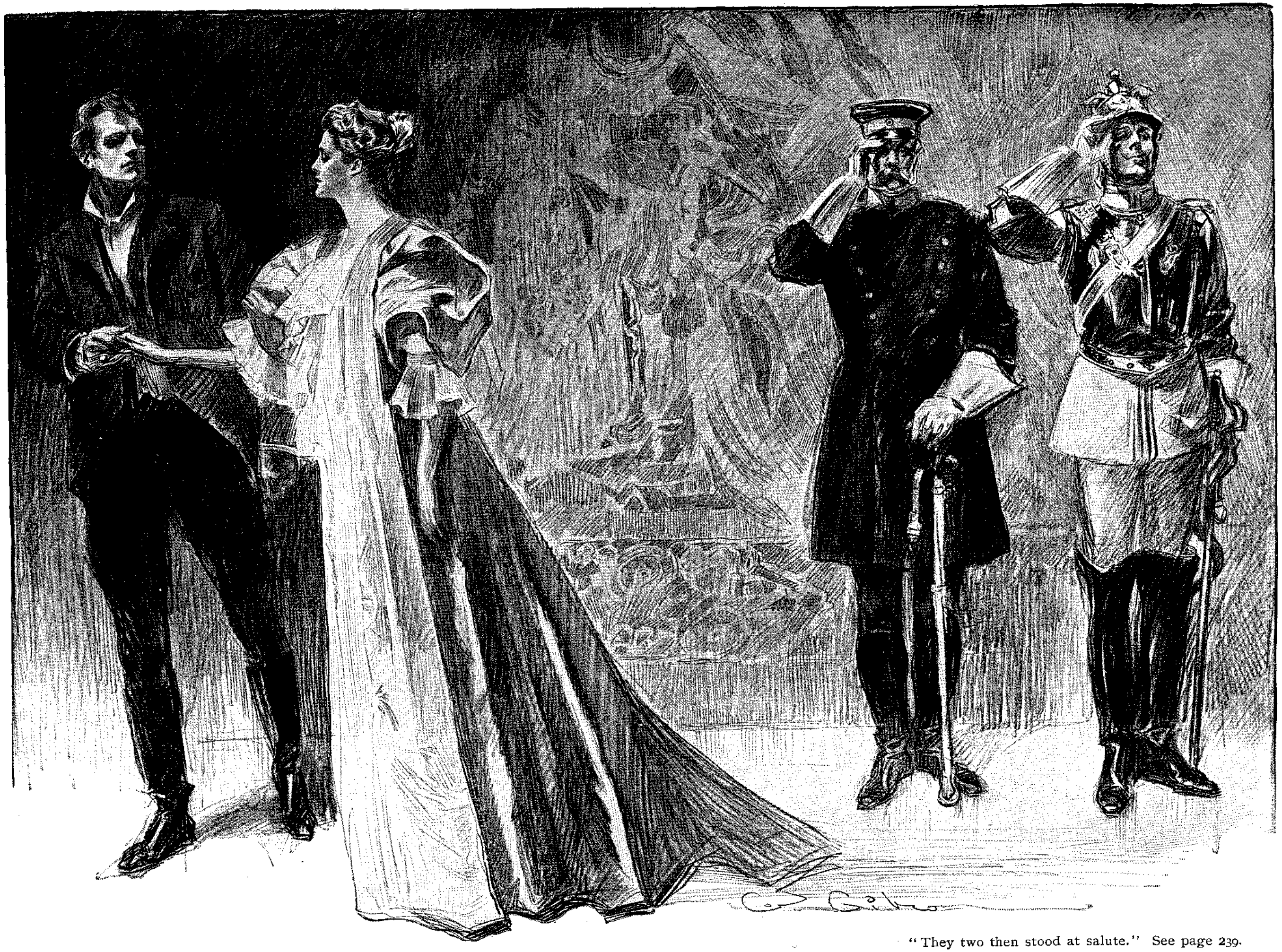
When Stanton knew that Dana had left the "Tribune" he immediately invited him to come into the service of the War Department. This connection began in 1862, and lasted until the war was over. Throughout this period Mr. Dana sustained a peculiarly confidential relation to Stanton and Lincoln. He was the one man on whom they found they could rely to give them an opinion of men and events he was sent to observe that was as intelligent as it was frank. They depended more and more upon him until it became their rule to send him immediately to the center of any critical situation and to form their course of action largely on his representation. One has but to study his reports to Mr. Stanton in connection with the events of the war to see that his representations and suggestions were the determining factor in many of the greatest problems of the period. "No history of the Civil War can be written without taking into consideration Mr. Dana's influence," says Mr. Joseph Medill of the Chicago "Tribune;" and Mr. Leslie J. Perry of the War Records Commission, in speaking of Mr. Dana's reports, says:

"He was a keen-eyed observer, and his extraordinary grasp of the situation upon the various theaters of war which he visited, his sagacity in weighing the worth or worthlessness of the great officers chosen to carry out the vast military designs of the Government, his acute discernment of their strong and weak qualities, and above all the subtle power and scope of his vigorous reports to Secretary Stanton of what he saw, make them the most remarkable, interesting, and instructive collection of official documents relating to the Rebellion."

Absorbed though he was every day of the week with the un-ending labor of a great daily newspaper, always in the thick of every public contest, and passionately interested in art and in literature, there still has never been a more accessible or genial editor in the country than Mr. Dana. He always had time for his friends and for what he called "fun;" and by "fun" Mr. Dana meant anything, work or play, which had vitality in it. His buoyant joy in life and things in general was contagious, and made him the most enjoyable and stimulating of companions. Rarely is a man loved as he was by those of his profession who are in personal relations with him. It was only necessary to see him in his office at the "Sun" to understand this. There was not an office boy there who could not have a hearing if he wished it, nor one to whom at some time or other Mr. Dana had not given some proof of his personal good feeling. He was always considerate in his dealings, and his gentleness with his subordinates was unending. They loved him for this; but above all they admired him for his wonderful vigor. It was a matter of pride at the "Sun" that, though Mr. Dana was nearly seventy-eight years old when he was obliged to leave his post, there was not a younger mind or body in the office.

Mr. Dana's kindliness of spirit was not shown alone to those in his own office. In the great mass of newspaper comment which his death has called forth one thing is conspicuous—the tribute to his helpfulness by men in his profession. Hundreds of journalists, writers, and editors all over the country know that they have been helped to their feet by his advice and encouragement. Men in whose writings he detected the qualities which he admired were sure to receive the support of the "Sun." If a contribution came to him which was unavailable for his own columns, but which he thought might be useful to another editor, he often would personally recommend the article. He would listen to projects of editors and journalists, and if an enterprise commended itself give it his full support. His day was filled with helpfulness, though he seemed quite unconscious of the fact. It was "the natural way of living." This spontaneous giving of his rich, cultivated, intense self was what made Mr. Dana not only the most brilliant editor of America, but one of the most lovable and helpful of men.

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.



"They two then stood at salute." See page 239.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU, CHAPTER IV.